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# LORD'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

For many, I have never breathed  
Love it were in vain to name;  
Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,  
I smiled, or strove to smile the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows  
With faster throb and fresher fire,  
While music round her pathway flows,  
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share  
The glories of the earth and sky?  
The eagle through the pathless air  
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no! the cradled flowers may wake,  
Again may flow the frozen sea,  
From every cloud a star may break—  
There comes no second spring to me.

Go—ere the painted toys of youth  
Are crushed beneath the tread of years;  
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go—for I will not bid thee weep,—  
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone  
Of chords, that soon will cease to thrill,  
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone  
May bless thee when these chords are still;

## "IS IT SUNDAY?"

"What is the lady doing there,  
In such a posture?" Anna cried.  
"The lady kneels in humble prayer,"  
Her sister Bell replied.

Young Anna's silken lashes fell;  
"You say the lady kneels in prayer."  
"To-day you know is Friday,"  
And is it Sunday there?"

"Oh, sister dear, can no one  
At any other time as well?  
Must Sunday be the only day?"  
Said thoughtful Isabel.

"I should be very sad if I,  
Who sorrow almost every day,  
For something wrong, must wait and sigh,  
Till Sunday comes, to pray."

"When I have sinned in deed or word,  
And tears arise, and blind my eye,  
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,  
Till I forget to sigh."

"When softly on my downy bed  
I wake, and find the morning there,  
I think whose smile that morning made  
And open to God in prayer."

"When day's bright door is shut, I know  
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,  
And dare not to my slumber go,  
Till I have prayed to Him."

"Oh, sister, dear, no matter where,  
No matter what the hour of day,  
The solemn eve, the morning fair—  
'Tis always good to pray."

Age after age has rolled away,  
Altars and thrones have felt decay,  
Sages and saints have risen;  
And, like a giant roused from sleep,  
Man has explored the pathless deep,  
And lightnings flashed from heaven.

And many a shrine in dust is laid,  
Where kneeling nations homage paid,  
By rock, or fount, or grove;  
Ephraim's Dan sees no more  
Her workmen fuse the silver ore,  
Nor Capitoline Jove.

Even Salem's hallowed courts have ceased  
With solemn pomp her tribes to feast.  
No more the victim bleeds;  
To censers filled with rare perfumes,  
And vestments from Egyptian looms,  
A purer rite succeeds.

Yet still, where the prophetic man  
His Maker's presence strives to scan,  
And his heart's fervent prayers unite,  
To the Father of all our might,  
And the Father of all our love,  
And the Father of all our life.

## HYMN—FAINT NOT.

Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way  
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;  
Though cold and stormy law's the day,  
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb  
Are starting drops of toils and pain;  
Thou dost but share the lot of Him,  
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou alone  
Must bear the sorrows that assail;  
Look upward to the Eternal Throne,  
And hear a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly, yet a few more days,  
And thy hard trial will be past;  
Then wrapt in glory's opening blaze,  
Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian! thy Friend, thy Master, pray'd,  
While dread and anguish shook his frame  
Then met his suffering undimay'd:  
Wilt thou not try to do the same?

Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes,  
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear:  
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,  
Go, his eternal victory share.

For the Intelligencer

## SEAMEN ATTEND!!!

Behold! the good ship Zion  
Is ready for the sea;  
Her colours are now flying,  
And we've a pleasant breeze;  
We have a careful Captain,  
Who safe will guide us through,  
To reach the blessed harbour,  
And land our happy crew.

Come, sailors, we are going  
Unto a peaceful shore;  
Where sorrows that have wearied us  
Shall weary us no more.

Our ship is in good order,  
Our Captain is on board;  
And if you wish to know his name,  
'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord.

The ship is filled with manna,  
A sweet and pleasant food,  
Which makes the sailors hardy,  
And 'tis fit for the Lord.

For sweetest cordials men have known  
Can with our drink compare,  
'Tis wine that issues from the Throne  
To sooth the sailors' care.

Come, we must go, nor more delay;  
Our Captain gives command;  
Brave messmates, let us fly about,  
And lend a ready hand.  
Let go the ropes that bind us here,  
That we may shortly sail;  
And ride the boisterous sea of life  
Before the pleasant gale.

We all received our bounty,  
When first we came on board;  
And soon we'll have the promised land  
That lies beyond the flood;  
With milk and honey it abounds,  
And fruit of every kind;  
The lily fair—and Sharon's rose  
Without a thorn we find.

Now onward we are sailing,  
A happier port to find;  
So, guided through life's stormy  
We leave the world behind.  
Our sails are whitened with the dew  
That falls from Zion's hill;  
Our decks are whiter than the snow  
Our masts like polished steel.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room,  
Called, to faintness, with perfume,  
A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light,  
But for the lady, fair and bright,  
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green  
And, near it oftentimes was seen  
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,  
And struggled in the world's rough race  
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died!—Behold before ye,  
Humanity's poor sum and story—  
Life,—Death,—and (all that is of) Glory!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Chirping about in each leafy tree;  
Like a leafy tree on a hillside,  
Like a stream and a fountain side,  
With its airy chambers, light and cool,  
That open to sun and stars and moon;  
That open unto the breeze and rain,  
And the following winds as they wander by.

They have their nests in the forest bough,  
Those homes of delight they need not now;  
And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about;  
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call,  
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,  
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up!" for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!  
And the birds below give back the cry,  
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Living in love in a leafy tree,  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!  
What a joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

To pass through the lowers of the silver cloud;  
And to sit on the thunder-halls aloud;  
To speed out the winds of a wild, free flight  
With the super cloud-winds—oh! what delight!  
Oh! would I could give, like a bird to go  
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,  
And to see how the water drops are kissed  
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it is there to flee;  
To which joyful fancy calls  
Dashing adown among the waterfalls,  
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Nearer and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about among the flowering trees;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy region old;  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

## Poetry.

The following Song was written by Mr. Gibb-  
lan and sung by him at the dinner lately given  
to the Ettrick Shepherd:—

On Ettrick banks at simmer night  
The Muse of Scotia lighted down;  
She held a pipe of ivory bright,  
And on her head a laurel crown.  
And aye she sighed and aye she sang,  
"Sin' Robin Burns has fled awa'  
Oh, wha' mair a' the minstrel thrang  
The pipe o' mine will ever blaw!"

He sang o' Mary, Scotia's Queen,  
Ere woe had dimmed her face sae fair—  
What Mary's Palace would have been  
Had tyrants never lingered there;  
He sang o' Scotland bauld and free,  
Her stalwart sons and lasses braw,  
Of social joy and cantie glee—  
For on the pipe he weel could blaw!

The mairl no wild and sunny glen,  
The gleaming hour when lovers meet;  
The stowan kiss that nane maun ken,  
Were pictured in his sang sae sweet;  
The Muse her laurel crown untied,  
And bound the same his brows upon,  
And hailed him as her son and cried  
This is the Bard of Caledon!"

Lang may his murmur whistle blaw,  
And lang may Scotia hear the sang,  
Be it aye heard by greenwood shaw,  
And echoed hill and dale amang!  
An' when the silent snaws o' eild,  
Thick ower his head come stealing on,  
Be his the snug and cozy bield  
To shield the Bard o' Caledon!

[From "The Forget Me Not"]

## THE SILENCE—BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The silvery snow—the silvery snow—  
Like a glory it lies on the fields below;  
And the trees with their diamond branches  
pearl,  
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;  
While soft as music and wild and white,  
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,  
And sparkles the river and fount as they flow:  
Oh! who has not loved the beautiful snow!

The silvery snow and the crackling frost—  
How merry we go when the earth seems lost;  
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,  
To live in a purer and holier clime!  
A new creation without a sin—  
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!  
But ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!

## THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough and the leaf is in the bud,  
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood;  
Which, warmed by summer suns in the alembic of the vine,  
From her fountains will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower.  
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed to their preappointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;  
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,  
And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day  
Is commissioned to remark whether winter holds her sway—  
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,  
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,  
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;  
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave,  
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,  
And the feather'd race rejoices with a chorus of tuneful bills;  
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,  
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee!

## THE TRUE CHURCH.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

One church,—though bigots fight, and sceptics scorn,  
To view the unholy strife,  
The Church is one, the church of the new born,  
Who draw from Christ their life.  
One race, from Adam sprung, have peopled earth;  
The heirs of heaven are one by second birth.  
Diverse feature, fortune, temper, hue,  
In robes or rags disguised,  
Yet to their Head, were each in spirit true,  
As to one Lord baptized;  
Then should they be as one body feel allied,  
And deem him brother for whom Christ has died.  
Yet are they not one body? Sceptics, learn:  
Divided as they be,  
Still with one spirit and one precious blood,  
As one they bow the knee  
To God in Christ; one hope divine is theirs,  
O there is unity in good men's prayers.  
For the one church is not the aggregate  
Of churches or of sects;  
But of the faithful, those whose happy state  
Each with the Head connects;  
O come the day when every sect shall fall,  
And Christ, the living Head, be all in all!

## TEMPERANCE HYMN.

BY MISS AGNEW.

We praise thee—if one day I feel,  
While the past year's follies I fight,  
Turned shuddering from the poisonous bowl,  
To health, and liberty, O light.  
We praise thee—if one clouded home,  
Where broken hearts, despairing pine,  
Beheld the sire and husband come,  
Erect, and in his perfect mind,  
No more a weeping wife to mock,  
Till all her hopes in anguish end,  
No more the trembling mind to shock,  
And sink the father in the fiend.  
Still give us grace, Almighty King!  
Unwavering at our posts to stand,  
Till, grateful at the shrine we bring,  
The tribute of a ransomed land,  
Which from the pestilential chain  
Of foul intemperance, gladly free,  
Shall spread her annals free from stain,  
To all the nations, and to Thee.

## WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

*I would not live alway*—no, no, holy maa—  
Not a day—can hours should lengthen my span;  
The day and mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for my woes, full enough for its cheer.  
We have paths which the pious sets of God,  
Apostles and angels, so joyfully trod;  
While our friends are all hastening home,  
Like a bird—desto'er the earth would I roam?  
*I would not live alway*—I ask not to stay,  
When a storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
When seeking for peace, we but hover around  
Like the patriarch's bird—and no resting is found—  
We are here, when she paints her gay bow in the air,  
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,  
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er speeds a glad ray,  
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

*I would not live alway*—thus fettered by sin;  
Temptation without and corruption within:  
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory's mine than I'm captive again.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.  
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
But my spirit her own miseries prolongs.

*I would not live alway*—no, welcome the tomb,  
Immortality's lamp burns there bright amid the gloom.  
There too is the pillow where Christ bow'd his head—  
Sweet, sweet be my slumbers on that holy bed.  
How sweeter the morn which shall follow that night,  
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,  
When the fallen angels shall be silent,  
To hail the blessed morning that seals our flight.

*Who would live alway*—away from his  
Lowly, from his heav'n and blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the ocean of glory eternally rolls.  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their God and each other transported to greet,  
While the angels of rapture and praise  
And the smile of the Lord is the light of the day.

That heavenly music! What is it I hear?  
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air,  
And see, soft unfolding those portals of glory,  
The King all array'd in his beauty behest,  
O give me, O give me the wings of a dove—  
Let me hasten my flight to that palace above.  
Yea, 'tis now that my soul on glad pinions  
And the angels of glory shall seal our flight.

## THE RAINBOW.

From Mrs. Hemans' Hymns for Children.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower,  
From April's changeful skies,  
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower,  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to day,  
Which, waiting for the balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

Now full many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade,  
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

Lo! mark! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bow'd?  
Haste; ere it vanish, haste to view  
The rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold  
The emerald's verdant rays,  
The topaz blends its hue of gold,  
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair;  
Gaze on that arch of colored light,  
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep  
Fast by the Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fix'd by his sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,  
The vernal zephyrs blow;  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of the fair earth! which yet  
Smiles, with a charm endowed,  
Bless thou his name, whose mercy set  
The rainbow in the cloud.

## THE BRIDAL.

Did you see the red rose on its bonny green stem,  
And its lips for the dew?  
The edged birds, did ye look upon them,  
When their wings ere they flew?  
Did you see the young bird, dawning down in  
The sun's silent above?  
Did you see the bells ring at the village spread,  
Has the young bride and her love?  
Am I the  
The bloom's, it is withered, 'tis dead,  
The leaves blown away with a breath;  
O, the  
They are grown, they are strong, they  
And the flower has done them to death!

O, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,  
Then it faded and faded away!  
O, the bells that were ringing, are tolling a knell,  
And the bride and her love, where are they?

Faint the

## O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY GEORGE C. WALLIS.

O, yes, I take the papers—  
Their tolling cost is never missed,  
Although I've stood for forty years  
Upon the printer's list.  
I took not of warriors—Faust released  
Earth from the terrors of his kings—  
He twisted his stick and darkness ceased,  
And morning streamed along the East,  
On Freedom's bushy wings.

I took the papers,  
And sons and daughters—big and small—  
For they have been, through thick and thin,  
The pastime of us all.  
I was not a soldier that should a star,  
But a soldier in the dome of Night,  
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## HYMN.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit  
My heart to prayer ascends—O Father! hear it!  
Upsoating on the wings of fear and meekness,  
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy  
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;  
But ever, ever in Thy presence holy,  
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight—who e'erly bosom viewest,  
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our trust;  
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,  
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;  
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us;  
And then we turn away—and still Thy kindness  
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,  
Fruit ripen round, flowers beneath us blowing,  
And if man were some deserving creature,  
Joy to our nature.

O long, long, Lord! but Thou delightest  
To win with love the wandering—Thou invitest  
By smiles of mercy—not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call—appealing  
Thy every generous thought—  
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,  
My bosom!—Never.

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom  
The seeds of holiness—and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And smile eternal.

From the Am. Monthly Magazine

## THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

Oh tell me the form of the soft summer sun,  
That tosses so gently the golden corn,  
It breathes on my face, and I feel its warm glow,  
But gives me no answer, no voice, no sound.  
I feel it play over me, and I feel its warm glow,  
And yet cannot touch it, nor feel its warm glow.  
And music what is it? and where does it dwell?  
I sink and I mount with its notes, and I dwell,  
While thrilled to my heart with the deep going strain,  
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain;  
Now what the bright colors of music may be  
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.  
The odors of flowers that are hovering nigh,  
What are they, on what kind of wings do they fly?  
Are those shining angels who come to delight  
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?  
The face of the sun never comes to my mind,  
Oh! tell me what light is, because I am blind!

H. P. C.

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To Helen.

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Braxton W. Cole, 1835

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the Philadelphia Y

"THE SUMMER  
-ner's gone--and  
ed its be  
ould its  
hed its fragrance. raff, Treas  
over's gone--and gone  
added with the early morn  
on its blossoms brightly one  
ther like a blighted thing!

Summer's gone—and many an eye,  
 brightly shone, in tears is shrouded;  
 hearts that loved us, withered lie,  
 more than this, by coldness clouded.

Summer's gone—but soon again,  
 blush and breathe upon the air,  
 unmowed flower, and paint the glen,  
 now I loved will not be there.

springs a shoot of tender green,  
 in the furrow'd soil,  
 where the faithful plough hath been.

mark the vernal toil—  
 though no blossom proudly spread  
 lure the florist's eye—  
 ereth to its lowly head  
 dew-drop from the sky.  
 shrouded in its bosom's fold,  
 cradled infant dear,  
 sleeps an embryo sheaf of gold,  
 ripening suns to rear.  
 ey who glide on blissful wing  
 d unfading bowers,  
 o the bidding of their King,  
 ighter realms than ours—  
 with unfilm'd, unerring eye,  
 priceless worth survive.

se close-hidden germs that lie

lived in noteless clay.

ance, when o'er rejoicing skies  
Sabbath rises

us watch the quicken'd sod,  
 h'ish'd by genial rain,—  
 r the garner of our God

plant immortal train.

**PSALM CXXII.**

when he lay on his death-bed, took  
a Latin paraphrase of this Psalm, wh  
follows by Mr. Merrick. "It may serv  
as a finished specimen of the noble

Thus I view the day,  
My thirsting soul away,  
Born still by breast!  
Great Redeemer's power

orn, my God, is come,  
to the hallowed dome,  
to adore;  
minions shall attend,  
tongues that shall

ay expecting eyes  
 ult-towers of Salem rise :  
 with glad survey,  
 nsions that contain

earth's remotest end,  
 of God ascend,  
 hither bring :  
 with everlasting joy,

king; who bids each state  
dependent wait;  
time begun,  
base upreared,

! o'er thy head  
healing wings outspread,  
her stay;  
calls himself thy friend!

ard his way.

ce of tumult hear,  
 I waste deplore;  
 gently takes her  
 as, with lavish hand,  
 with all her store.  
 t, my name be  
 ns enrolled.

steps attend  
 on and my friend  
 loved Pastor and his Family.  
 thy mercy;  
 temple dome,  
 raise Thee  
 d and home

and Shepherd,  
 come.  
 glorious ocean  
 breast,  
 billows  
 rest.  
 ay we meet them—

the blest.

...thy throne among the blest.

# LAST SONG OF E

BY MRS. HEMANS

by a beautiful sketch  
The sea, with  
Their  
solitude  
penetrated  
sophomont.

And on, thou dark unslumbering  
My dirge is in thy moan:  
My spirit fin in response in thee,  
To its own ceaseless cry—Alone,  
Yet send me back one other word,  
Ye tones that never cease!  
Oh! let your secret eaves be stirred,  
And say, dark waters! will ye give me peace?  
Away! my weary soul hath sought  
In vain one echoing sigh,  
One answer to consuming thought  
In human heart—and will the wave reply?  
Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!  
Sound in thy scorn and pride!  
I ask not, alien world, from thee,  
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.  
And yet I loved that earth so well,  
With all its lovely things!  
—Was it for this the death wind fell  
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?  
—Let them lie silent at my feet!  
Since broken even as they,  
The heart whose music made them sweet,  
Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away.  
Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,  
The laurel wreath is mine—  
—With a lone heart, a weary frame—  
O restless deep! I come to make them thine!  
Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
Place in thy darkest hold!  
Bury my anguish, my renown,  
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold!  
Thou sea bird on the billow's crest,  
Thou hast thy love, thy home:  
They wait thee in the quiet nest,  
And I, 'th' unsought, unwatch'd for—I too, come!  
I, with this winged nature fraught,  
These visions wildly free,  
This boundless love—this fiery thought—  
—Alone I come—oh! give me peace—dark sea!

[From the New England Magazine, July No.]

## LINES

Suggested by a picture of Murillo—taken a few moments  
after his execution.

FARWELL! for the light of the king's eye  
I dim with the shades of death;  
And the ringlets around thy pale cheek lie  
Unstirred by the latest breath.  
Ah! who, that gaze upon thee now,  
As thou liest so still there,  
With thy chinell'd lip, and thy mable brow,  
And the stirless folds of hair,  
Can recall the light of thy snowy plume,  
And the wave of thy red right hand,  
Or thy charger's rush, through the sulphury gloom,  
At the head of thy wild band?  
Distant above, for didst thou to the battle-field,  
And perish ignominiously in the dusky peal,  
Yet thy prayer was heard—thy soul's peace  
And thine was a soldier's part—thy portrait bore;  
Thy faithful bosom her portrait bore;  
Thy queen's—'twas true to the last;  
And thy face a smile of affection wore.  
A look of the happy past;  
The past! when no royal name was thine,  
No diadem girt thy brow;  
But thy beauty was that of the battle line,  
And thy splendor the red field's glow.  
Thou hast gone to a sleep that's long and deep,  
—And dim is thy starlike eye;  
The hand of a slave may rob thy grave—  
Not of fame—that can never die.

G. J. S.

WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep  
Through death's untroubled night:  
We are but two—O, let us keep  
The link that binds us bright.  
Heart leaps to heart—the sacred blood  
That warms us is the same;  
That good old man—his honest blood  
Alike we fondly claim.  
We in one mother's arms were locked—  
Long be her love repaid;  
In the same cradle we were rocked,  
Round the same hearth we played.  
Our boyish sports were all the same,  
Each little joy and wo—  
Let manhood keep alive the flame,  
Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band  
Hold us till we die;  
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
Side by side we lie.

Sweet Chloë! while thy liquid notes  
Melodious fall upon the ear,  
With sound like seething food that floats,  
Melodious in a quiet sphere:

Say, wilt thou be so good, as thou wilt,  
And sweetly sing me sweet lament?  
Or wilt thou, like a sweet lament,  
And sing me sweet lament?  
Creating ecstasy intense,  
The swelling music melts along,  
Till, wafted o'er the sleeping sense,  
Soft dreams repeat thy thrilling song.

Thou mighty mover! source of power intense—  
From ships, to stew-pots, put to every use;  
Child of the marriage of wild elements,  
That fire and water only could produce;  
By the Briarean might thy hands supply,  
We cook, we ride, we sail, and soon shall die.  
Now, all the new-fledged hobbies of mankind  
Appear to end, if not in smoke, in steam;  
Merchants and Brokers steam it too, we find;  
Some burst the boiler, and some kick the beam.  
Steam engines roar, steam-cannons, steam-condensers,  
Steam-cars, steamships, steam-awmills, and  
steam-doctors.

Ye vile steam-doctors—cease to bore the nation!  
Would ye, our worthy faculty supports,  
A carrying off the surplus population,  
I'll orthodoxy kill fast enough, and  
I'll not, salt not, pepper, pepper cream;  
I'll not, as you would a *ham*.

Novels pour so profusely, some conceive  
That steam not only prints but writes them too,  
In sooth they've many proofs, who thus believe,  
(Of Cooper's last undoubtedly 'tis true)—  
They are such capours, effeminate stuff,  
And generally attended with a puff.

Mind marches—soon the glorious day will break,  
When we may sit, our hands within our breeches;  
When steam will plough, sow, reap, grind, knead  
and bake,  
And our sole task be to digest earth's riches—  
Said I digest?—by that time, there's no question,  
There'll be some kind of patent steam digestion.

Oh! wait awhile, ye abolition crew,  
Nor meddle with the servants of your neighbour—  
Soon iron muscle will leave nought to do,  
And slave and master both may cease from labour—  
When giant steam with never-tiring hand  
Shall toil, the only slave throughout the land.

Wayward pilgrim, midnight wanderer,  
In a dreary wild I stray;  
Here's no hand to lead the stranger,  
None to guide my devious way.  
Dark and cheerless, Dark and cheerless,  
When will come the dawn of day?  
Hark! I hear a voice above me,  
Calling me to turn and live;  
Turned, I see a light before me,  
And the voice rejoins, believe,  
Trust its guidance;  
Now my fondest hopes revive.

Lo! the glorious day is breaking,  
Faint and mellow is its beam,  
But it rays my soul are waking;  
Now the floods of glory stream!  
All within me,  
Shout the voice—the light—the gleam  
Now a glade reveals its winding,  
Glad I tread the opening way;  
Now my feet exult in finding—  
Range with every brightening ray.  
On I journey,  
To the plains of endless day.

TO A LITTLE BOAT SEEN AT A DISTANCE  
FOREST TREES.

How peacefully glides yon little sail,  
Thus faintly fluttering to the evening gale  
Like some pure thought of still devotion,  
Hushing the heart's tumultuous motion.  
E'en to the worldly such thoughts are dear,  
As music of night to the waking ear,  
Memory may lose the wayward measure,  
But the soul retains keen sense of pleasure.

And thus it is with the rays of love  
That beam on the heart from the realms above,  
Nor passion's glow, nor fame's high story  
Conceal the light of their softened glory.

Earth's brilliant hopes and its weary care  
By dazzle the heart, or silence its prayer,  
But oft we see celestial glances,  
As through light and shade the sun advances.

And thus yon silvery sail is seen—  
Now lost for awhile mid the forests green,  
Now floating in light—the path of beauty—  
Like Heaven's own smiles on the path of duty.

I love to gaze on that bark so bright,  
So stainless and pure in the pale moon's light,  
E'en thus amid our darkened nature,  
Come holy thoughts from the kind Creator.

O, who would I seek the joys of earth,  
As evanescent as the wind;  
And scarce a trace of virtuous worth  
They leave behind.

Like glittering dew-drops of the morn,  
A while, they sparkle bright and clear;  
But soon on time's swift pinions borne,  
They disappear—

But there are joys, more lasting, pure,  
Then morning fur, or pensive exult;  
Bliss, that forever will endure,  
The bliss of Heaven—

From the U. S. Literary Gazette.

## LOVE ASLEEP.

Wake him not, he dreams of bliss;  
His little lips put forth to kiss;  
His arms entwined in virgin grace,  
Secure linked in beautiful embrace.  
He smiles—his eyes are sparkling lip  
Night-shots retreat and angels slip  
The blishest—'tis the ray of light  
That morning wears on leaving night.  
He sighs—'tis not the sigh of woe;  
He only sighs that he may know  
If a hundred sighs another move;  
For mutual sighs are signs of love.  
He speaks—it is his dear one's name;  
He whispers—still it is the same;  
The imprisoned accents strive in vain,  
They murmur through his lips again.  
He wakes! the silly little boy,  
To break the mirror thus of joy;  
He wakes to sorrow, and in tears;  
Oh! Love, renew thy dreams again.

## THE NUN.

BY JAMES SHERRIDAN KNOWLES.

She lived a nun! No convent wall  
Immured her—she was woman! All  
That man in woman seeks! Not one  
More fair, and yet she lived a nun!  
She lived a nun for love—Her soul  
Had met a kindred one!—Her whole  
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given  
To him that owned that soul—and Heaven.  
She could not wed—was doomed to prove  
The poet right—'twas the course of love  
That's true, ran never even yet  
Such for the maid's true love had met.  
She knew but love—She knew not sin,  
The flame her bosom warmed, within  
Her scarp breast, might burn or claim  
For child of earth a seraph's name.  
And was the maid beloved again?  
She was!—Beloved, alas, in vain!  
Unblest he died! unwed, though won  
The maid, for love that lived a nun.

Pure spirit! O where art thou now!  
O whisper to my soul  
Let some soothing thought of thee,  
This bitter grief control.

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,  
Thy sufferings now are o'er:  
The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace  
Shall tear that gentle breast;  
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,  
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,  
My sorrows are to come:  
A while I weep and linger here,  
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,  
That shrouds from mortal eyes,  
In deep impenetrable gloom,  
The secrets of the skies?

## TO L—

Let's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,  
With skies now rude and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float;  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
The time plies swift his flying oar,  
And on we speed—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—  
Shelter till the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour.  
And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
And happy while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall  
Down which life's currents all must go—  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below;  
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,  
If side by side still fond we keep,  
And calmly in each other's arms  
Together linked, go down to sleep.

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She was!—Beloved, alas, in vain!  
Unblest he died! unwed, though won  
The maid, for love that lived a nun.

The gorgeous clouds in every sky of day,  
In brilliant masses proudly float away;  
They shine in amber, or in purple red,  
Here the bright sunlight, there the deeper red;  
All nature glows with light, and is crowned  
With joyous music, and the air resounds;  
Then comes the twilight, with its soft repose,  
And fading beauty o'er the landscape throws;  
Then stary eve in silent splendor comes,  
And spreads her mantle o'er the hills and plains.

Go to yon grave-yard, there awhile remain,  
And learn the frailty of earth's highest gain.  
Feel how uncertain are all human things,  
From childhood's baubles to the crowns of kings.  
There lies the infant measured by a span,  
And there's the remnant of the full grown man.  
Behold those graves whose turf so fresh and new,  
E'en now the tears of sacred grief bedew.  
There, side by side, repose two gentle flowers,  
Near her who trained them for immortal bowers;  
Her whom we saw when health was on her cheek,  
With christian virtue arm'd, yet mild and meek;  
With gentle gladness all her soul was fill'd,  
And words of kindness from her lips distilled;  
With gentle accents of persuasive love,  
The young she pointed to the realms above,  
Then went before and taught them by her flight,  
The way to regions of eternal light.  
And near her lies beneath the grave's green sod  
The gray-haired servant of the living God.  
Our generous patron and our holy guide,  
Who ease and comfort to himself denied,  
That to our minds the light of wisdom's lore,  
Might show the pathway he had trod before.  
His only soul with noble feeling fraught,  
Himself a pattern of the truths he taught.  
His course on earth a train of living light,  
His setting sun, though dimmed, still far and bright.  
His reason clouded for a moment—then,  
By death's dark hand that cloud removed—again  
His soul is fill'd with pure seraphic joy,  
And heaven's high praises all his powers employ.  
Long may his mantle on our spirits rest;  
His bright example be forever blest,  
To all who shared his counsels, wise and grave,  
Where e'er they wander o'er the earth to save  
From direst ruin, those who feel the rod,  
Of sin's oppression and reject their God.

Thou faithful spirit—those who knew thy worth,  
How widely scattered o'er this sinful earth;  
Those who have felt the guidance of thy mind,  
Are to no nation and no land confined.  
For thee shall tears of pious grief be shed,  
By those who dwell where rest the holy dead,  
The kings and prophets of a by-gone age,  
Whose lives recorded, grace the sacred page.  
In eastern lands which own the Moslem's sway,  
In western wilds where savage red men stray,  
Mid India's palms and Ceylon's spicy groves,  
Where the dark Brahmin or the Buddhist roves,  
In China's vales where constant verdure smiles,  
And distant regions of far ocean's isles,  
Those thou hast taught, shall weep that thou art dead,  
As round the mourners round thy dy-

From the London Patriot.

#### THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Let the floods clap their hands!  
Let the mountains rejoice!  
From our own native sands  
Breathes the jubilant voice:  
The sun that now sets on thy waves, Caribbee,  
Shall gild with his rising the Isles of the Free.  
Let the islands be glad,  
For the King in his might,  
Who his glory has clad  
With a garment of light,  
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,  
And in the great waters his pathway has made.

No more shall the deep  
Lend its awe-stricken waves  
In their caverns to steep  
Its wild burden of slaves:  
The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,  
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

O! What of the night?  
Doth the crucifix bend?  
When shall glimmer the light  
This gross darkness to end?  
Deep in the Pacific has sunk the last gleam,  
That o'er the dark horrors of bondage might stream!

Brief, brief is the night  
Of the tropical zone,  
Ere a balance of light  
Shall the darkness atone;  
And thus for black ages may brightness return,  
Nor fail till the dawn of eternity burn.

\* The sunlight must glance  
On our freedom-girt shore,  
Ere its splendors advance  
Their blest ransom to pour.  
Our rivers and vales must reflect the first glow,  
That captives shall, freed from captivity, know.

Now fades our last scene  
The last vigil of star;  
From moorland and mountain  
Rolls the mist-cloud of war;  
And springs from the Levant a life-teeming ray,  
To chase deeper shadows than midnight's away.

Dispel the blue haze,  
Golden fountain of morn!  
With meridian blaze  
The wide ocean adorn!  
The sunlight has touched thy glad shores, Caribbee!  
And day now illumines the Isles of the Free.  
Sheffield, August 1, 1834

\* The Southern Constellation, which appears at midnight.

#### THE VOICE OF CREATION.

There seems a voice in every gale,  
A tone in every opening flower,  
Which tell us, Lord! the wondrous tale  
Of thy years, grace, love, and power.  
Thou art the voice on quivering wing,  
Thou art the voice in their Maker's praise,  
Thou art the voice in the sounds of spring,  
Thou art the voice in the heart's praise.

To thee, O Lord, we raise  
Our voice, Great God, alone,  
Thou art nature's loud acclaim,  
Thou art with answering tones  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name.

Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name,  
Thou art in praise thy holy name.

#### IN BEREAVEMENT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!  
From earth lift up thine eyes,  
Though dark the evening shadows roll,  
And day light beauty dies;  
One sun is set, a thousand more  
Their rounds of glory run,  
Where science leads thee to explore  
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long loved comfort ends,  
And nature would despair,  
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,  
And meets ten thousand there;  
First faint and small, then clear and bright,  
They gladden all the gloom,  
As stars, that seem but points of light,  
A rank of suns assume.

#### PLEASANT CHILDREN.

By the late R. Edmondstone.

Every where—every where—  
Like the butterfly's silver wings,  
That are seen by all in the summer air—  
We meet with these beautiful things!  
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby child  
By a thousand hills is heard,  
And the voice of the young heart's laughter,  
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot  
As it rocks in the noble's hall,  
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot  
Is a gift that is given to all;  
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes  
Is a boon like the common air,  
And like the sunshine of the skies  
It falleth every where!

They tell us this old earth no more  
By Angel feet is trod—  
They bring not now, as they brought of old,  
The oracles of God.  
Oh! each of these young human flowers  
God's own high message bears,  
And we are walking, all our hours,  
With 'Angels unawares'!

By stifling street and breezy hill  
We meet their spirit mirth:  
That such bright shapes should linger till  
They take the stains of earth!  
Oh! play not those a blessed part  
To whom the boon is given  
To leave their errand with the heart,  
And straight return to Heaven!

Hubbard, the person who set fire to the U. S. Treasury Department at Washington City, was arrested in New Orleans on the 9th inst. It appears that he was traced by an officer of the name of Kelly, who discovered that he would probably call for letters at the post office, directed to certain persons. This was communicated to the Postmaster, who took measures to have him arrested as he called. He confessed the charge, and promised to make known his accomplices.

This morning about 5 o'clock, as the Fitchburg and Keene stage, filled with passengers, was passing through Court street, the forward axle-tree broke, which upset the stage, and threw the driver, Mr Holman, so violently from his seat, as to break his shoulder. Some of the passengers were injured, but not seriously. [Briggs's Bulletin.]

Shewing how

Bricking Chain

James Norton Shewing how

#### MARRIED.

Sweet is the mere  
When the day's to  
Cometh in d  
The trou  
Sweet to  
The cool r  
The music  
That far

Sweet is  
From the  
Mortal,  
In Him

Sweet  
The pilg  
Smiles even, in prospect of that dark abode,—  
The term of cares and woes.

Sweet is the rest above;  
The golden city,—where nor Death, nor Sin,  
Nor aught unholy, ever enters in,  
But Peace and sacred Love

Exclude all earth-born fears,—  
Hath a yet sweeter, purer rest than all,—  
Rest for the spirit,—rest from passion's thrall—  
Rest of unfailing years.  
Princeton Theo. Sem. Sept. 27th.

\* Rev. xxi.—27.

FOR THE FUNERAL OF REV. DR. NEVINS, WHO  
DIED SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1835.

What means this long and sad array?  
Which of the haughty sons of clay,  
Bears ye with measured tread?  
Has some proud chief of high renown,  
In his meridian blaze gone down  
To the forgotten dead?

And yet no martial banner floats,  
I hear no trumpet's wailing notes,  
The muffled drum, the plume, the spear,  
And the war-horse are wanting here.  
Was this some lord of wealth untold,  
Of priceless gems, and glittering gold,  
Mammon's insatiate heir?  
Has wild ambition's haggard slave,  
Found this reward—a silent grave,  
For a life's restless care?

Cannot be, wealth ne'er could buy,  
The sorrowing tear, one heart-felt sigh,  
And these true mourners I behold  
Were never gained by power nor gold.

We bear a conqueror to his rest,  
With stainless and unsullied crest  
From his last battle field;  
A conqueror thro' Jehovah's might,  
Armed by his Master, for the fight;  
With helmet, sword, and shield,  
Salvation's banner on his head  
Sweet peace and heavenly radiance shed,  
And, in the conflict's fiercest hour  
He owned his Savior's strengthening power;

Ambition? yes, his spirit spurned,  
What would he seek, and nobly burned  
His name for Heaven, which he has gained,  
He sought one title, and obtained  
A faithful Pastor's name!

Rich? Earth's best treasures pass away,  
The gold and diamonds meet decay—  
The pearl of unknown price was his,  
Loved child of God—bright heir of bliss.

His is an everlasting prize,  
And when yon blue, o'er arching skies  
The judgment hour shall own,  
Then, at the Eternal's word of fear,  
He, you and I, and all appear,  
Before the great white throne.  
Many amidst this weeping band,  
Ranged at the Judge's blest right hand,  
Shall shine, with robes pure and bright,  
Gems, in his diadem of light.

Savior! thou see'st each bleeding heart,  
Thou knowest 'twas agony to part,  
Thou one so dearly loved,  
Yet, well we know, Thy ways are just,  
And while we tremble, we would trust,  
Or we thy grace have proved.

Oh! bless to us the pang, and grace  
Like the saint we mourn to live  
Lead to the world, to self deny,  
Or hope, our all, "Christ crucified!"

Shovel

Shovel

Shovel

Shovel

Shovel

Shovel



## FAMILY MEETING.

The following lines (says the Boston Courier) were written on occasion of the accidental death of a few evenings ago of all the surviving members of a family, the father, mother of which family were married and the other eight (all old) have lived in the same house for many years.

We are all here!  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, brother,  
All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is filled, we're all at home,  
To-night let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found,  
Bless then the meeting and the spot,  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour;  
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!  
Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in and thinned our little band;  
Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there,  
And cruel Ocean has his share—  
We're not all here.

We are all here!  
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,  
Fond memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view.  
How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears;  
We see them as in times long past,  
From each to each kind looks are cast;  
We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
They're round us as they were of old—  
We are all here.

We are all here!  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,  
You that I love with love so dear—  
This may not long of us be said,  
Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
And by the hearth we now sit round,  
Some other circle will be found.  
O then that wisdom may we know,  
That yields a life of peace below:  
So in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here!

## RELIGION.

Tossed on the trackless waste of life's rough sea,  
Mid storms wild rage oppress, and tempest-borne,  
All hopeless, cheerless, helpless, and forlorn,  
Where looks the soul but to Eternity?  
Then, then, Religion, thou alone canst yield  
Strength to the faint, and bid sweet Hope arise,  
That bow of promise, o'er the darkest skies,  
In pitying mercy to the soul revealed.  
All is not lost, if but of thee possess;  
Firm anchor thou, and cast within the veil.  
Rise, spring of joy, within this dreary breast,  
Nor let thy streams of consolation cease.  
Oh grace divine! my care-worn heart prepare  
That God himself may make his dwelling there.

## HOME.

Home—'tis the centre of our dearest bliss,  
And seat of virtue; where the heart finds rest,  
Where mild delights and holy calm attest  
All else but vain, save piety and this.  
Here, far withdrawn from 'mid the busy crowd  
Whom pleasure, wealth, or mad ambition lure,  
Goodness and love a constant peace assure,  
Misled by the gay, the splendid, and the proud.  
Here heart to heart responds, with faith secure,  
And ceaseless bids affection's tide to flow,  
The fretting ills of mortal life to cure;  
The only rivalry these happy know.  
On grant me home, propitious power above,  
Whose breath is peace, whose highest precept, Love.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

Blessings, O Father, shower!  
Father of mercies! round his precious head!  
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,  
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,  
Blessings be shed!  
Father! I pray Thee not  
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,  
Fame, fortune, power,—oh! be his spirit proved  
By these or by their absence, at Thy will!  
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,  
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,  
With its dove-pinion still!  
Let such a sense of Thee,  
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,  
His bosom guest inalienably be,  
That wheresoe'er he move,  
A heavenly light serene  
Upon his heart and mien  
May sit undimmed! a gladness rest, his own,  
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!  
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,  
Remember'd faintly gleams,  
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown!  
So let him walk with Thee,  
Made by Thy Spirit free;  
And when thou call'st him from his mortal place,  
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,  
That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,  
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,  
Mature to meet in heaven  
His Savior's face!

Thomas V.

College of New Jersey, Sept. 6, 1835.

## WINTER.

A SENTIMENTAL BALLAD.

Gaze on the Winter's snowy wreath,  
And its dazzling robe of white;  
Remember the time of thy freezing breath  
As they cross the cold face of night.  
'Tis sweet to rove through the ancient trees  
With their glistening arms outspread;  
And who to my brow the chill has spread  
For it cools this aching head.  
'Tis pleasant o'er glassy floors to glide,  
And sport in those sparry halls—  
Or in yonder frost-crowned arbors hide,  
In the midst of their spangled walls.  
On the chrysal trunk of the leafless oak  
A thousand mirrors play,  
And the gorgeous gems of its sparkling clod  
Illumine the winter's day.  
Like the shrilly ring, at the close of school,  
That's borne from the skater's feet,  
Is the bitter's look on the crusted pool—  
Tis a melody wildly sweet.  
Yon urchins are watching the snow-birds wing,  
They plant for their feet the snare!  
Or leap on the sled and with lengthen'd string  
Drive onward, they reck not where.  
I join in the jocund season's plays,  
And slide from the slippery hill;  
O, it brings me back to my boyish days,  
And quickens the pulse's thrill.  
Though the world looks sere in its frosty dress,  
Like the head of the hoary sire;  
Yet the creek of its crust, as we downward press,  
Shall no sad thought inspire.  
And old thoughts, as they pass, shall be  
Renew'd by the winter's breeze;  
Dark autumn's brown transforms to green,  
Gives joyous smiles for tears.  
Shall I soon depart? Ye need not ask;  
For rapidly wanes life's taper!  
Why repine—I have finished my task—  
And here is the piece in the paper!

## MARRIED.

In this town on Sunday evening last, by Rev  
W. J. Breed, JOHN H. PERRY of Boston, to Miss  
SARAH N. RUSSELL of this place.  
At Fall River, Charles H. Turner, printer, to  
Miss Nancy Condon.  
In Boston, David S. Lillie to Miss Mary  
Cole; Richard Mann to Miss Eliza Brown.

## DIED.

In this town on Monday last, PHOEBE S., daughter  
of Tristram Coffin, aged 15 years and 11 months.  
Funeral this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the house  
of her father, in Pine street.  
In New Bedford, Elizabeth William, 11,  
Zenas B. son of Z. Whittemore, 9 mos.  
At Fall River, Mr. Gardner Chase, 40  
In Carver, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Consider Rob-  
bins, 71.  
In Plympton, Jerusha Parker, 75.  
In Boston, Mr. Enos Briggs, proprietor of the  
Mechanic's Reading Room, 56.

For the New-York Observer.

## REST IN GOD.

Why am I thus, why dreads my soul  
To meet the coming hour?  
Can Satan, under Christ's control,  
His humble one's devotion?  
In Jesu's hands the sovereign doom  
Of wide creation lies;  
Nought but His great decree can come;  
Nor aught His will surprise.  
Suspended in a changeless plan  
God doth his works ordain;  
Means, instruments, and works of man  
Are links of that blest chain.  
Let his tremendous word go forth,  
Creation shrinks in awe;  
Her laws are but the timely birth  
Of what his glance foretold.  
Soul! Thou hast yielded to those hands  
Thy destiny—thy all;  
In heaven's scroll the record stands;  
Would'st thou the gift recall?  
All that befalls thee comes of grace,  
These pains will healing prove,  
For feel'st thou not the warm embrace  
Of covenant love?  
God reigneth! let the saints rejoice.  
His sceptre ruleth well.  
Yield to the whispers of that voice  
That shaketh earth and hell.  
All his design is most complete;  
All his decree most sure;  
All his supreme control most sweet;  
All his command most pure.  
Praise him, when sunshine breaks around,  
Praise him, when clouds are near,  
Praise him, when angels' voices sound,  
Praise him, when stars appear.  
The timid bird—the falling hair—  
Sink not without his will.  
Though sorrows tempt thee to despair,  
Be confident—be still.

## MARRIED.

In this town, last evening, by Josiah Hussey, Esq.  
JOSEPH COFFIN to Miss ANNE G. GOULD.  
By Wm. Coffin, Esq. ROBERT MITCHELL  
REBECCA G. daughter of Seth Pinkham Esq.  
Bevery, Dr. Ingalls, Kirtland, aged 69, to  
Lydia Smith, aged 38. By the marriage th  
and becomes brother to his son, and uncle t  
grandchildren, and the wife becomes mother t  
er sister, and grand-mother to her nieces, (the fa  
ther and son having married own sisters); the son  
has five daughters by the youngest sister.  
In Boston, Merrick Nelson to Miss Ellen Cros  
by; Francis Everett to Miss Mary N. Pratt; Da  
na Wheelock to Miss Mary Nason; Willard C  
White to Miss Alice H. Townsend; Wm. H  
Barnes to Miss Elizabeth V. Boutley.

Slowly, with measured tread,  
Onward we bear the dead.  
To his long home.  
Short grows the homeward road,  
On with your mortal load,  
O Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not  
Past each remembered spot  
Where he had been;  
Where late he walked in glee,  
There from henceforth to be  
Never more seen.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—  
Bear not the form we love  
Fast from our sight;  
Let the air breathe on him,  
And the sun beam on him  
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,  
One he loved dwelleth here.  
Let the dead lie  
A moment that door beside,  
Wont to fly open wide  
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet—  
"O friend! wilt thou forget  
(Friend more than brother!)  
How hand in hand we've gone,  
Heart with heart linked in one—  
All to each other?"

"O friend! I go from thee,  
Where the worm feasteth free  
Darkly to dwell.  
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?  
Friend! is it come to this?  
"O friend! farewell."

Uplift your load again!  
Take up the mourning strain!  
Pour the deep wail!  
Lo! the expected one  
To his place passeth on—  
Gave! bid him hail.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move;  
Bear not the form we love  
Far from our sight—  
Let the air breathe on him,  
And the sun beam on him  
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;  
Lay the departed low,  
Even at his gate.  
Will the dead speak again,  
Uttering proud boasts and vain  
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—  
List! list! what sounds are those,  
Plaintive and low?  
"O thou, mine enemy!  
Come forth and look on me,  
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now,—  
Mark on his pallid brow  
Whose seal is set!  
Pardoning I passed away—  
Then wage not war with clay—  
Pardon—forget."

Now his last labor's done!  
Now, now the goal is won!  
O Grave! we come.  
Seal up this precious dust—  
Land of the good and just,  
Take the soul home!

From the London Metropolitan.

## SOLID COMFORT.

I'd like to have a little farm,  
And leave such scenes as these,  
Where I could live without a care,  
Completely at my ease.  
I'd like to have a pleasant house  
Upon my little farm,  
Airy and cool in summer, and  
In winter, close and warm.  
I'd like to have a little wife,  
I reckon I know what she'd be,  
I'd like to have a little child,  
And when I was old and feeble,  
To give my little wife,  
Another little child.  
I'd like to have a little cow,  
That would give me milk and cream,  
I'd like to have a little pig,  
My boy to be his friend,  
I'd like to have a little dog,  
And owe no more to man,  
There's nothing on the earth so much  
An easy tempered friend.  
I should not like my wife to shake  
A broomstick at my head,  
For then I might be hurt,  
She did not love her Ned;  
But I should always like to see  
Her gentle as a dove;  
I should not like to have her scold—  
But be all joy and love.

**LAUGH AND BE FAT.**  
John Bull may boast his bolls of ale,  
His ribs of beef, and this and that;  
May show his cap of brass and hat—  
And point you to his laughing vat—  
Unless you have a tract to make  
And smiling eyes, and tongue for  
He'll dangle like an orphan calf—  
'Tis laughing makes a body fat.

'Tis not the laugh that's learn'd by rote,  
The chorus to the table chat,  
Nor offspring of an anecdote—  
They'll never make a body fat:  
But from the heart, without a charm,  
Or tale or thing worth laughing at,  
The laugh must come, long, loud and warm  
It'll would make a body fat.

The giggling laugh, the dimpled smile,  
And those of fashion's merriment,  
Possess not the essential oil—  
Are void alike of nourishment;  
But 'tis the broad hoarse hearty laugh,  
That roars at nought worth laughing at,  
That aye contains of life the staff,  
The food to make a body fat.

Laugh, then, ye pale and ghastly crew,  
And wear a port worth looking at;  
Forget to think, 'twill never do—  
'I will never make a body fat.  
'Tis vain the frowny brow to wear,  
Look pale and sigh, and this and that,  
This starves the mind, the mind 'tis clear  
Will starve, or make the body fat.

Discharge the doctor and his pills,  
Nor listen to his learned chat,—  
Thus rid yourselves of drugs and bills,—  
They'll never make a body fat.  
Laugh at him, sirs, his squills and bark,  
And pectoral drops, and this and that;  
Laugh at the world, its woes, and mark,  
'Tis laughing makes a body fat.

#### THE ARTIST'S CHAMBER

*Written on the spot.*  
The room was low and lone, but linger'd  
there,  
In careless loveliness, the marks of mind;  
The page of obituary, superb and drear,  
Beside a half fill'd vase of wine reclined,  
Told how romance and grief combined.  
And there, like things of immortality,  
Stood statues, in their master's soul enshrined;  
Venus, with sweetest smile and heavenly eye,  
And the sad, solemn beauty of pale Niobe.  
And scattered round, by wall and sofa, lay  
Emblems of thought, that loved from earth  
to spring;  
Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,  
Touching with splendour many an au-  
ring  
That veil'd a brow of snow, and crimson'd  
The cheek with beauty like an opening  
And there lay a guitar, whose silver string  
Is murmuring, as the soft wind o'er it flows  
The tones it breath'd on Spanish hills at  
evening's close.

#### SONNET TO WINTER,

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Thou hast thy beauties, sterner ones, I  
Than those of thy precursors; yet to  
Belong the charms of solemn majesty,  
And naked grandeur—Awful is the tone  
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds  
blown

By hurrying winds across the troubled  
bosom, when softer breezes faintly sig-  
Through leafless boughs with ivy overgown  
Thou hast thy decorations, too, although  
Thy face austere: thy studded mantle  
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow  
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array  
Of celestial mine, when the drifted snow  
Reveals a mate: till her features see  
The pale, but lovely ones, seen when

My weeping boy,  
To hear thee  
Remains a smile of joy,  
Thy face is near thee  
The spring, that weathers frost and snow,  
And waits the earth, and waits the flowers,  
To lead us hope for happy hours,  
To brighter scenes to cheer thee.

My father comes, my darling boy,  
From sea, perhaps, to-morrow;  
To light thy heart to love and joy,  
And chase each sigh of sorrow.  
Now winter's dreary reign is o'er  
He roams o'er distant seas no more,  
But seeks again his native shore;—  
'Tis hope's sweet dream I borrow.

Where art thou, my dear boy,  
Thy sails are on the wind,  
And the ocean, with a daring sweep  
Is racing on behind.

The sea-birds wheel above thy mast,  
And the waters fly below,  
And the foaming billows, flashing fast  
Are leaping to thy bow.

And midst the clouds thy fluttering flag  
Is streaming strong and well,  
As if to bid you beacon star,  
A fast and gay farewell.

Where art thou going? "Far away,"  
To seek a distant shore—  
Gaze ye upon me, while ye may,  
You will not see me more.

My flag is dancing in the sky,  
My sails are on the breeze,  
And bird screams exultingly,  
As we bound along the seas.

A hundred gulls are on my deck,  
And a thousand men below—  
And my wings are spread without a speck  
As white as driven snow.

Gaze while ye may—ye can but see  
My panoply and pride—  
Ye can but hear the hissing sea  
Dashed gaily from my side.

Hush! hush! sobbs and yearning sighs,  
Ye broken hearts be still,  
Lest yonder landsman, envious eyes  
Dream we have a part of ill—

Lest he should think of care or woe  
Amidst our gallant crew,  
Our souls that hear the blithe winds blow  
With cheeks of ashen hue.

Hurrah! hurrah! our homes we quit,  
And those who are herein—  
Will they be safe and standing yet,  
When we cross the waves again?

Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious land  
Is rising far away—  
What grave upon that stranger strand  
Shall wrap our unknown clay?

Hurrah! hurrah! beneath our keel  
A thousand fathoms sleep—  
And fleets are there—but with hearts of  
We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

On—on—the worm is at our heart,  
But the shout upon our lip—  
And who shall play the craven's part  
In our proud and gallant ship?

And who shall let the groan be heard  
Which lips are knawed to save—  
O'er the tears be seen, that, without a  
Are falling on the wave?

On, on—the sea-birds heed us not—  
And the shores are sinking fast—  
And scarce the landsman from his cot,  
Can see our lessening mast.

But sighs him, as he turns away  
To trim his evening hearth,  
That ought should be so proud and gay  
Without a speck of earth.

That mortal's made up of quarrelsome clay,  
My tale, I imagine will prove as it goes;  
For the Features composing the visage, one day,  
Most cruelly fell to abusing the Nose.  
First the Lips took it up, and their reason was this,  
That the Nose was a bane both to beauty and  
love;  
And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,  
For that horrid protuberance jutting above!

Then the EYES, not behind the matter to be,  
With a sparkle began, as I've oft-time seen 'em  
And said it was perfectly shocking to see  
Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em;

The CHEEKS, with a blush, said the frightfullest  
shade  
By the Nose o'er their bloom and their beauty  
was thrown;  
And EARS could not bear the loud trumpeting made  
Whenever that troublesome member was blown!

So 'twas moved and agreed, with a sighing more,  
To thrust the intruder at once to the face;  
But Nose, hearing this, most indignantly swore,  
By the breath of his nostrils, he'd stick to his  
place.

Then addressing the EYES, he went learnedly  
through  
His defence, and enquired, when their vigor was  
gone,

Pray what would their worships for spectacles do,  
If the Face had no Nose to hang spectacles on?

Mankind, he observed, loved their scent as their  
sight,  
Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?

And the charge of the Lips was as frivolous quite;  
For if Lips fancied kissing, why mightn't Noses?  
As for EARS, (and in speaking, Nose scornfully  
cur'd.)

Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing,  
And not all the EARS, EYES, or LIPS in the world,  
Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from  
sneezing.

To the CHEEKS, he contended, he acted as screen,  
And guarded them oft from the wind and the  
weather;

And but that he stood as a land mark between,  
The FACE had been nothing but cheek altogether;  
With eloquence then he repell'd their abuse,  
With logical clearness defining the case;  
And from thence came the saying, so frequent in

#### FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A. Well, sir, don't you intend to kill your  
dog?

B. Kill my dog?—No! Sir—  
what benefit would it be to me to kill my dog?

A. Why, you certainly are not ignorant of  
the fact, that he has killed, or been the means  
of killing, three men during the last month, in  
consequence of their being bitten by him.

B. That's their fault, not mine—or the  
dog's. I keep him chained, and if any one is  
so indiscreet as to venture within the length  
of the chain, he must be bitten.

A. I would not have such a surly, snapping,  
ravening cur, if he brought me an independent  
fortune. I suppose you think his tricks are a  
sufficient indemnity for the injury he does to  
society?

L. I'll allow he's a sad fellow; but he never  
bites me.

A. So, because he never bites you, I sup-  
pose you think you are authorized to keep him  
to bite and disturb your neighbours;—but I  
shall take care to complain of you for keeping  
a nuisance.

B. O! he's a very pleasant creature upon  
occasions, and when you are careful not to  
provocate him.

A. Yes, indeed; and he allures you to  
his den, and then falls upon your tooth and  
nail: a rank nuisance, that he is.

B. But do you not recollect the case of the  
man with a very troublesome bile, whom he  
brought and cured?

A. That's your story, sir. I don't believe  
something else could be found as good or  
better to cure ulcers and bites. I do not  
think, after all, you've any pretence for keep-  
ing your dog.

B. Why, what harm can there be in playing  
a little with him, every day, just by way of  
recreation?

A. That would be well enough, if he were  
so fierce for biting those who know not how to  
use him. To tell the truth—a number of us have  
determined, if you will not hear reason and  
kill your dog, to do it ourselves: we cannot  
suffer such a cruel animal to trifle any longer  
with our children's lives. So, sir, I come to  
tell you that if you do not destroy this fellow,  
we shall. Your servant (going out).

B. Stop, sir—since my dog has made such  
a noise, let us bring your dog on the carpet.

A. My dog!

B. Ay. What means that uncommon red-  
ness of your eyes and fulness of visage?

A. But my dog!—What has that to do with  
my dog? I have no dog; neither will I be  
insulted by any one who chooses to exercise  
his wit upon my infirmities.

B. Be calm, and tell me truly why that un-  
substantial appearance of your limbs and fal-  
tering of your speech?

A. Then you would insult a man for the  
weakness of nature.—Do you not know that  
my health is feeble? But I am above your  
remarks. I thank heaven, I am better  
prepared to make a joke of my neighbour's ill  
health (going).

B. But stop, my friend, what is the cause  
of this ill health?

A. My physicians, sir, tell me that I have a  
constitution that needs excitement—that I have  
of hitherto had enough: one, indeed, who  
as an ill-bred, half learned apprentice of a  
doctor, hinted that I drank too much, and  
could likely enough have had me live on  
lead and water; but I turned him off—I  
could have nothing to do with such a man—  
I had no knowledge of human nature;—in-  
deed, sir, you might as well take away the  
spring of a watch, as take from me the  
inspiring beverage, which sends exhi-

If I had these I would not ask  
For any thing beside;  
I'd be content thus smoothly through  
The tedious world to glide.  
My little wife and I would then  
No earthly trouble see—  
Surrounded by our little ones,  
How happy we would be!

Oh seek not comfort from the Wine,  
In this thy bitter grief;  
The mantling juices of the vine  
Can yield thee no relief.  
Nor seek, in thy extreme distress,  
Oblivion from the bowl—  
Thou shalt not there remember  
Thy agony of soul.

Oh seek not in this troublous hour  
The Gambler's cursed den;  
For once within his baleful power,  
And farewell virtue then!  
Nor to the unholy, feverish heat,  
That gathers there, incline,  
If thou wouldst not the wild hot beat  
Of a maddened pulse were thine

Oh look not in gay pleasure's lair  
In such a time as this;  
The blaze, the beauty, song, are there,  
But not consoling bliss,  
Nor in the ball-rooms witching wiles,  
Nor place of glee have part—  
For there thy artificial smiles  
Would veil a broken heart.

Thy hopes are dark—across the land  
God hath his shadow thrown—  
Yet who'll rebuke the righteous hand  
That touches but its own?  
From Him come judgments on our path,  
From Him this grievous blow;  
Yet rains not from his stores of wrath  
Man's self-inflicted woe.

Submit! there's sweetness in the thought  
That He in love doth chide;  
For avarice He this ill hath wrought—  
Perhaps for foolish pride.  
Yet this, and more that Heaven can bring,  
T'were easier to bear,  
Than that which from remorse doth spring,  
T

From the Ladies' Magazine.  
**THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.**

'Tis done! sweet pilgrim of an hour!  
Affection's fairest, dearest flower!  
Thou beauteous gem of life and youth  
Emblem of purity and truth;  
Bright heir of an immortal birth,  
Lent for an hour to bloom on earth—  
'Tis done! the fatal shaft is sped;  
Affection droops, and Hope is fled!

Vain is that hope which thought to trace  
The expanding charms of childhood's grace:  
Vain is the cherished hope, which strove,  
To shield thee with a parent's love,  
Fondly to watch thy cherub form,  
To guard thee from the darkling storm,  
And fold thee in affection's arms,  
Safe from adversity's alarms;  
To bid the "genial current" flow,  
Fervent with youth's ingenuous glow;—  
It might not be; the chasten'd sense  
Of Hope, for thy pre-eminence,  
Is buried in the ruthless grave  
Of all, to life, a charm that gave!

But oh; thy little span of life  
Reck'd not of mad ambition's strife;  
Thou hast not known, my angel child,  
Of mad'ning thoughts, and passions wild:  
The secret, silent agony;  
The brain of fire; the tearless eye;  
The heartfelt pang; the bosom's throe:  
When hopeless love instils its woe;  
Scorn's sneering smile; the world's neglect,  
And fortune's frowns; thou hast not reck'd.  
Avails it that thou hast not known  
Of storied page, and wisdom's zone;  
Nor snatched th' ethereal fire, which burns  
Fraught with the lore of classic urns?  
Thou hast escaped the hectic joy  
Of those, whose midnight toils employ,  
When its lone vigil Genius keeps,  
And all, but heaven-born Fancy, sleeps.

But oft, at twilight's solemn hour,  
Rapt by devotion's soothing power,  
Alone, to thy dear grave I'll stray,  
A mother's holiest gift to pay.  
And o'er the turf where rests thy head,  
Perennial flowers their sweets shall shed.  
Far from the world, its noise and care,  
I'll seek a cherished refuge there,  
And meekly own the dread behest,  
Which gives my babe an angel's rest.

Improve the present hour, for all beside  
Is a mere feather on the torrent's tide.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage  
To whom the rising year shall prove the last,  
As I can number in my punctual page,  
And item down the victims of the st;  
How each would trembling wait the fearful sheet,  
On which the press might stamp him next to die;  
And, reading here his sentence, how replete  
With anxious meaning, heav'nward st his eye.

Time then would seem more precious than the joys  
In which he sports away the trea now,  
And prayer more seasonable than the dise  
Of drunkards or the music-drawing w.  
Then, doubtless, many a trifler, on a brink  
Of this world's hazardous and heaving shore,  
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun would rise no more.

Ah! self-deceiv'd! could I prophetic say  
Who next is fated, and who next shall fall,  
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;  
But, naming none, the voice now speaks to all.  
Observe the dappled foresters, how light  
They bound, and airy, o'er the sunny glade:  
One falls—the rest, wide scatter'd with affright,  
Vanish at once into the thickest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings; and at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,  
Die self-accus'd of life all run to waste?

Sad waste! for which no atonement's left;  
The grave admits no cure of guilt or sin.  
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught  
Of all these sepulchres instruction true,  
That, soon or late, DEATH shall be your lot,  
And the next opening grave may ya

Anecdote.—A plain, good-hearted kind of  
a man who understood that a widow and  
her family were reduced to extreme distress  
by the death of a cow which was his princi-  
pal support, generously went round among  
his neighbors to solicit that aid which he  
was unable to give himself. He told a plain,  
simple, and pathetic tale, and received from  
each a very liberal donation of—regret, sor-  
row, and sympathy; but, thought he, this will  
not buy a cow, and he consequently recom-  
mended his exertion, and to the same effect.  
He now got out of patience, and after being  
answered as usual by a real son-of-a-bitch,  
with a plentiful shower of sympathetical  
feeling, exclaimed, "Oh yes, I don't doubt  
your feeling, but you don't feel in the right  
place." "Oh," said the tender-hearted Cro-  
sus, "I feel with all my heart and soul."  
"Yes, yes," replied the other, "I don't  
doubt that either, but I want you to feel in  
your pocket."

No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him who has chosen him to be a soldier. 2 Tim. ii. 4.

He who would win a warrior's fame,  
Must shun with ever watchful aim,  
Entangling things of life;  
His couch the earth; heaven's arching dome  
His airy tent; his only home  
The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,  
Uncumbered by the battle's spoil,  
No dangers must affright,  
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease,  
Content alone his Chief to please,  
Who called him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be  
Worthy that epithet, stand free  
From time's encumbering things;  
Be earth's enthrallments feared, abhorred,  
Knowing thy leader is the Lord,  
Thy chief the King of kings.

Still use, as not abusing, all  
Which fetters would bind by its thrall;  
With fame, with power, with pelf,  
With joy or grief, with hope or fear,  
Whose origin and end are here,  
Entangle not thyself.

These rose enough will round thee cling,  
Without thy tightening every string  
Which binds them to the heart,  
Despise them not! this thankless woe;  
But while partaking them, prepare  
From each and all to part.

[From the Evening Gazette.]

**KITCHEN POETRY.**

I'm tired of work, said Jane Gray,  
It's scrub, scrub, the live long day;  
I've rene'd the pots and kettles round  
Till I'm sick of the very sound.  
My hands are as hard as a horn;  
Such things I ne'er since I was born  
On any decent body did see,  
Much more on one made like me.  
There! that pot's sputtering over,  
Because I forgot to take off the cover—  
The fat is scorched, the bread's burning—  
Run, Jane, the fitter needs turning—  
The broom is worn to the hub—  
The brush is only a hard stub.  
How many low, hitching motions  
I've made in cleaning them notions!  
Twisted my hips and shoulders out,  
Banging the beds and blankets about.  
I've two long marks across my nose!  
They husbands mean—dence only knows  
When one will come! and I must stay  
In this hot kitchen to work all day.  
There's Betsey Grant and Hulda Drew,  
Two lazy drabs as ever I knew—  
They wriggled their oodies about,  
And laid all they earn in fiery out.  
Each wore behind a frightful lump,  
Looked for the world a camel's hump.  
My stars! I wonder men don't go  
Bring home a "Hottentot" or so;  
Girls would be in utter despair  
To match the form of the Hottentot fair.  
Well, Hulda Drew and Betsey Grant  
Are married, and board with my aunt;  
They miss, all to lack their head,  
Too heavy placed to carry their bread;  
I wonder what the reason can be  
That nobody comes to marry me!  
Splash goes the cloth into the kettle—  
My stars for once Miss Ann's mettle—  
My stars may burn black as my shoe—  
My stars, and be idle, and wriggle,  
Lace, and pad, and stare, and giggle;  
Then if nobody the question pops,  
By jings, shall be as mad as hops.  
Moppey.

**THE OAK.**

By Gen. Geo. P. Morris.  
Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
I was my father's hand,  
I placed it near his cot.  
My axe shall harm it not,  
My axe shall harm it not.  
A familiar tree,  
A home glory and renown  
And wouldst thou lack it do,  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now leaning to the skies!  
I'm but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
Here too my gushing joy  
My mother kissed me here.  
My father press'd my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
How shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave this spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

**THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE LATE MRS. HARRIET E. WINSLOW.**

Thou measurest not thy life in years,  
By change of night and day,  
Nor by the drops of ceaseless tears,  
That wash our bloom away.

In the dial-plate above  
Each mused seraphs scan,  
As when it first began.

Thou wanderest from thy home no more,  
Where sprang thy childhood fair—  
To pitch upon a heathen shore  
Thy mission tent of care.

No more the insatiate grave shall feed  
With what thy bosom reared,  
Nor feel thine immove spirit bleed  
Till every vein is seared.

Are they not there, those infant souls?  
Are they not by thy side?  
For whom thy sleepless prayer arose  
For whom thy Saviour died?

And do we still with blinded grief  
Lament thy lot sublime,  
High raised above the countless fife  
The countless fife of time?

Is it thy voice that makes us weep  
In one so sweet and free?  
"Weep for yourselves, my dearest friends,  
But weep no more for me."

## THE SEPARATION.

“Lorsque ton ame compare il faut  
Le moindre éloignement nous tue,  
Et ce, dont on chérit la vie,  
Ne revient jamais assez tôt.”—[Molière]

He's gone, dear Fanny! gone at last—  
We've said good bye—and all is over;  
'Twas a gay dream—but it is past—  
Next Tuesday he will sail for Dover.  
“Well, gentle waves be round his prow!  
But tear and prayer alike are idle;  
Oh! who shall fill my album now?  
And who shall hold my pony's bridle?”

Last night he left us after tea,—  
I never thought he'd leave us—never;  
He was so pleasant, wasn't he?  
Papa, too, said he was so clever.  
And, Fanny, you'll be glad to hear,  
That little boy who looked so yel  
Whose eyes were so like his, my de  
Is a poor little orphan fellow.

That odious Miss Lucia Brawne  
Who with her horrid Bibles,  
Is always running through the town,  
And circulating tracts and libels;  
Because he never danced with her,  
Told dear mamma such horrid scandal,  
About his moral character,  
For stooping just to tie a sandal!

She said he went to fights and fairs—  
That always gave papa the fidgets;  
She said he did not know his prayers,—  
He's every Sunday at Sunday-school;  
She said he squeezed and pinched and nipped,  
When'er he waltzed—a plague upon her—  
I danced with him at Mad. Bland's,  
He never squeezed me—upon my honour.

His regiment have got the route;  
(They came down here to quell the riot,  
And how—what can the people do?  
The stupid people are so quiet.)  
They say it is to India, too,  
If there, I'm sure he'll get the liver!—  
And should he bathe—he used to do—  
They've crocodiles in every river.

There may be bright eyes there—and then!  
(I'm sure I love him like a brother)  
His lute will soon be at it again;  
His heart will soon beat for another.  
I know him well! he is not false—  
But when the song he loves is playing,  
Or after he has danced a waltz—  
He never knows what he is saying.

I know 'twas wrong—'twas very wrong—  
To listen to his wild romancing;  
Last night I danced with him too long;  
One's always giddy after dancing;  
But when he begg'd me to sing,  
And when he sigh'd, and ask'd me, would I?  
And when he took my turquoise ring,—  
I'm sure I could not help it, could I?

**STOP,** passenger, until my life you read,  
The living may get knowledge from the dead.  
Five times five years unwedded was my life;  
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;  
Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes,  
Now tired of human scenes I here repose.  
Between my cradle and my grave were seen  
Seven mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen;  
Full twice ten years the Commonwealth I saw,  
Full times the subjects rofe against the law;  
And which worse than any civil war,  
A king was laid before the subjects' bar,  
Swarms of devils hot with hellish rage,  
Cut off his royal head upon the stage.  
Twice did the old prelacy pull'd down,  
And twice the monk did sink beneath the gown.  
I saw the Stuart throne thrust out; nay more;  
I saw our Country's English ore,  
Our numerous nobles who have famous been,  
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen.  
Such defolation in my days have been;  
I have no end of all perfection seen.

Papa was lecturing the girls,  
And talked of settlements and rentals—  
I wore a white lace frock—and pearls—  
He looked so well in regimentals!  
And just before we came away,  
While we were waiting for the carriage—  
I heard him, not quite plainly, say  
Something of Blacksmiths, and of marriage.

He promised, if he could get leave,  
He'd soon come back—I wonder can he?  
Lord Hill is very strict, I believe;  
(What could he mean by Blacksmiths, Fan-  
ny?)

He said he wished we ne'er had met,—  
I answer'd—it was lovely weather:  
And then he bade me not forget  
The pleasant days we'd passed together.

He's gone, and other lips may weave  
A stronger spell than mine to bind him;  
But bid him, if he love me, leave  
Those rhymes he made me love, behind him.  
Tell him I know those wayward strings  
Not always sound to mirthful measures;  
But sighs are sometimes pleasant things,  
And tears from those we love are treasures.

Tell him to leave off drinking wine,  
Tell him to break himself of smoking,  
Tell him to get to bed by nine—  
His hours are really quite provoking.  
Tell him I hope he won't get fat,  
Tell him to act with due reflection;  
Tell him to wear a broad-leafed hat,  
Or else he'll ruin his complexion.

Tell him I am so ill to-day,  
Perhaps to-morrow I'll be better;  
Tell him before he goes away,  
To write me a consoling letter;  
Tell him to send me down that song  
He said he loved the best of any—  
Tell him I'm sure I can't live long,  
And—bid him love me—won't you, Fanny?

## THE BLIND BOY.

The day was bright and beautiful—  
The boys to play had gone—  
Save one, who sat beside the door,  
Dejected and alone:  
And as the tone of merry sport  
Came faintly to his ear,  
He sighed, and from his swelling lids  
He brushed the falling tear.

His little heart was rent with pain—  
He could not join their play—  
He could not run about the fields,  
And by the brook side stray.  
The rolling hoop—the bounding ball—  
The kite borne by the wind—  
The acorn hunt, were naught to him;  
For he, alas, was blind.

He could not see the setting sun,  
And watch the glowing skies,  
The beauty of the moon and stars  
Fell not upon his eyes.  
The rainbow when it spanned the clouds  
Was lost unto his sight—  
And waving woods, and sparkling streams;  
For all to him was night.

These truths came fresh into his mind,  
While sitting thus apart;  
No wonder that the tear drop fell,  
And heavy was his heart.  
Ah, little did the youthful throng,  
Whose hearts were full of joy,  
Reflect upon the lonely state  
Of that poor sightless boy!

A young English lady in Paris cut  
throat a short time since, because she  
not learn grammar.

“When I see an office-holder inter-  
dling in elections, it occurs to me, that  
thinking of his salary and his bread, a  
therefore an unfit adviser of the People.”  
Fitz Grady, a Jackson Senator.

A few days ago, two elephants, belong-  
to a menagerie that had been in Mallett  
Conn. were passing along in the vicin-  
ity, when they saw a most inviting heap of  
apples in an orchard. In an instant the  
was prostrated by the huge animals,  
without loss of time they regaled them-  
selves on fruit to their perfect satisfaction.

Wisdom.—I was at dinner some time ago, in company  
with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long  
time, and then he ded his head, and I thought him intelli-  
gent. At eight, towards the end of the dinner, some apple  
dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no  
 sooner seen them than he burst forth with—“Then's the  
cockies for me!” I wish Spurzheim could have examined  
his head.—Coleridge's Table Talk.

Time bath but touch'd, not seal'd in gloom,  
The turrets of Eternal Rome;  
The same deep stream, that wash'd of yore  
The infants in their ark ashore,  
Runs in the yellow Tiber's veins,  
By the same halls and the same stairs:

Yet on the mount the pill'd dome  
Ages ago, the Capitoline,  
Though gray with age and throned with scars,  
Looks in proud triumph to the stars:

Ascended by its hundred stairs,  
The rough Tarpeian yet declares  
His fate who freed its Fane too well,  
Who bravely fought, and sternly fell:

Structures of piety and pray'r  
Domes towering over temples—there  
The busy Forum overlook—  
The scene where Lucius Junius shook  
Fiercely his imprecating sword,  
And smil'd on Liberty restor'd:

And here the Rostrum, at whose foot  
Grief rose to rage, and rage grew mute,  
As Pity dropt, or Passion flung  
Honey or gall from Tully's tongue!

All else is chang'd!—age, manhood, youth,  
The soul of honor, lip of truth,  
The manners of the ages past,  
Simple, severe, confiding, chaste,  
Are told, if told of, with a sneer  
Fit only for a Cæsar's ear.  
The matron shade, in which of yore  
Volumnia charm'd, Cornelia grew,  
Whom Romans lov'd, who Romans bore,  
Is gone, and is forgotten too;  
For there, beneath a despot lord,  
Came like a giant stalks abroad;  
And the few hearts Truth, Freedom, send  
To their falling fortress to defend,  
Strive against fate a little while,  
Then sink to Earth with sad despairing smile

Oh! thou, whom Patroness we call  
Of this, the holiest land of all  
That circling seas adorn;  
The land where Power delights to dwell,  
And war his mightiest feats can tell,  
And Poetry to sweetest swell  
Attunes her voice and lyre:  
The land of Beauty, whose light  
The bosom heaves, as heaven's blue breast  
Of Ocean to the queen of night,  
When winds have wandered to their rest;  
Goddess! arise and deal the blow!  
To thee the past, to thee the future cries  
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans  
Rise, spirit of Freedom! rise!

## USE OF THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

### THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may soar to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid;  
Here my best comfort lies;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been,  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell;  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

## WINE DRINKING.

"Pour the sparkling nectar free;  
Pass the bowl round merrily."  
Hark! I hear the ballad's tread;  
He is armed with summons dread;  
Wait until he passes by—  
I cannot drink while he is nigh.

"Sing to Bacchus, loud and long,  
Blythe we'll drink, with blythe song."  
Hush! I hear the widow's wail—  
Let it die upon the gale.  
He, she mourns, once met us here,  
First in all our reckless cheer.

"Fill thy goblet—why delay?  
Mirth and wine shall reign to-day."  
Stay! I hear the orphan's cry,  
Let its painful echo die;  
Of all earthly joys bereft,  
She the drunkard's heir is left.

"Higher fill with rosy wine  
Death to care—joy's in the vine."  
Hush again, that solemn chime  
Numbers slow the felon's time;  
Law's dire vengeance he must feel:  
'Twas wine that plunged the murderous steel.

Western Luminary.

From the United States Magazine and Democratic Review.

## THE DYING CHILD.—BY MRS. C. E. DE PONTRE.

Ah, yes, the spirit's glow is gone,  
Passed from that face away,  
The flush of childhood and of health  
Fled with the slow decay.  
No more the song of joy is heard,  
From that low mournful voice,  
No more bright days of gladness come,  
Thou canst not now rejoice.

Ah, yes, the spirit's glow is gone,  
What mortal hand can now  
Recall the brightness to that eye,  
The color to that brow?  
'Tis all in vain; no human power  
I feel at last can save,  
Flower of sweet childhood, thou art  
Art stung by the grave.

And I! what dreams I had for thee  
Of life, and future years,  
Without a shadow in their course,  
Of grief's destroying tears!  
Thoughts, dreams, and visions, what are they?  
Fond mockeries of the brain,  
Hopes, o'er whose momentary light,  
The heart must weep in vain!

Pale child, I dare not number o'er  
Thy days of pain and grief,  
How long, how patiently thy valour  
Implored, sought relief,  
How many watching hours were thine,  
Mid loneliness and fears,  
With only God and me to mark  
Thy agony and tears!

And now the spirit's glow is gone,  
Forever from that face,  
As 'mid its wreck of loveliness,  
The lines of death I trace;  
For life is ebbing fast from thee,  
My sad and gentle child,  
Alas the blighted blossom fails  
Ere summer's skies have smiled.

'Twill be a weary hour, I know,  
When those last words are said,  
And silently and coldly falls  
The earth upon thy bed!  
When rude and careless men have borne  
Thy coffin from my sight—  
I could not see them shut thee from  
This world of sun and light!

I bury thee! how strangely falls  
That word upon my heart!  
How shall I bear the hour at last,  
My child, when when we must part!  
I cannot tell, I dare not think,  
Nor weep, nor even pray;  
My God, who strikes this bitter blow,  
Support me through that day!

## Sailor's Department.

For the New York Weekly Messenger.

## LORD, SAVE, OR WE PERISH.

'Twas midnight! on the stormy deep  
The angry waves rose high;  
The sailor saw the sailor weep,  
When death appeared so nigh.

"Save, Lord, we perish!" 'neath the tide  
The weeping sailors prayed;  
"Peace, be still!" the Savior cried,  
And winds and waves obey'd.

Look up, my soul, 'tis Christ who speaks  
And calms the troubled mind;  
Not one, who peace from Heaven seeks,  
Shall ever fail to find.

My bark shall ride as if at rest,  
No waves can it o'erwhelm;  
I know I'm safe, secure, and blest,  
For Christ is at the helm.

New York, 1837.

CLINTON BARD.

*Grafton G.*  
*Starrin*  
*Jonathan*

By the friends of Dr. Nevins, a relation of these stran-  
zas will be asked. By others, it may be thought interesting to  
learn, that our friend had long been afflicted. Several of his  
children were taken away in infancy. His own health had al-  
ready begun to sink, when his lovely wife was snatched from  
him, by cholera. A subsequent voyage to St. Croix failed to  
restore him; he relapsed worse, and was met by tidings of  
his youngest infant's death. He departed this life, among his  
dear flock, at Baltimore, on Monday, September 14th, 1835.

In buoyant prime, I loved  
Thee, dearest brother, O how truly!  
Thy manly earnestness I proved,  
And prized thy guileless friendship duly.

In God's best house I saw thee rise,  
Nor make to sin one weak concession,  
I watched the piercing of those eyes  
That taught of themes beyond expression.

Surrounded by a beaming group  
Of faces shewing back thy feeling,  
To child-like glee I saw thee stoop;  
The heart's ray o'er thy features stealing.

The heaven-sent pledges could not tarry,  
But sped in haste to nobler birth;  
Wounded, yet meek, I saw thee carry  
Those sweet babes to their mother earth.

I heard, afar, the speechless sigh,  
When the Plague shook his death-brand o'  
Oh! ghastly image to thine eye,  
Thy Mary lay a corpse before thee.

Thy voiceless form I sadly met,  
When pain and woes began to thicken.  
I saw thee—ah! I see thee yet—  
Sunken and wan, consumed, heart-broken.

For wanted vigor thou didst bear,  
The world's gross darkness to disperse.  
From sunny isles I saw thee turn,  
A bootless voyage to reverse.

'Tis done—thy name is written not  
Upon the scroll of human story,  
But was thy name in the book of life?  
From the Lamb's Book of Life in glory?

O Hope! O Christian Hope, how sweet  
Thy beam on death's pale brow may quiver  
O Christ, how joyful, at thy feet,  
We wait the summons to deliver!

## A BOY CONDEMNED TO BE HUNG.

We published on the 8th inst. an account of the trial at Lowell, of two boys, Michael Monohon, 13 years old, and Michael Whaylan, 10 years old, for the crime of arson, in burning the almshouse at Cambridge. The jury did not agree on a verdict, and were discharged. A new trial was ordered, which was closed on Friday night, and resulted in a verdict of Guilty, against Monohon. The Lowell Advertiser, of last evening, says:—"After a patient and thorough investigation of the circumstances of the case, and a charge by the Chief Justice, the most comprehensive, the Jury retired, agreeing upon a verdict about half past ten. The rumor having spread abroad that the Jury had agreed, a numerous concourse assembled at the Court-house, to hear the solemn sentence of the law. The Attorney-General having recapitulated some of the most prominent evidence, concluded with the request that the Bench would proceed to pronounce the sentence which the law adjudges to the crime of arson. Monohon being called, rose and heard, with stoical indifference, a brief sketch of his past but vicious life.

The affecting language of the Judge, his appeal to Monohon's feelings for an afflicted mother, to his sense of the awful situation to which he had subjected himself in breaking the laws, his request that he would prepare for the early and ignominious death which awaited him, and the final sentence, "that he should be hung by the neck until dead," were altogether a scene of intense interest, which drew tears from many an eye. Not a muscle of the prisoner trembled at his sentence, and he withstood the gaze of hundreds with as much apparent indifference as if unconcerned; but whether this was owing to ignorance or hardness, is a question for a philosopher. Whaylan was acquitted on account of his extreme youth."

For the New-York Observer.

## THE BETTER LAND.

Dull earth! what canst thou give  
To find my soul to thee?  
I would not always grovelling live,  
Link'd to mortality—  
But break the chains that press me here,  
And spring to yonder glorious sphere.

Affection's holy light  
Burns faithful here awhile,  
But soon there comes a chilling blight  
To mock affection's smile—  
And love and joy flee fast away,  
Like fleecy-clouds in a summer day.

But there's a clime above  
This cold and cheerless scene,  
Where roll immortal streams of love  
Through pastures fair and green—  
And wave the leaves of Life's broad tree  
In breezes of Eternity.

There friends no more are torn  
From kindred friends away—  
There furrow'd brows by sorrow worn,  
Beam bright in endless day—  
And crown, and palm, and harp, and song,  
To that vast company belong.

That better land be mine!  
My store and treasure there!  
Who would not this dull earth resign,  
And tribulation bear,  
To tread, at last, those golden streets

Susan, will you impart  
To your own beauty and my life

## HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY JOHN STERLING.

The stream of life from fountains flows,  
Conceal'd by sacred woods and caves;  
From crag to dell, unchecked it flows,  
And hurrying fast from where it roves,  
In foam and dash, exulting raves.

But straight below the torrents leap,  
Serenely bright its effluence lies,  
And waves that thunder down the steep  
Are hush'd in quiet, mute and deep,  
Reflecting rock, and trees and skies.

And 'mid the pool, disturbed yet clear,  
The noisy gush that feeds it still  
Is seen again descending sheer,  
A cataract within the mere,  
As bright as down the hill.

A living picture smooth and true,  
Of headlong flight and restless power,  
Whose burst for ever feeds anew  
The lake of fresh and silver dew  
That paints and drinks the stormy shower.

So Thought, with crystal mirror, shows  
Our human joy, and strife, and pain;  
And ghostly dreams, and passion's woes,  
The tide of failures, hates and fears,  
Are softly figured there again.

Do Thou, who nearest forth our days,  
With all their floods of life divine,  
Bestow thy Spirit's peaceful gaze,  
Till the surge those tumults raise,  
And make thy calm of being mine!

## POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

## HOME.

'Tis sweet at night to sit alone;  
And watch the stars and hear the moan  
Of faithful breezes in the air;  
But then my thoughts are far away—  
Then on swift wings the breezes bear  
To where my little sisters play,  
And sing a song of gladness still,  
Beside the gushing mountain rill.

'Tis sweet at night to sit alone—  
I hear loved voices in the tone  
Of every wind-stirred bough above me—  
Voices of those far, far away,  
Who pray for, and who ever love me,  
Who weep my absence day by day,  
And strain the sight o'er ocean's foam,  
To see the sail that wafts me home.

'Tis sweet at night to sit alone—  
Then I see faces dearly known;  
I fancy, then, the bliss of meeting—  
My brow burns with my mother's kiss—  
I clasp my sisters form, though fleeting!  
Is there not rapture deep in this?  
Bright visions! but in vanishing  
Leaving for aye a poignant sting.

My mother sits this even tide,  
My elder sister at her side,  
And at her knee in beauty bending,  
A cherub lisping infant prayer;  
Prayer, which to heaven like dew ascending  
Is shedding fragrance even there—  
As was mine own in early years,  
Her brow wet with a mother's tears.

And then I mourn in agony  
For the best home I ne'er may see;  
'Tis far away and day declining,  
I gaze at the departing sun,  
And weep that he is brightly shining  
On scenes that I yearn to gaze upon.  
Weep till my tears like sunlit dew,  
Throw on my hopes a brighter hue.

## THE FAREWELL.

BY L. E. L.

You will forget me as the wild wind passes,  
With but a moment's breathing on its wings,  
Of the soft life in the long summer grasses—  
Of the deep music from the forest springs.  
They perish as they welcome the new comer,  
The odors leave the grass—the song, the brook;  
The wind that brought will hear away the summer  
Unheeding the sweet world its presence shook.

Even so carelessly dost thou awaken  
The new existence of a conscious heart;  
Even so carelessly am I forsaken,  
Not only with thyself have I to part.  
But thou dost take with thee the hues Elysian,  
Which brighten'd in thy presence, life has lost  
In losing thee, the presence of the vision  
Which, like an angel's, lit the path it trod.  
It matters not—there is beside us ever,  
With gradual but inevitable doom,  
And mocks the struggling spirit's fond endeavor  
For soon or late the heart is its own tomb.  
You will forget me; nay I am not praying  
For but a moment's single thought from thee  
Ah! what avails memory's delaying  
Fondly, where hope again can never be!

# POETRY.

## THE FOG-GUN.

The day is closing on the sea,—  
A day of storm and dread,—  
The trembling ship meets warily  
Each wave's four-crested head;  
The creaking poles like willows bow  
To still-crescenting masts,  
The gallies crew, exhausted now,  
Are clinging to the masts,  
And calling on the sailor's Friend,  
His strong and pitying aid to lend.

They drift along before the gale,—  
Whither they cannot know,  
For the fog is hanging like a veil  
Around them as they go.  
Darker and darker grows the day,  
Loud and more loud the storm,  
The fog so dense each sailor may  
Scarcely see his neighbour's form.  
The brave turn pale to think that night  
May yield them to the wild sea's might.

A mother with her only child  
Is in the wave-tost bark,  
And as the tempest grows more wild,  
The eve more drear and dark,  
She clasps the baby to her heart,  
And prays for him alone;  
For she is ready to depart,  
So he, her precious one,  
Might still be saved by Him, who trod  
O'er raging waves—the Son of God!

And others, who, few hours before  
Were full of joy and hope,  
All telling of the days of yore,  
And giving boundless scope  
To visions of their future hours—  
Alas! how altered now!  
The gayest of the hopeful cow-boys,  
The young girl bends her brow,  
And weeps that over dreams so fair  
Should fall the shadow of despair!

A sound comes booming o'er the deep,  
Solemn, and sad, and slow;  
Yet instantly the sailors leap  
Once more to man the prow.  
The mother's tears fall thick and fast  
Upon her baby's face;  
She trusts that they may reach at last  
Their home, their native place,  
And though she did not weep for fear,  
She weeps at thought of safety near.

The young are full of hope again,  
The girl hath dried her eyes,  
While through the fog and driving rain  
The lab'ring vessel flies.  
Again, again the welcome sound,  
Nearer and nearer still;  
It cometh from their native ground—  
The steep and well-known hill  
Frowns through the evening's darkening glooms  
As once again the Fog-gun booms.

They pass at length the guarded fort,  
They pass the rocky height,  
And now within the sheltered port  
They're safe from Ocean's might.  
One cheer, one loud, long, grateful cheer,  
Bursts forth from every lip,  
As, in their welcome rest, they hear  
The sound that led their ship,  
And brought them o'er the raging sea,  
To the calm port where they would be.

## WINTER SONG.

Ha! ha! ha! the blast rings o'er us,  
Brothers! brothers!—we are one;  
Bright the wine-cup beams before us,  
And our daily toil is done,  
And the wintry blasts are yelling;  
But we'll merry be within,  
Though the winds without be swelling,  
And the storm makes savage din.

Ha! ha! ha! the gale is knocking  
At the good old oaken door!  
The household pines are rocking,  
They used to rock of yore;  
Hark! brothers!—blasts are flying,  
O'er the mount and through the dell,  
Empests on the hills are sighing,  
But our yule log crackles well!

Ha! ha! ha!—away with sadness,  
Is it not a thing unholy,  
To transform the hour of gladness  
Into one of melancholy?  
Storms may come upon the morrow,  
But they'll pass as they came on,  
Whether we consent to sorrow,  
Or make merry, till they're gone.

Hark! the blasts their steeds are mounting  
On the hill-tops white and bleak;  
And the Storm his host is counting,  
Where the mountain forests creak,  
Now his cohorts are retreating,  
Listen!—they have well nigh past,  
With the noble music beating,  
And their white flags on the blast!

Within a castle pile,  
The day is laid,  
The goal is reached, the prize is won,  
And yet he must not stay,  
Disease is preying on his frame,  
And death has paid his crow,  
To the broad despot's mighty power  
He bends a victim nose.

Not here should he be lying place,  
Fame beckons him away,  
A laurel wreath, I say, must grace  
Upon no distant day,  
No distant day!—alas! for him,  
Vainly its leaves are twin'd,  
The pulse is weak, the eye is dim,  
Where reason sat enshrined.

They bear a blessing to his couch,  
From one whom all revere,  
It wakes the poet's death-like trance,  
Those soothing words to hear.  
Hope lights the pathway to the tomb,  
Faith speaks of sin forgiven.  
"Be this," he cried, "my better crown,  
Joy with the blessed in heaven.

"Not earthly honors shall I win,  
Nor laurel wreath shall wear,  
But bending with the cherubim,  
In adoration there—  
Before Jehovah's throne—with them  
Shall gain a crown of light,  
A fair eternal diadem,  
Nor time, nor change can blight.

"Away, away, each thought of earth,  
Be mine to seek the sky,  
Come blessed hour, and bring the birth  
Of immortality;  
Not here, not here, my tuneless lyre,  
Thy notes again shall swell,  
A golden harp, with strings of fire  
Emmanuel's praise shall tell.

"What now, the bard's undying fame?  
What—but an idle breath!  
I yield the glory of a name,  
To thy dominion, death.  
Not with thy lofty sons, O Rome,  
The garland shall I wear,  
A crown unfading, rich and bright  
In heaven awaits me there.

"Then earth farewell, the fever'd dreams,  
Which wild ambition gave,  
Have faded like the sunset gleams,  
That gild the distant wave;  
But fairer visions fill my breast,  
And cheer my closing eye,  
For angels, pointing to my rest,  
Smile on me as I die."

So pass'd the gifted one—whose lay  
Hallow'd Italia's clime,  
Serenely—joyously away,  
Just in his manhood's prime,  
Exchanged the poet's wreath of fame,  
The bard's entrancing lyre,  
For brighter crowns and holier lays  
With heaven's angelic choir. M. N. M.

## Poetry.

### PLEASANT CHILDREN.

BY THE LATE R. EDMONDSTON.

Every where—every where—  
Like the butterfly's silver wings  
That are seen by all in the summer air,  
We meet with these beauteous things!  
And the low, sweet lip of the baby child  
By a thousand lulls is heard,  
And the voice of the young heart's laughter, wild  
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot,  
As it rocks in the noble's hall,  
And the brightest gift in the loftiest hall  
Is a gift that is given to all;  
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes  
Is a boon like the common air,  
And like the sunshine of the skies,  
It falleth every where!

They tell us this old earth no more  
By angel feet is trod,  
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,  
The oracles of God.  
Oh! each of these young human flowers  
God's own high message bears,  
And we are walking all our hours,  
With "angels, unawares!"

By stifling street, and breezy hill,  
We meet their spirit mirth;  
That such bright shapes should linger, still  
They take the stains of earth!  
Oh! play not those a blessed part  
To whom the boon is given,  
To leave their errand with the heart,  
And straight return to heaven!

## WHY SHOULD WE SEVER?

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

Why should we sever? Why should coldness steal  
Between two hearts, which once were warm—  
Blight all the budding flowers of tender feeling,  
And with dark clouds, Love's summer-sky deform?

Why should we sever, thou wert formed to hold me  
A willing captive in love's flowery chain;  
And yet, those lips, with mocking smiles, have told me,  
'Here we must part, to meet no more again.'

Why should we sever? Can the links be broken  
In one brief hour, that years have seen entwined?  
The word 'farewell,' tho' said, is quickly spoken,  
But,—the heart's ties, can one cold word unwind?

No!—should we sever!—should fate tear asunder,  
Hearts it may break, but tries to bend in vain.  
Like the cleft rock, rent by the raging thunder—  
A fearful ruin, both must still remain!

## THE SERENADE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

Once, in those unforgotten hours,  
When Life was fresh, and fair, and new—  
And all its buds and all its flowers  
Hung drooping with the early dew;  
Before on feeling fell a blight,  
Or any rose of thought could fade—  
My lover came one starry night,  
And woke me with a Serenade.

The music o'er my senses stole,  
And, sweetly mingling with my dream,  
Transported my imprisoned soul  
To bliss, on its melodious stream;  
I never shall forget the song,  
Or the sweet tune the dear one played,  
As the soft night-wind bore along  
The verses of that Serenade.

He sung of love, of constant love,  
Of his devotion, pure and deep;  
And called the brightest star above  
To sentinel my happy sleep.  
At first I listened doubtingly,  
My heart was of its joy afraid—  
Till through the gloom I saw 'twas he,  
Who sung to me that Serenade.

Long years have vanished since I heard  
His song—and Time has sadly flown;  
Yet I have treasured every word,  
And pondered every melting tone  
Of that dear voice. He wandered far,  
And to a distant region strayed,  
Where, guided by some lovelier Star,  
Perchance he sings that Serenade.

The bloom has faded from my cheek,  
My life, alas! has lost his smile;  
With other songs I vainly seek  
My spirits' sadness to beguile;  
For how can I be happy more,  
Thus, in my fondest hope betrayed—  
Can any charm in life restore  
That sweet and simple Serenade?

When Midnight, from her ebony throne,  
Flings over Earth a brilliant veil,  
That pure, and deep, and thrilling tone  
Floats faintly on the gentle gale.  
And sometimes when the dawn is near,  
And sometimes through the evening's shade,  
Too faithful Memory bids me hear  
The music of his Serenade.

## NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD JOHNSON, ESQ.

The Earth, to rear her infant flowers,  
And make them fragrant, drinks the showers;  
The trees are only saved from death  
By drinking moisture from the earth;  
The ocean drinks, the passing breeze,  
And thirsty Phœbus drinks the seas;  
And Luna spends the livelong night  
In drinking draughts of Phœbus' light;  
Then tell me, friends, the reason why,  
All these should drink, and yet not I?

## INSCRIPTION ON A GAMING HOUSE.

Here fickle Fortune holds her court,  
And to the mansion crowds resort,  
Her golden smile to win;  
One gate admits the eager banter,  
And Hope, the portress, smiling stands,  
To let the strangers in.

To lead them forth two gates appear,  
But say! what forms are stationed there,  
The purpose to attend!  
At one Dishonor still abides,  
And at the other Death presides,  
The gambler's only friend.

Delight joins mirth  
with 10 Sock Staples & Co  
Macy Sheaving Co

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# "ADAM, WHERE ART THOU?"

Gen. iii. 9.

The following lines are from the "Incarnation and other poems," by Thomas Ragg, a converted infidel and working mechanic. We copy it from a late London paper, received at this office.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?  
It is thy Maker calls;  
What means that look of wild despair  
What anguish now enralls?  
Why in the wood's embowering shade,  
Dost thou attempt to hide,  
From him whose hand thy kingdom made,  
And all thy wants supplied?  
Go hide again, thou fallen one,  
The crown has left thy brow;  
Thy robe of purity is gone,  
And thou art naked now.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?  
Assert thy high command;  
Call forth the tiger from his lair,  
To lick thy kingly hand;  
Control the air, control the earth,  
Control the foaming sea:  
They own no more thy heavenly birth,  
Or heaven-stamped royalty.  
The brutes no longer will care,  
But share with thee thy reign;  
For the sceptre of thy righteousness,  
Thy hands have snapped in twain.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?  
Thou wondrous thing of clay:  
Ah! let the earth-worm now declare,  
Who claims thee as his prey;  
Thy mother, oh thou mighty one,  
For thee re-opens her womb;  
Thou to the narrow house art gone,  
Thy kingdom is thy tomb;  
The truth from Godhead's lips that came  
There in thy darkness learn;  
Of dust was formed thy beauteous frame,  
And shall to dust return.

Adam, where art thou? where! ah where?  
Behold him raised above,  
An everlasting life to share,  
In the bright world of joys.  
The hand he once against heaven could raise,  
Another sceptre holds;  
His brows, where new-born glories blaze,  
Another crown enfolds.  
Another robe's flung over him,  
More fair than was his own;  
And with the fire-tongued seraphim,  
He dwells before the throne.

But whence could such a change proceed?  
What power could raise him there?  
So late by God's own voice decreed  
Transgression's curse to bear.  
Hark! hark! he tells,—a harp well strung  
His grateful arms embrace;  
Salvation is his deathless song,  
And grace, abounding grace;  
And sounds through all the uppersky,  
A strain with wonders rife,  
That life hath given itself to die,  
To bring death back to life.

## Poetry.

The following lines are from an English paper, published during the pressure in 1835.

### CONFIDENCE AND CREDIT.

The day was dark, the markets dull,  
The 'change was thin, Gazettes were full,  
And half the town was breaking;  
The countersign of cash was "stop!"  
Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop,  
And honest hearts were aching.

When near the Bench, my fancy spied  
A faded form, with hasty stride,  
Beneath grief's burden stooping;—  
Her name was Credit; and she said,  
Her father, Trade, was lately dead—  
Her mother, Commerce, drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear,  
Was withered by the hand of care;  
Her eyes had lost their lustre,  
Her character was gone, she said,  
For basely she had been betrayed,  
And nobody would trust her.

Then honest Industry had tried  
To gain fair Credit for his bride,  
And found the lady willing;  
But ah! a fortune-hunter came,  
And Speculation was his name,  
A rake, not worth a shilling.

The villain was of mischief bent;  
He gained both parents' full consent,  
And then poor Credit smarted.  
He fished her fortune and her fame—  
And fixed a blot upon her name,  
And left her broken-hearted.

When thus poor Credit seemed to sigh,  
Her cousin, Confidence, came by;  
(Metinks he must be clever)  
For when he whispered in her ear,  
She checked the sigh, she dried the tear,  
And smiled as sweet as ever.

## LINES

Adapted to Mr. O. Saxe's tune, called

### MORNING.

[By a young gentleman, of Providence.]

To! you elegant orb of day  
Now quit the ocean bed!  
Leaves the bright chambers of the Morn,  
Mid orient clouds of red  
The fields, and groves, and chrystal streams,  
Which Night had rattled o'er,  
As on creation's morning, bright,  
Salute the eye once more.

Bright emblem of our glorious God:

Who light and life supplies;  
Without whose all-sustaining aid,  
The whole creation dies:

Without whose aid a slumb'ring world,  
In slumber would remain,  
And gloom and darkness ever dwell  
Upon each dreary plain.

Like our great God, he daily views

A world in sin sunk low,  
Yet deigns on that same sinful world  
His glories to bestow:

And while o'er nature's flow'ry lap  
He daily deigns to gleam,  
Oft sees the sinful sluggard man,  
Lie slumb'ring 'neath his beam.

While from his radiant throne of gold,

His quick'ning beams are shed,  
Tipping high heaven's azure vault  
With streaks of rosy red:

The mists which shroud the mountain's sides  
Are scatter'd by his beam,  
While fragrant flow'rs by new dews crown'd,  
Shed odours o'er the scene.

So bright the blooming morn of youth!

Which hope's sweet rays illumine;  
The lustre of the new born day,  
Our lives do then assume:

Till man's meridian age arrives  
These fleeting joys remain;  
But then how gloomy, dark and sad,  
When life is on the wane.

O! when the radiant dawn of youth

And manhood's prime is past;  
When youthful pleasures all are gone,  
And age approaches fast;

May retrospection's placid gleam  
Then cheer my failing sight,  
Like the soft ling'ring soothing light  
Which ushers in the night.

As yonder sun, with cheerful face,  
Sinks daily in the West;  
In death, with smiles, like eve's soft light,  
May I sink down to rest.

Again that setting orb of day

The morning sky'll adorn,  
So from the grave shall I arise  
At the eternal morn.

*The Wedding Finger.*—There are few objects among the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies, after a certain age, as the wedding: this has been the theme for poets of every calibre—for geniuses of every wing, from the dabbling duckling to the solar eagle. The mouldy antiquar can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perhance, why a ring is round, and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circle, on the most conclusive evidence, but amidst all that has been said or written in reference to the ring, we believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter—the taper residence of this ornament—has been neglected. Now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of matrimonial union. Listen to a celebrated anatomist:—"It is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks; the thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore finger, the middle finger and the thumb side of the ring finger, while the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring finger, at the point of extremity of which a real union takes place; it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger." That the side of the ring finger next to the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve, is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve is then frequently struck, and a tingling sensation is felt in the little finger and on the same side of the ring finger, but not on the other side of it."—[Picaune.

## MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY BOON.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy  
How well to rise while night and lamps are dying—  
For my part, getting up seems not as easy  
By half as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
Soaring beyond the limit to find him out—  
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
I'm not a trout!

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,  
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—  
Only his long enough, and he becomes  
A bed of time.

To me Dan Phœbus and his bar are nought,  
His steeds that paw impatiently about—  
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses nought,  
The first turn out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,  
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl—  
What then, if I prefer my pillow beer  
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs—  
Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
Have laid the eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon!

An earlier riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—  
Well, he died young!

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup,  
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon—  
A man that's fond precociously of stirring,  
Must be a spoon!

## THE BLIND GIRL TO HER LOVE

(From Tail's Magazine.)

THANKS, dearest, thanks—we've reach'd exile,  
And here we'll sit and rest awhile,  
Our pleasant talk resuming;  
The sun is shining bright I know,  
And though I cannot see them blow,  
Sweet flowers are round us blooming.  
I do not feel my being blind;  
Thy every word is meek and kind,  
Dispelling doubt and fear;  
And though I cannot see thy face,  
I yet its lineaments can trace,  
Amid my darkness drear.  
How sweet it is, in this my need,  
God's Holy Book to hear thee read,  
My every grief beguiling.  
Thy looks to me are never known,  
Yet I can tell, e'en by thy tone,  
When thou art on me smiling.  
What though I see the sunshine not,  
Nor trace each well-remembered spot  
My childhood saw and knew;  
I still am happy while I know,  
Though Heaven has pleased to send this blow,  
Thou art unchanged and true.  
And while my hand I gently rest  
Upon thy fond, devoted breast,  
And hear fond hopes from thee,  
I feel those joys the sight would yield—  
In fancy I see stream and field,  
Blest sunshine, flower, and tree.

## RETIREMENT.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee."  
"There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God."  
"There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays, nor  
Nor asks a witness to her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise."

## STANZAS.

Why should the tear unbidden start  
To those dark eyes of thine,  
Whilst thus I press thy throbbing heart  
In fervent love to mine?  
What sudden thought of doubt or fear  
O'ercasts thy smiling brow?  
If memory wakes the silent tear,  
Oh! bid it slumber now!

No thorns should stain the rosy chain  
That links us thus in bliss,  
The world has hours enough for pain,  
We will not yield it this:  
Then wipe these falling tears away,  
And dream no more of sorrow;  
We will not to joy this fleeting day,  
Though storms may crown the morrow.

When years have furrowed deep with care  
This thoughtful brow of mine—  
Have silvered o'er my flowing hair,  
And paled that cheek of thine—  
If ruthless age, in pain or woe,  
The cup of life should steep—  
When every hope has fled below,  
'Twill then be time to weep.

# The Christian Freeman and Family Visitor.

A Freeman! How the captive heart  
Throbs at the name of free!  
How eagerly his chained feet start  
For home and Liberty!  
He hears the sound of chainless fountains—  
The horn upon his native mountains!  
He breathes the free, untainted air,  
Then clanks his fetters in despair!  
"I must be free! I will be free!  
Oh give me, give me, Liberty!"

A Freeman! Ask the toiling slave,  
What meaning in that name!  
And he will point you to the wave—  
The air—the chainless flame—  
The young fawn bounding thro' the wildwood—  
The merry feet of laughing childhood!  
He'll point to these—then turn away  
To wipe the silent tears that stray  
O'er cheeks, long strangers to the bliss  
Of wife's or infant's holy kiss.

A Christian Freeman! Son of God!  
Can mortals follow Thee,  
And tread the path where Thou hast trod,  
Yet be aught else than free?  
Alas, that Priestcraft—hateful demon!  
Should weld her chains on Christian Freeman!  
Alas! that sons of God should be  
Doomed to the curse of slavery!  
Awake, ye captives! join the band  
That herald Freedom through the land!

Hail to thee, "Christian Freeman!" Hail!  
Forth on thy mission speed!  
Dislodge the rivet and the nail,  
And heal the stripes that bleed!  
Speed thee, ay speed thee on thy mission,  
To free the mind from base opinion!  
Gird on thine armor for a fight  
To bring the soul in robes of light  
One from the dungeon of despair  
To breathe the sweets of God's free air!

Nor this alone—'Tis thine to steal,  
A "Visitor," to fireside groups—  
And, silently, to make them feel  
The worth of gospel hopes—  
To soothe the weary and afflicted—  
Restrain the youth, to vice addicted,  
And gently lead him back to truth;  
For beautiful and sweet to youth  
Should virtue be—and fair the road  
That leadeth to the feet of God!

## THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S DESIRE.

[Read by the School.]

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know;  
STEPHEN'S faith and spirit show,  
JOHN'S divine commission feel,  
MOSES' meekness, JOSHUA'S zeal,  
Run like the unwearied PAUL,  
Win the prize and conquer all.

[These two lines were read by the female scholars alone.]

My love may I possess,  
LYDIA'S tender-heartedness,  
PERCY'S ardent, lively zeal,  
JAMES'S faith, by works reveal,  
Like young TIMOTHY, may I  
Every sinfu' passion fly.  
JOHN'S sublimed on may I show,  
DAVID'S pure devotion know,  
SAMUEL'S call, O may I hear,  
LAZARUS'S happy portion share,  
Let ISAIAH'S hallow'd fire,  
All my new-born soul inspire.  
Mine be JACOB'S wrestling prayer,  
GIBSON'S unflinching care,  
JOSEPH'S holy impart,  
ISAAC'S meditative heart,  
ABRAHAM'S friendship may I prove,  
Faithful to the "God of Love."  
Most of all may I pursue,  
The bright pattern Jesus drew;  
In my life and conduct show,  
How he lived and walked below,  
Daily by his grace restored,  
Strive to imitate my Lord.

[This last stanza was sung.]

Then shall I these worthies meet,  
With them worship at his feet;  
With them praise redeeming love,  
Strike a golden harp above;  
With them range the blissful shore,  
Meet them all to part no more.

# The Virginia Girls' Song.

BY CHARLES G. V. FRENCH.

Our hearts are for our Father land,  
Our lips shall of her story tell,  
Bought by the blood of Freedom's band  
Who whilome in her shades did dwell.  
Her mountains, rivers, vales and woods,  
Outstretched in grandeur round our homes,  
Speak in a voice more loud to us,  
Than Europe with her hundred thrones.  
Our boast is of thee, WASHINGTON,  
Who led the armies of the free;  
The warrior's and the patriot's fame  
Thy shroud of glory e'er shall be.  
Our boast is of thee, MADISON,  
Who when the invader's fiery car  
Swept dark and threat'ning o'er our land,  
"Rolled back" the fiery tide of war.

O, when corruption's Samiel breath  
Rides on the wings of power abroad—  
When fade the flowers in honor's wreath,  
And Machiavel reigns—as God;—  
When our own country's altar flame  
Is fed by priests of Condoctet,  
We tremble for thee, Freedom's fane  
Lest thy fair light inglorious set.

Our hope is in thee, HARRISON,  
Firm worker in thy country's cause,  
Thou art our own—our loyal son,  
Champion of Justice, Truth, and Law.  
Thy father's dust is on our hills—  
Our own blue hills he loved so well—  
His name the scroll of freedom fills,  
With HANCOCK, HENRY, ADAMS,—all.  
When schoed on our western streams  
The British drum—the wild-man's yell,  
The oird of vict'ry stretched his wings  
Above thy floating pennon's swell.  
Put once again thy foes to rout,  
And fight the "battle of the free,"  
In coming time, shall swell the shout  
"The voice of millions yet to be."  
Washington, June 12th.

For the Christian Watchman.

## Lines addressed to a Sabbath School.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

Youth and children, as you meet  
In the school to take your seat,  
Think of her whose fleeting breath  
Is silenced, by the hand of death.  
She with you was wont to meet,  
And with smiles her teacher greet,—  
Lovely, energetic, true,  
Answering with alacrity.  
Lo, her seat is vacant now,—  
Smiles no more bedeck her brow,  
Mute her voice—the active form  
Slumbers in the silent tomb.  
Late, like you, her step was light,—  
Earthly prospects were as bright.  
Like her, you may early be  
Summoned to eternity.

Let this warning God has given,  
Lead you to prepare for heaven  
Ere life's transient hour is fled,  
And you're numbered with the dead.  
Those who early seek the Lord,  
He has promised in his word,  
He will surely love and bless  
With his sanctifying grace.  
Teachers, may we, one and all,  
Rise, obey this solemn call,—  
Faithful admonitions give,—  
Bid these youth repent and live,  
For the solemn hour's at hand,  
We before our Judge must stand,  
Faithful, or unfaithful, then  
He'll approve or will condemn!  
Teach us by thy Spirit, Lord,  
While we search thy holy word,  
Teach us that we may impart  
Knowledge to each youthful heart.  
Parent, Jesus speaks to thee,  
"Rear those tender lambs for me,"—  
O, instruct them while you may,  
Ere He calls these lambs away.

Beverly, Aug. 1, 1840.

A TEACHER.

The Nuns are at present with the Sisters of Charity, in Hamilton street, Boston. They left town early on Tuesday morning. The pupils have returned to their homes, so far as practicable; those from a distance are under the care of the Bishop.—[Bunker Hill Aurora.]

For the Boston Daily Advertiser and A. D. E. A. M.

'Twas midnight, deep profound,  
High rode the cloudless moon;  
The stars upon their round  
Gleamed thro' night's solemn noon.  
No wind upon the sea,  
No murmur in the sky,  
But cold and silently  
The wintry night swept by.  
The shadowy phantoms lurked,  
No winds their vigils kept,  
But wrapt in dreams, the world  
Hushed its wild heart and slept.  
Within a pillar'd dome,  
Such as in ages old,  
Where the sires of mighty Rome  
The world's great hopes controlled;  
There met in grand debate,  
With brows composed and high,  
A nation's sages sate,  
Deep thought in every eye.  
Fit thoughts of high resolve  
An empire's soul to wake,  
Thro' their lofty minds revolve,  
From their lips heroic break.  
All the statesman's strong control,  
All the patriot's high desire,  
All the hero's fervent soul,  
All the bard's ecstatic fire;—  
All that thro' a sounding world  
Bears a people's memory on,  
Tears the veil of oblivion-furled,  
Pleads aloud for glories gone.  
There was audience grave and still,  
Reign'd that lofty band of sages,  
As each master spirit's will  
Led in triumph to the throng.  
And every pause between,  
Rose a murmur as of waves,  
Where the meads were quiet green  
Sounding rippling current waves.  
There was a thoughtful brow,  
And the reverend locks of age,  
There was youth's impassioned glow  
And old experience sage.  
Men whose wise conducting hand  
Kept the sullen waves in awe,  
When factions swelling band  
Broke the bonds of sacred law.  
There were eyes of eagle light  
Told of many a conflict won,  
There were faces of stern fight,  
Led the stormy battle on.  
There was he to whom was given  
All the sage's sovereign sway,  
Brought the lightning down from heaven,  
Tore the tyrant's rod away.  
And he, whose fervid call  
Thro' a nation's heart could thrill,  
"Live or die," who staked his all  
On his country's altars still.  
And he, whose story told  
Fills anew each moistened eye,  
Whom a kingdom's treasure'd gold  
Was not rich enough to buy.  
And many a one, whose name  
Was a loved and household word,  
Made a people's breath its fame,  
Found a Nation's truth its guard.  
And towering o'er them all,  
Like the patriarch's mightier sheaf,  
Mid his peers that throng'd the hall,  
Majestic stood the Chief!  
From his brow and eye sublime  
Shone the look of high command,  
Like the gods of ancient time  
In the old heroic land.  
Yet their mightiest power above,  
Was his glory and his crown,—  
All a people's reverent love,—  
All a world's applause his own.  
'Twas the noblest of the earth  
There in solemn council met,  
To record a nation's birth,  
And to mould the mighty state.  
Thoughts beyond my mind's control  
Sprang in accents to my tongue,—  
"Here is more than Wolfe's great soul,  
Here is Chatham's mother tongue!"  
When suddenly a yell  
On my waking senses broke,—  
Fled away the wizzard spell,  
Fled the vision and I woke.  
Still within the pillared hall,  
Where the spirits high and bold?  
Where the chief among them all?  
Where the mighty men of old?  
'Mid a babel of mad sound,  
Confusion worse confused,  
Stood the living presence round  
The living sense abused.  
Gone the patriot's holy fire,  
Gone the statesman's purpose sage,  
Youth's pure and high desire,  
And the reverence fit for age!  
All forgot their father's blood,  
Honor's prize and glory's gleam,—  
I scorned the brawling brood,  
And longed once more to dream!

A young lady, one of the nuns at the Convent in Charlestown, in the last stages of consumption, and who was given over by the visiting physician, was compelled, in the recent outrage committed there, to quit her bed, and with few garments she could gather about her, to escape into the common road, and to travel half a mile, or more, to get into a place of safety. We have not heard of the effect which this excitement has had upon her weakened state of health; but this single instance would be sufficient to brand with shame, degradation and lasting disgrace, the atomizable proceedings of the incendiaries at Charlestown.—[Boston Repub.]

Encounter.  
DEAD FLOWERS.  
BY CATHERINE H.  
They lie within my hand,  
Drooping, and pale, the summer's  
Garlands whose beauties deck'd the sun  
A fair and dying band.

This was a blushing rose,  
The queen of beauty whose bright crimson breast,  
Offer'd the Bee a balmy couch of rest,  
At summer sunset's close.

This was the lily, pale  
As a young corpse whose bosom's gentle flow  
Hath lost its life stream—and the gathered snow,  
Lies lowly in the vale.

They wreath'd around a brow  
That flash'd white brightness on the lily's leaf,  
Above a cheek which paled the rose with grief,  
Faded, and dying now.

The eyes which shone beneath  
This coronal of gem breathing flowers,  
Look not upon thee in the festal hours,  
Thou poor neglected wreath.

But richer blossoms meet  
Round the pure beauty of the forehead fair,  
Binding the shining glories of the hair,  
Which their young tendrils greet.

And thou art left to mourn  
In thy sad loneliness, like to a heart,  
On which neglect hath fixed its poison'd dart,  
With many a tear beset.

Thy sweet anemone,  
Is as old feelings which breathe  
Round that crush'd heart  
A fragrance after death.

Thou art familiar things  
To my sad eyes, and to my heap of woes,  
Thou faded lily, and thou wither'd rose,  
But old remembrance brings.

With things of by past hours  
I'll cherish thee, pale melancholy leaves,  
Tho' my weak heart afresh with sorrow grieves,  
Mourning o'er thee, dead flowers.

[From the Connecticut Courant.]

#### A SUMMER DAY IN AUTUMN.

A warm, bright, sunny day, like one of those  
That thrilled our hearts, when earth was gay with  
flowers,  
And leaves were fresh in all the forest bowers!—  
The fragrant summer lingers, ere she goes  
From her green haunts, beside the cooling brook,  
With a sad beauty, like the last fond look  
Of one we love. The melancholy sky,  
The fading leaves—the withering grass—the dim,  
And lazy light, have to the gazer's eye  
A mournful charm; and hark! the funeral hymn  
Of the last summer day on the breeze,  
Mocking the brightness of the tinted trees,  
And gently o'er the earth, with dying swell,  
The lingering zephyr sighs its last farewell!

#### HATS AND CAPS, OF THE NEWEST FASHION.

To those who study Fashion's freaks,  
And who is there doth not?  
The man of ton, he daily seeks  
Where gems are to be got.

A taste judicious shown in dress,  
Denotes the man of sense;  
Nor does it show he has the less,  
Should he regard expense.

No matter whether coat, or vest,  
Cravat, pants, or boots,  
They all wish that which looks the best,  
Provide the price it suits.

Possessed of every requisite,  
From boots to Boston wrapper,  
In point of style, he's incomplete,  
Without a modern topper.

There comes the finish to the whole  
A circumstance—sharp or flat,  
And tho' a trifle doth control  
The ensemble—doth the Hat.

'Tis needless to say any more,  
For once, 'tis quantum suff;  
But wend thy way for Archer's store,  
He'll show thee choice enough.

And should thy phiz be long, or short,  
Chubby, or thin, or fat;  
Archer keeps one of every sort,  
You'll get a right good Hat.

There are but few, you'll find,  
Whose taste, (don't call me dreamer,)  
But taste and elegance combined  
In Archer. He's a secretmer.

ISAAC H. ARCHER,

Nos. 204 and 260 Greenwich st.

N. B. Just received, an elegant assortment of double trim  
Leighorn Hats, ap21

#### A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Walked by myself, I talk'd to myself,  
And myself replied to me;  
The questions then put to myself,  
With their answers, I give to thee:  
If them home to thyself, and if unto thyself  
Their responses the same should be:  
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,  
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures  
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;  
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,  
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded  
But by gauds which pass away,  
Read their fate in lives recorded  
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,  
She her worth can best express;  
What is moping Melancholy?  
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher  
For the prosperous and the gay;  
But a safe and wholesome teacher  
In adversity's dark day.

What is friendship? If well founded,  
Like some beacon's haven-ward glow;  
If on false pretensions grounded,  
Like the treach'rous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,  
Like a meteor of the night;  
Shining but to leave more lonely  
Hearts that hail'd its transient light.

But, when calm, refined, and tender,  
Purified from passion's stain,  
Like the moon, in gentle splendor,  
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes? but gleams of brightness,  
Glancing darkest clouds between;  
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness  
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms throwing  
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way;  
Every moment darker growing  
If we yield us to their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,  
Followed but by deeper gloom.  
Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning  
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is time? A river flowing  
To Eternity's vast sea;  
Forward, whither all are going,  
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating  
On that silent, rapid stream;  
Few, two few its progress noting,  
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death? assunder rending  
Every tie we love so well;  
But the gate to life unending,  
Joy in heaven—or woe in hell!

Can these truths by repetition  
Lose their magnitude or weight?  
Estimate thy own condition,  
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?  
Much may still be left to do;  
Be not by profession cheated,  
Lest—as if thou knew'st them true!

#### CHILDHOOD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

We come to being from the night,  
As cometh forth the morning light;  
The world is beautiful and new;  
The earth is filled with flowers and dew;  
Birds loudly sing on wing and spray,  
And we—more merry than they.

We gather strength, we run, we leap,  
Find joy in every thing, and sleep.  
With mirth and beauty hand in hand  
We take possession of the land;  
Life surely then is not a breath—  
What then has life to do with death?

A mother's love, her smiles, her tears,  
Are with us in those blessed years;  
The seeds of fond affection sown  
In youth, that strong in age are grown;  
Love that in part her love repays  
Her solace in declining days;  
Light, warmth in age's wintry gloom;  
Fair stars, sweet blossoms to the tomb.

Then knowledge comes, with manhood's dawn,  
With care and sorrow, all too soon;  
The springs of mystery are unsealed,  
All that was hidden is revealed;  
A common vision is the spring;  
The rainbow is a common thing;  
The morning and the sunset skies  
Are gazed on with familiar eyes;  
The reign of wild delight is o'er—  
And the bright earth is heaven no more!

#### THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

They bound him with his gleaming eye  
Whose brightness had been caught,  
Gazing upon southern skies,  
And bound him with the rainbow dyes,  
Where with his plumage was fraught—  
Not that he sought the glorious beams  
Of eastern sunshine's long streams.

They bound him; with his burning heart,  
Whose currents deep and strong,  
Even as the lightning's bright wild dart—  
Unfettered, unfettered, wanting art,  
Came hursting forth in song;  
And they bade him suit his heart and eye,  
To the shame of his captivity.

They thought his wing would glitter still  
With all its glory;  
That though—  
That they might bid his thrill  
Of brave vigils at their will,  
And make the prisoner's joy—  
In vain!—thine, bright plume withered,  
And voice was silent with the dead!

And thus, young poet! if 'tis thine  
To waste thy feelings high—  
Thine immortal aim—the thought divine—  
To bind them victims at the shrine  
Of wretched vanity!—  
To minister thy heart's excess  
Unto a world's deep heartlessness;

Thine woe! for that sweet gift of thine  
Produced and waxing dim,  
With voice whose best need's now to pine  
Above its home, no more divine,  
Is some expiring hymn,  
Thine through the ruin and doth sound,  
Leading a wakeless silence round!

#### DEATH.

From scenes which charm the giddy crowd;  
From empty pleasure bright and proud;  
From every earthly care I come,  
To fix mine eye upon the tomb.

Ah! lonely mansion, dark and drear!  
Corruption and the worm are here;  
Draw back thy curtain, let me see  
Where thou hast spread a couch for me.

Oh, who with wild and thoughtless race  
Can haste to such an awful place;  
Where youth, and health, and joy must shrink  
And nature, shuddering, draw the brink!

And what have I with pride to do,  
Of strength so weak, and days so few?  
Or why should woes disturb a breast;  
So soon in mould'ring clay to rest?

How few, with pensive step, shall tread  
O'er the green turf that shades my head;  
Thine, O my father, shall be the sign,  
And soon shall I join the lonely train.

But, oh! those dread eternal powers,  
Sustaining in the parting hour,  
And amid that fearful strife  
The promise of a better life.

Then cheerful would I be removed  
From all that I have seen or loved;  
Then would my last, fair accents be—  
"Which bears me, father, home to thee."

New Bedford, July, 1835.

OSCAR

#### SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,  
As once I played and sung;  
First take this time-worn lute away,  
And bring one freshly strung;  
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh  
First breath'd among the string,  
And Time himself, in flitting life,  
Made music with his wing.  
Take, take the worn-out lute away,  
And bring one newly strong;  
If thou would'st have me sing and play,  
As once I played and sung.

But how is this? though new the lute,  
And shivering fresh the cords,  
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,  
Or speak but dreamy words.  
In vain I seek the sound I dwell  
Within that once so sweet;  
Which told so warmly what it felt,  
And felt—what nought could tell.  
Oh ask not, then, for passion's lay  
From lute so coldly strung;  
With this I ne'er can sing or play,  
As once I played and sung.

No—bring that long-lost lute again,  
Though dull'd by years it be;  
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,  
I'll wake again for thee.  
Thou'lt find the lute the tuneful string  
Of thought that once had long—  
One look from thee, like summer beam,  
Will thaw them into song.  
Then give oh give that waking ray,  
And once more blithe and young,  
Thy hand again will sing and play,  
As once he played and sung.

33  
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ADMONITION.  
On fairest flower the reptile  
Still leaves its slimy trail;  
So reptile, envy would defile  
The fairest, purest mind:  
Then what of genius, master, you own  
Above the common cast,  
And the breath of waters  
As poison'd Sirve's blast.

Confine to self those gems of mind,  
Those pleasures ever new,  
Let their lustre be confined,  
To light the chosen few,  
Or let thy lamp of virtue shine  
On darksome vice too bright:  
Those who bend at Mammon's shrine  
Abhor its hated light.

Thus Envy's argus eyes may sleep;  
Nor dulness rouse to vent  
Base venom'd words, not loud but deep,  
That malice can invent.  
But he who'd gain the gen'ral voice,  
Patience, Envy overcome,  
Must climb with Folly and with Vice,  
And oft seem deaf and dumb.

Effect to close in sleep the eyes:  
Should Vice expose its men,  
Spread the light wing when Folly flies,  
"Be all things to all men."  
And ne'er express indignant thought  
Of vice, or e'en its tools;  
Who sets this prudent ease at naught,  
Makes foes of knaves and fools.

A numerous race, to whom the wise  
And virtuous sometimes bend.  
As the wild Arab defies  
To gain a friend—  
He'll fight, and then, when he's won by guile,  
The change is more than even;  
They love the self-perpetuating smile  
Of Conscience, not of Heaven.

#### THE MINNER'S BRIDE.

Why stays thy bark upon its course,  
Fond husband tell me why?  
For o'er the wave I long have looked,  
With anxious heart and eye,  
And many a snowy sail I've seen,  
Amid the moonbeams shine,  
And many a pennant gaily float,  
But yet I greet not thine.

It seems so long, so very long,  
Since last our happy day;  
We parted, and the western breeze  
Bore thee from home away—  
Then summer slides were o'er my head,  
And flowers beneath my feet—  
I scarcely thought that they would fade,  
Ere we again should meet.

Prayers have been said up for thee,  
In many a lonely prayer,  
It is not that I lack of prayer,  
Hark! and I'll calmly wait;  
Yes! yes! I'll wait calmly wait;  
But alas! no! not repine.  
But oh! if love could fill thy sails,  
What prosperous winds were thine.

In other days I've sighed for thee,  
When but my blushing cheek  
And fearful eye alone betrayed  
The thoughts I must not speak.  
Thou'nt tender, dear, and true,  
My secret heart confess;  
But deeper, deeper feelings  
Now arise within my breast.

'Tis hard to bear thy long delay,  
And this sad loneliness;  
Come! I need thy voice to cheer,  
I need thy smile to bless.  
Come! for I long to have thee know  
How many a welcome greet  
That 'tis a bliss unfelt before,  
Thou'nt wife to greet.

#### MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In beauty, years on the hills  
The death smile of the dying day;  
And twilight in my heart dwells  
The sunset of its rosy ray.  
I watch the river's peaceful flow,  
Here, standing by my mother's grave,  
And feel my dreams of glory go,  
Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us minutes of love,  
Which we regard as being near;  
Death takes them from us, then we feel  
That angels have been with us here!  
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,  
They guide us, soothe our pain;  
And when the grave is closed between,  
Our hearts and theirs we love—in vain!

Would, Mother! thou couldst hear me tell  
How oft, and by what career,  
For sins and follies loved so well,  
Hath fallen the free repentant tear,  
And, in the waywardness of youth,  
How better thoughts have given to me  
Contempt for error, love for truth,  
Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

The harvest of my youth is done,  
And manhood, come with all its care,  
Finds garnered up within my heart,  
For every flower a thousand care.  
Dear Mother! couldst thou know my thoughts,  
While bending o'er the holy shrine,  
The depth of feeling in my soul,  
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!

#### POETICAL.

For the Acquirer.

#### THE BLOOD HOUNDS HAVE COME.

BY CHARLES LEROY.

The Blood hounds have come! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll track the brave Indians thro' forest and  
glens.

The Blood hounds have come, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll hunt them as beasts, but not fight them  
as men.

The Blood hounds have come, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The red man they'll chase, from his long  
cherished home;

The Blood hounds have come, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
He must leave wife and children; the Blood  
hounds have come!

From the graves of his fathers the savage we'll  
banish,  
Before the grim blood hound snarl for soon  
vanish;

An end to the Florida war now is near,  
His "Red Children" no more shall their  
"White Father" fear.

The Blood hounds have come, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
As though it were needful for monsters to send,  
For Blood hounds to come, o'er the ocean afar,  
The career of the Red man in sorrow to end.

Though our "Agency" has the white flag of  
truce stained,  
By dogs, be a conquest denied to arms, gained;

Before the sun sets the dark warrior shall  
be slain,  
The low farmsteads as they follow the trail

They are aching in their victim, I hear his death  
scream.

'Tis thus, "Heathen the hound of the white man he  
fell!"  
The brute's hideous bay is ascending to Heaven!

Great God! can the nation's black sin be for-  
given?

Kindred souls now applaud; 'tis "democracy's  
measure";  
We kill "brothers" with brutes, we can't but  
kill them with treasure!

No more in our wars we'll use cannon or drum;  
'Tis the day of REFORM—for the Blood  
hounds have come.

Boston, March, 1840.

#### A BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,  
And a little red rose art thou,  
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,  
Another bright leaf, I trow;  
But the roses will live and die, Genie,  
Many and many a time,  
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie,  
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,  
But oh, do not wish their wing!  
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,  
Stay thou on earth and sing;  
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,  
Be not soon thence beguiled,  
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,  
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie—  
Pile them up brave and high;  
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,  
As he wandereth singing by;  
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,  
And if the brown bee is lost,  
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,  
How soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,  
He calls thee his sweet wee wife,  
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,  
Childhood the prophet of life;  
It may be thy life's minstrel, Genie,  
And sing sweet songs and clear;  
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,  
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?  
Alas! shall I live to see?  
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,  
And I am a moss-grown tree!  
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,  
Thou art in blossom sweet;  
But think betimes of the grave, Genie,  
Where you and I will meet.



be worth more than  
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She draws her rivers to the lowest ebb,  
Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
Her hom doth weave the fine and contrast web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end;  
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.  
Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring.  
No endless night nor yet eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing.  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
The net that holds no great takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed.  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

#### THE TWO YOUNG.

The following may be seen in volume 1 of Har-  
cell's "Catches." Two persons of the name of  
Young, father and son, lived in St. Paul's  
Church yard: the one was an excellent fiddle  
maker, and the other a fiddler, and on the  
violin.

You scraper that want a good fiddle, Young,  
You must go to the man that is called Young;  
But if the same fiddle you want to play bold,  
You must go to his son, who'll be Young when he's  
old.  
There's old Young, and young Young, both men of  
renown,  
Old sells, and young fiddle, best fiddle in town;  
Young and old live together, they'll live long,  
Young, to play an old fiddle, to sell a new  
song.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY. This has been, thus far,  
a week of exhibitions, at Cambridge.

On Monday, the exhibition of the junior and soph-  
omore classes took place, according to the order pub-  
lished in the papers. The declamation was good,  
and the composition of the original pieces highly res-  
pectable. The audience was numerous.

On Tuesday, the senior class gave their valedicto-  
ry services. We had no opportunity of hearing  
them, but understand from authority, on which we  
rely, that Mr. Hayward's oration was excellent, and  
Mr. Hildreth's poem sober, sentimental, and affect-  
ing. The following ode, by J. Richardson, jun. of  
Dedham, was sung at the close of the exercises:—

A shadow steals across the sun,  
And veils our morning sky;—  
A tear bedims the light of joy,  
That gladdened every eye;

Chorus.  
The echoing tones of mirth no more  
Our hearts with rapture thrill;—  
The laugh of brighter hours is hushed;  
The festal song is still.

Dark thoughts of parting cloud each brow,  
Each anxious bosom swell;  
And voices fall upon the ear,  
Sad with our last farewell.

Chorus.  
Farewell! farewell! ye classic groves,  
Farewell! ye time-worn halls!  
No more, in wisdom's soothing tones,  
Our ancient Mother calls.

For the last time we gather round,  
Beneath her sacred shade,  
Where night and morn, for four long years,  
Together we have prayed.

Chorus.  
And, ere we part, we'll breathe one prayer,  
One heartfelt prayer of love,  
Which through the clouds of earthly care,  
Shall wait our souls above.

Oh! brightly may each brother's path  
Mid fadeless verdure shine!  
While Pleasure's garlands softly glow  
With Friendship's ray divine!

Chorus.  
We part,—and on life's ebbing sea  
Though we shall meet no more,—  
Oh! may we meet,—a happier band,  
Upon a heavenly shore!

Though tears shall mingle with the smiles,  
That cheer our earthly way;—  
And frowning night with threatening cloud  
Obscure our little day:—

#### Marriages.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev.  
Daniel Fillmore, Mr NATHANIEL COGGESHALL,  
formerly of Somerset, to Miss ELIZA N. PITTS,  
of this place.

In New Bedford, Mr Robert A. Sherman to Miss  
Eliza Hines; Mr. Wm. to Mrs Ann Lo-  
throp.

In Falmouth, Capt John Phinney to Miss Chloe  
H. Dimmick, both of F.

#### Deaths.

My mother! oh, that hallow'd name so dear  
Of one, who oft hath quelled my infant fear  
And soothed, in accents tender as the breeze,  
Of mercy's angel, all my griefs to ease.  
Who on thy bosom pillow'd many an  
This aching head; who wept at every pang  
I felt, and smiled when I was happy!  
And art thou gone forever! gone when most  
I need thy kind instructions, and the care  
Maternal love bestows, to guide my steps  
In virtue's paths? Ah, yes, no dream of night,  
No painted vision of the fancy, wild  
Imagination's airy picture, tell  
Of thy departure! Would it were a dream!  
The pain it brings might then depart with sleep,  
And I with rapture still behold thee here!  
But now if e'er I dream, I wake to feel  
It real! Oh, 'tis true thou art gone.  
I saw thee languish on the bed of death,  
Thy tender frame decay, thine eye grow dim,  
And calmly close in that cold wakeless sleep.  
I saw the dark insignia of the grave,  
And followed to thy long and lonely home.  
Ah! then was op'd a wound that ne'er shall  
close,  
'Till I shall rest my weary frame with thine—  
But shall I mourn as those that have no hope?  
No.—Thou'rt not dead, but sweetly sleepest in  
The peaceful grave, whose darkness Jesus  
cheer'd.

When he for us laid low his sacred head!  
As he rose, so thou'rt rising; and shalt rise,  
"A glorious form," like to the son of God.  
Then I no more will weep since thou art gone  
To dwell with God; but only shed a tear,  
As nature dictates, on thy lowly turf,  
That thou so soon hast left me motherless.  
When nature's sunk in calm repose and night  
Shall throw her veil around my home, I oft  
Will wander forth; and, guided by the pale  
Moon's pensive light, congenial to the heart  
Of sorrow, visit thy repose; beside  
Thy grave, I'll sit and count thy virtues o'er,  
And strive to make them mine; and when a-  
mid  
The silence of the scene, the still small voice  
Shall breathe upon my ear, BE READY TOO,  
Upon that sacred spot will prostrate fall,  
And yield my heart to God, and consecrate  
To Him my every power. To him I'll live,  
And when the future shall have join'd the  
past,  
And I have done with life, O may I sleep  
With thee; my soul meet thine upon the plain  
Of Heaven, where we never more shall part.  
A.

## POETRY.

From Moore's "Sacred Melodies."

Thou art, O GOD! the light and life  
Of all this wand'ring world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee.  
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam delays,  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven;  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
By spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes,  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Pacific Bank

Starbuck Shew

Bunker Shew

Office sitting

Bankley 10p

King 10p

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## HOUGHTFUL CHILD.

Theodore was born in October, 1827,  
in Philadelphia, with his mother and  
father, who loved him very much, and took  
care of him. He had several other relations,  
who lived in the same house; and Theodore was  
the little favorite of them all; for such was the  
gentleness and sweetness of his disposition, that  
none who were acquainted with him could help  
loving him. He was not much known away from  
home; for, besides being a very little boy, his  
health was so delicate that it required constant  
attention; and he was not, therefore, allowed to  
go out as much as most children are. This little  
boy was instructed not only in every thing that  
could make him good and happy in this world, but  
he was very early taught the fear of God, and the  
love of Jesus, who came into the world to save  
sinners. Indeed, all the sacred truths of the Bible  
were carefully impressed upon his mind by his  
kind friends and relations.

Now, perhaps there is not a child who reads  
this, who has not been carefully taught the very  
same things, either by parents, friends, or teach-  
ers. They are anxious that you should attend to  
them while young, so that you may be wise and  
good in this life, and be fit to die and live with the  
Saviour in heaven. O that children would remem-  
ber what a blessing it is to have such friends, and  
would attend to what they are so carefully taught.

Little Theodore showed very plainly that the  
kind instructions which were given him, were not  
given in vain. His mind seemed to be opened to  
attend to them, and his heart to love them; and  
when a child loves instruction, there is every rea-  
son to hope that instruction will do him good.

Nothing seemed to delight Theodore so much  
as to learn about God and the Saviour; and to hear  
the Bible read and explained. He would often go  
and sit down by some one of his friends, when he  
saw they had time, and ask them to talk with him  
about God and the Bible; and then he would ask  
questions, and make remarks of his own; and  
would sometimes show a remarkably good under-  
standing of the blessed truths he read and heard.

He often spent whole hours with his grand-  
mother, when the rest of the family were out, and  
made the time pass in the most pleasant and agree-  
able manner, by his interesting remarks and ques-  
tions, and his lively, cheerful conversation. When  
the rest of the family would come home, and ask her  
if she had not felt lonely; "Oh no," she would  
say, "it is impossible to feel lonely with such a  
pleasant little companion as Theodore." It may  
be supposed his grandmother was very fond of  
him, and took a great deal of pleasure in his soci-  
ety; and so indeed did every one who knew him, for  
he was considered by all a most interesting and  
lovely child.

All the conduct of little Theodore showed that  
he tried to keep God's commandments; and thus  
proved that he really did love him. Whenever  
any sinful passion arose in his heart, and tempted  
him to do wrong, if he was reminded that he was  
sinning against God, it would stop him in a mo-  
ment.

He naturally possessed what is called a quick  
temper; that is, he was easily made angry when  
any thing vexed him. Anger is generally a  
sinful passion in the heart; and when it is indulg-  
ed, it leads to a great many sinful words and ac-  
tions: and it requires a great deal of watchfulness  
to keep it from breaking out. It was the indul-  
gence of anger that made Cain kill his brother  
Abel, as we read in the Bible; and it would be  
impossible to tell of all the wickednesses that

## THE LIFE OF MAN.

"Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood—  
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies;  
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,  
The light is past—and man forgot."

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

FROM HONE'S TABLE BOOK.

What recollections of the past,  
Of scenes gone by, and days that were,  
Crowd through my mind when'er I cast  
A look upon my father's chair.  
How often have I climb'd his knees  
To pat his cheek, and stroke his hair;  
The kind paternal kiss to seize,  
When seated in his old arm chair.  
And much of monitory lore,  
Which bade me of the world beware,  
His tongue has utter'd o'er and o'er,  
When seated in his old arm chair.  
When ev'ning call'd us round the hearth,  
And storms disturb'd the wintry air;  
What merry tales of social mirth  
Have issued from this old arm chair.  
When summer's toil and heat o'ercame,  
And weary nature sought repair;  
Oft has he thrown his languid frame,  
Exhausted in this old arm chair.  
When adverse fortune cross'd his road,  
And bow'd him down with anxious care;  
How has he sigh'd beneath the load,  
When seated in his old arm chair.  
But death long since has clos'd his eyes,  
And peacefully he slumbers, where  
A grassy turf is seen to rise,  
And fills no more this old arm chair.  
Ev'n that which does those scenes recall,  
Which age and wasting words impair,  
Must shortly into pieces fall,  
And cease to be an old arm chair.  
Yet while its smallest parts remain,  
My fancy shall behold him there;  
And memory stir those thoughts again,  
Of him who fill'd the old arm chair.

James

King 10p

King 10p

King 10p

King 10p

100

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and murder, which the indulgence of his sinful passion has caused in the world. We ought to pray earnestly to God for grace to enable us to overcome our evil tempers. Theodore did so; but yet, sometimes he would forget himself when any thing suddenly vexed him, and his evil passions would for a moment break out; but even when he was most angry, if any of his friends only said to him, "Now, Theodore, remember you are sinning against God," all his anger seemed to be gone at once, and he would become as mild and gentle as a lamb; and then he would ask forgiveness for his bad conduct, and show a great deal of sorrow on account of it.

It was his frequent practice to sit beside some member of the family who might be sewing at the window. At one time, while he was thus sitting by his grandmother, she observed that he was unusually thoughtful. She asked him what he was thinking about. He said, "I AM THINKING ABOUT GOD;" and he appeared very thoughtful for some time, as if his mind was fixed upon some important subject. It is worthy of consideration, whether a child of such tender years is not capable of forming a more correct idea of the being of God, than one whose mind is prejudiced and darkened by habits of sin, and by enmity to all holiness.

All good children will remember, that while they enjoy a great many comforts, and have many things around them to make their lives pleasant, there are many poor people in the world who suffer the want of all the good things that they enjoy, and are in poverty and distress. While they remember who gives them all good things, and are thankful for them, they will pity the poor who are without them, and will be ready to do all they can to relieve their wants.

Little Theodore was very remarkable for this disposition. He would often deny himself in things that most children are fond of buying, when they have money to spend, that he might have something to give to the poor. Sometimes, when he saw nice cakes, fruit, or confectionary, which he was very fond of, he would say, "I should like some of these very much, but then I think it would not be right to spend my money in buying them when so many people are suffering for want of bread; and I would rather save my money and give it to the poor, than to spend it in buying such things for myself."

Another way in which Theodore delighted to spend his money, was to give it to the Missionary Society, to help to send the ministers of the Gospel, and the Bible, and good books to the poor heathen, who are without them; that they may know about the God who made them, and the Saviour who died for them. He used to think and feel much for these poor people, and was delighted when he had an opportunity to do them good. He would lay up all the money he could save, until the end of the year, and then he would give all he had collected to the missionary fund; and nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to bestow this as his new year's offering, to help to send the Gospel to the heathen. At the time of his death, he had collected a considerable sum, which he had saved almost entirely from the little spending-money which had been given him, by denying himself in those things for which children are generally apt to spend their money; and this sum he desired to be sent to the society to which he had been accustomed to give his contributions, as his dying gift. His mother, accordingly, sent it after his death; and no doubt that the Saviour was as much pleased with this gift of little Theodore, as with the gifts of many great and rich people. (Mark xii: 43.)

How much more happy was Theodore in thus bestowing his money to do good, than those children are, who spend it for trifles, which will give them pleasure only for a very short time, and do them no real good at all.

My dear child, do you wish to spend your money so that it will give you real satisfaction? Then, like Theodore, try to do good with it; and when you come to think of it afterwards, the plea-

ant feelings it will cause will be worth more than all the cakes and toys you could buy for twenty times as much money.

We pass over many things in the life of this little boy for fear our story should be too long, and come to his last sickness. This was very painful; yet he bore it all with a great deal of patience. His disease affected his throat so as to make it very difficult for him to speak. On this account his friends could not talk much with him; yet he said enough to make them think he was fully prepared to die; and this thought makes them feel very happy.

One night, while his mother was watching by his bed-side, and expecting that every breath would be his last, he said to her, in a distinct voice, "Mother, you are afraid to die, but I am not."

He then lay for a few moments very still; and his mother and friends thought his immortal spirit had fled; but after lying still a few moments he commenced saying the Lord's prayer, and repeated it as far as "Thy will be done." For a week before this, his friends had not been able, without the greatest difficulty, to make out a word that he said.

The next morning he was a little better. As his aunt was sitting near his bed he said to her, "Aunt, did you think I should die last night?"

His aunt told him that she thought he would, a one time, for he seemed so very ill. She then asked him whether he did not think so himself.

"Yes," said Theodore, "I did think, at one time, that I should die."

His aunt then asked him whether he did not try to pray when he felt so near dying.

"Yes, aunt," said he, "when I was lying so very low, and expected soon to die, the thought came into my mind that I must pray. Something seemed to whisper to my heart, 'Theodore, pray; Theodore, pray;' so I began to say the Lord's prayer; and then I thought you all began to laugh at me, and I felt so much grieved that I could not go on."

"But, my dear," said his aunt, "do you really think that we laughed at you for praying? Ah, how could we, and when you were so very ill too?"

Theodore, however, did not seem to believe that they did laugh at him, but said that it seemed so to him in the night.

His aunt then asked him if he felt afraid to die. He said that he did, because he felt that he was so very sinful. "But," said she, "do you think you have been so wicked that God will not forgive you?"

"O I don't know," said he, "but somehow I feel as if I did not want to die."

"But," said his aunt, "you know that Jesus Christ, the Saviour, came into the world to save sinners, and he invites you to come to him."

"Yes," said Theodore, "I know it; and He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and I do hope that if I die He will take me to himself in heaven; but, aunt, sometimes very wicked thoughts come into my mind, and distress me very much."

"Well, my dear, you must pray to God to take these wicked thoughts away."

"So I do, often," said he, "O aunt, you don't know what prayers come into my mind, sometimes; but I can't think of words to say them, so I think them over in my mind."

This conversation, which Theodore had with his aunt, showed that he thought a great deal about dying, although he said but very little. He lived about two weeks after; but nearly all the time he was so very low and weak, and his throat troubled him so much, that often, when he would try to speak, he could scarcely make himself understood.

It was indeed thought, at one time, that he was getting a little better; and his friends hoped that he might be well again. But God was pleased to order it otherwise; and, after suffering a great deal of pain and distress, he was at last taken out

of the world on the 22d of October, 1834, when he was seven years and five months old.

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[For the Evening Standard.]

### THE SNOW.

BY MRS. E. M. BROWN.

How beautiful is the snow;  
The pure and spotless snow;  
As its feathery flakes on the wintry air,  
Are wafted to and fro,  
Not all the loveliness of the year,  
Has left with the summer hours—  
Not all the beauty that Nature hath,  
Is lavished on buds and flowers.

How silently fall the flakes!  
Fit emblems of purity fair!  
They come like white winged messengers down  
From the kingdoms of the upper air;  
Without one stain they come  
From the clouds that give them birth,  
But alas! how soon when they reach our world,  
They are stained with the dust of earth.

It comes in the still night hours,  
And covers the ground with white;  
And wraps a mantle around the trees,  
Till their nakedness hides from sight;  
And then, when the day begins  
His march so solemn and grand,  
The whole earth seems, with its dazzling robe,  
Like a region of fairy land.

O, Father above! thy power divine,  
Through all the year is seen;  
Alike in winter's snowy shroud,  
And summer's robe of green;  
And we bow our hearts in prayer,  
That thy mercy thou wilt show,  
And make our weary, sin-stained souls,  
As pure as the spotless snow,  
Malapropist.

[For the Standard.]

### To Lilly W.

Lilly darling! thy heart from mine eyes beam  
Joyous light; thy face, like a rose,  
On thy cheeks is like a vine, water, fresh and dewy,  
Fair and bright, as a flower, fresh and dewy,  
While thy voice in gaily laughter, floateth gaily  
O'er the sea,  
Or with bird-like cadence trilleth sweet glad songs of  
melody!

Life to thee doth teem with beauty, 'tis a glorious gala  
day!  
Earth is dancing 'mid the sunshine, the best,  
best array;  
While around thee all is gay, not a tear-drop nor a  
sigh,  
But like fabled fairies, lightly, do the hours  
fleet by.

Yes, dear child, thou art very happy, not a care thy  
heart doth know;  
Ah! thou dreamest not that sorrow filleth many  
heart below,  
For no cloud hath dimmed the radiance of thine azure  
dome above,  
Oh how blest childhood's ideal! 'tis a world of light  
and love!

And Lilly, mayst thou ever be as blithe and gay as  
now,  
May no deep sorrow cast a shade upon that fair, young  
brow,  
May God in mercy spare to thee a mother true and  
kind;  
For there is none who'll love thee e'er like her, no, not  
a friend thou'lt find.

May thy noble father, struggling 'gainst the traitors of  
our land,  
Return at length to mingle with his cherished house-  
hold band,  
May his voice paternal guide thee for these many years  
to come,  
That thou ne'er may know how sad it is to be deprived  
of home!

For the orphan's lot is bitter, 'tis in truth "bedewed  
with tears";  
Where sharp thorns oft rend the heart-strings, and  
there's many anxious fears;  
And the world seems oh, so dreary! scarce a single  
cheering ray—  
Ah! youth's gift of priceless treasure when fond pa-  
rents pass away!

From such trials, Lilly darling, I do pray thou mayst  
be free,  
That thy life glide smoothly onward, o'er life's strange  
uncertain sea!  
Mayst thou prove a noble woman, pure in thought,  
In word, in deed,  
Shedding peace and joy around thee, as thou seest each  
heart hath need.

Let thy soul be fed with wisdom from the crystal fount  
above,  
And thy daily walk be fashioned by the Savior's, which  
was love!  
That when God shall bid thy spirit leave its beauteous  
early home,  
Then canst say "Amen, my Father," "not my will  
but thine be done!"

New Bedford, Dec., 1863.

LENA.

### WINTER.

Hoary Winter bringeth treasures,  
Merry fire sides, parlor pleasures—  
Jovial glaze and flashing wit  
Are on the scroll of Winter writ.  
Midst muffled robes are winsome hearts;  
They boldly challenge Winter's arts;  
See! down the road they swiftly race,  
And fling defiance in his face.  
To youth and maid who life enjoy  
The flaking snow has no alloy.  
The north wind seals the waters o'er,  
Congealed crystals form a floor.  
Upon its sheen with giant strides,  
The flashing steel of skater glides;  
Each pulsing heart gives forth its shout,  
As round they fly, about, about;  
Now here, now there, in curved lines,  
As Bacchanals from mellow wines,  
In Fashion's halls the winter's fleet.

The trusty soldier on his beat,  
Ghost-like appears in snowy sheet,  
As round he walks, in Freedom's might,  
Thro' winter blast, in winter night.  
O Father, with thy love so warm,  
Protect him from the gathering storm;  
Cherish a heart so warm and true,  
Reward him with the victory, too.

Cinn. Com.

### Snow Flakes

osom of the Air,  
clouds of her gann  
oodland brown and bare  
a harvest-fields forsaken,  
and soft, and slow  
is the snow.

ur cloudy fancies take  
ly shape in some divine express  
ne troubled heart doth make  
white countenance confession,  
ne troubled sky reveals  
ne grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

[Longer]

### Requiem.

Well done of God to halve the lot,  
And give her all the sweetness;  
To us, the empty room and cot;  
To her, the heaven's completeness.

To us the grave; to her the rows  
The mystic palm-trees spring in;  
To us, the silence in the house;  
To her, the choral singing!

Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily clipped,  
In love more calm than this is;  
And may the angels, dewy lipped,  
Remind thee of our kisses!

While none shall tell thee of our tears,  
These human tears now falling,  
Till, after a few patient years,  
Our home shall take us all in.

—Mrs. Browning.

### The Spoilt Child.

AIR: "Let me kiss him for his mother."

Let me whip him for his mother,  
He is such a naughty boy;  
He baby tried to smother,  
And he's broken Emma's toy.  
Of the doll I gave to Ellen,  
He has melted off the nose,  
And there really is no telling  
To what lengths his mischief goes.  
Last night he put a cracker  
Neath his Aunt Jemima's chair,  
And he told me such a whacker  
When I asked how it came there.  
Then when poor old Mrs. Toodle  
Was just starting off by rail,  
He tied her two fat poodles  
Fast together by the tail!  
It really is quite shocking  
How one's nerves he daily jars;  
He puts pins into one's stockings,  
And cayenne into one's cigars,  
You may guess that many another  
Boyish tricks he's daily at,  
So I'll whip him for his mother,  
As a tiresome little brat.

Punch.

### An Extract from the Little Millin.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

My girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair,  
A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair,  
A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet,  
A tiny foot, and little boot upon it;  
And all her finery to charm beholders  
Is the gray shawl drawn tight around her shoul-  
ders.

The plain stuff-gown, and collar white as snow,  
And sweet red petticoat that peeps below.  
But gladly in the busy town goes she,  
Summer and winter, fearing  
She pats the pavements with  
With fearless eyes she charms  
And in her pocket lie, in lieu  
A lucky sixpence and a thimble.

We'll be cooing the same house  
She'll be cooing the same house  
She'll be cooing the same house  
She'll be cooing the same house  
She'll be cooing the same house  
She'll be cooing the same house  
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She'll be cooing the same house

Then peeping from the window, pleased and shy,  
I saw the pretty, shining face go by,  
Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet,—  
A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.  
All winter long, witless who peep'd the while,  
She sweeten'd the chill mornings with her smile;  
When the soft snow was falling dimly white,  
Shining among it with a child's delight,  
Bright as a rose, though nipping winds might  
blow,  
And leaving fairy footprints in the snow!

### [For the New York Mercury.] In the Sunshine.

BY ADA.

In the sunshine—in the sunshine,  
'Tis here I long to be,  
Where birds are gayly singing  
Songs of sweetest melody.  
And sweet perfume of lovely flow'rs  
Is wafted on the breeze—  
Or ling'ring in the wildwood bow'rs,  
And dancing o'er the trees.

Fair sunlight, oh! fair sunlight,  
Behold I pine for thee,  
As shining down on all the earth,  
You fail to shine on me.  
All, all as gay and bright without,  
As summer morn hath been.  
Though smiles upon my lips scarce hide  
My aching heart within.

Then give me back my happiness:  
Then smile on me, O Sun!  
As in the days of long ago,  
When life was scarce begun;  
A gay, light-hearted, happy child,  
I sported 'neath thy rays,  
And in no measured tones I sang  
My simple, merry lays.

The clouds that shadowed o'er my path,  
And hid the light from view.  
Have gently parted, and the sun,  
I see it shining through.  
Then sing! ye merry little birds—  
The clouds of care hath flown,  
For he I love comes back to me,  
My sunshine and mine own!

[For the New York Mercury.]

### "SOMEBODY'S" HAIR AND EYES.

BY HOPE ARDOR.

Hair so golden-brown and soft,  
In its abundance falling low,  
Now darkly brown where shadow lies,  
Or golden in the sun's warm glow,  
Put back behind the tiny ear  
In many a wave of chestnut brown;  
O, never head of King or Queen  
Could boast a richer, brighter crown!

Eyes—ah, never were there eyes  
Like those I love so dark and true—  
Like heart of diamond, gleaming bright  
Beneath a tiny drop of dew;  
Eyes that tell the silent tale  
The dear, proud heart would keep concealed;  
I bless them for the loving thoughts  
They in their depths have oft revealed.

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De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
He 'll gib de rice an' corn:  
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;  
And with a secret pain,  
And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,  
Nor yet his hope deny;  
We only know that God is just,  
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face  
Flame-lighted, ruder still;  
We start to think that hapless race  
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed;  
And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
We march to Fate abreast

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be  
Our sight of blight or bloom—  
The Vala-song of Liberty,  
Or death-rune of our doom!

[Atlantic Monthly for February.]

### The Last Review

Twenty-one miles of boys in blue,  
Sixty abreast in the last review,  
How grandly the columns stretch away,  
In the cloudless light of this summer day.

Onward, in rank and file they come,  
To the cheering beat of the victor's drum.  
Wearied and scarred, and worn they be,  
But a prouder host you will never see.

Their faded banners, riddled with balls,  
But floating triumphantly after all;  
Never again in the world's sunlight,  
Shall the nations look on a grander sight.

No more, till the Christian army stands,  
Whose warriors shall gather from every land,  
For a last review in the other shore,  
Their life-long battles and marches o'er,  
Will a marshalled host like this appear,  
Crowned with the glory that victors wear.

Let the heads of the nation bow as they pass,  
And scatter with flowers the dewy grass,  
As their gleaming weapons flash in the sun,  
Remember the deeds of valor done; been  
How that solid column of human breeding  
Was forced to the storm for the nation.

Then beat the charm for the last review,  
And echoes of strife are growing still,  
With a conquering tread the heroes been,  
Back to the dear delights of home.

But alas, the army of countless dead,  
We shall list in vain for their coming tread,  
Full forty miles of our noble graves,  
Sixty abreast, are in their graves,  
As your cheers ring out for the living host,  
Remember the heroes loved and lost.

And think of the maimed and wasted band,  
Seeking the homes of this stricken land,  
For whom the brightness of life is o'er,  
Whose feet are nearing the other shore,  
Remnants of manhood, these so strong,  
These cannot march in the gala throng.

Then hail, all hail to the boys in blue,  
Gathered to-day for a last review,  
Marching with floating banners back;  
Scatter with flowers their joyous track.  
Their brows perchance are dark with scars,  
And their worn feet seamed with crimson bars,  
But kings and victors we crown to-day,  
The war-scarred host, on their homeward way.

JACQUES (Canton, O.) says: "I am now twenty-one years of age; entered the army when sixteen years old, during the late war, and served with honor to the end of my term of service. Before entering the army, I became enamored of a lady of great beauty and intelligence. My love was of the most intense kind, and, I just say, was fully reciprocated. We corresponded while I was in the army, and, ere long, we pledged our vows, as we then thought, never more to be broken. My heart was once rived by receiving intelligence that my betrothed was upon a sick bed, from which she was expected to rise. Being unable to receive leave of absence, I resolved to desert, being driven frantic by the thought that I would lose her. I wished to assure her of my deep love, and to tell her that her death would be the destruction of my hopes of happiness in this world. But before I could execute my plans of flying to her side, I received a letter which told me of her slow recovery, with a shattered constitution, and that should I see her I would hardly know her. Time rolled on, my service ended, and I came home with an anxious and throbbing heart. I sought the object of my affection, but, on beholding her, I was dumb-stricken by the change which had taken place in her. I compared her, who

They are certain of a **THREE GIL** they bargain at the **LOWEST** in **SALE OF NORTH** as received a

**FALL AN** BY JOHN G. SAXE. **ODS,** 010

**ACOMP** gentlemen mounted their horses again, and bidding the weaver "Good night," went dashing away over valley and plain, and were presently lost to his sight.

He counted the pieces a hundred times o'er,  
With more than a miser's delight.

Then snug in some rags he hid them away,  
As if he had got them by stealth,—  
Lest his meddlesome wife, who was absent that day,  
Should know of his wonderful wealth.

Soon after a travelling rag-dealer came,  
The rags in the bundle were sold,  
And with them (the woman was little to blame!)  
The three hundred guineas of gold.

When a calendar year had vanished and fled,  
The gentlemen came as before;  
"Now how does it happen," they moodily said,  
"We find you so wretchedly poor?"

"Alas!" said the weaver, "this many a day  
The money is missing, in sooth;  
In a bundle of rags it was hidden away,  
(Fore God!—I am telling the truth!)

But once, in my absence, a rag-dealer came,  
The rags in the bundle were sold,  
And with them (the woman was surely to blame!)  
The three hundred guineas of gold."

"It was foolishly done," the gentlemen swore;  
"Now, prithee, be careful of these!"  
And they gave him again—the same as before,  
A hundred gold guineas a-piece.

Then the gentlemen mounted their horses again,  
And, bidding the weaver "Good night,"  
Went dashing away over valley and plain,  
And were presently lost to his sight.

He said the weaver, "no wonder thou  
Art now I am wiser, I trust;"  
The three hundred guineas he carefully hid  
Far down in a barrel of dust.

Soon, in his absence, a dustman came,  
The dust in the barrel was sold;  
And with it (the woman was little to blame!)  
The three hundred guineas of gold.

When a calendar year had vanished and fled,  
The gentlemen came as before;  
"Now how does it happen," they angrily said,  
"We find you so wretchedly poor?"

"Was ever," he cried, "so luckless a wight?  
As surely as Heaven is just,  
The money I hid from my spouse's sight  
Far down in a barrel of dust;

But when I was absent the dustman came,  
The dust in the barrel was sold,  
And with it (the woman was surely to blame!)  
The three hundred guineas of gold."

"Take that for your folly!" the gentlemen said;  
"Was ever so silly a wight?"  
And they tossed on the table a lump of lead,  
And were presently out of his sight.

"'Tis plain," said the weaver, "they meant to  
flout,  
And little I marvel; Alas!—  
My wife is a fool; and there isn't a doubt  
That I am an arrant ass!"

While thus he was musing in sorrow and shame,  
And wishing that he were dead,  
Into his cottage a fisherman came  
To borrow a lump of lead.

"Ah! here," he cried, "is the thing I wish  
To mend my broken net;  
Will you give it me for the finest fish  
That I this day may get?"

"With all my heart!" the weaver replies;  
And so the fisherman brought  
That night a fish of wondrous size—  
The finest that he had caught.

He opened the fish, when lo and behold!  
He found a precious stone;  
A diamond large as the lead he sold,  
And bright as the morning sun!

For a thousand guineas the stone he sold,  
(It was worth a hundred more)  
And never, 'tis said, in bliss or gold,  
Was weaver so rich before!

But often—to keep her sway, no doubt,  
As a genuine woman must—  
The wife would say, "I brought it about  
By selling the rags and dust!"

BY MRS. E. E. BROWN.  
I wandered out one morning,  
Over hill and valley fair,  
Where the breath of sweet, wild blossoms,  
Floated out upon the air;  
And I saw the broad, green meadow,  
Like an emerald carpet lie,  
And the buttercups like gems of gold,  
Flashed out beneath the eye.

The blue-bells awning their azure cups,  
That their beauty I might see,  
And the tall trees waved their stately limbs,  
And bowed their heads to me;  
The wild birds sang their sweetest songs  
From out the forest shade,  
And the tiny brook went murmuring,  
Down through the sunny glade.

And I wondered in my blindness  
Why the earth was made so fair,  
When so many hearts were breaking,  
With a load of pain and care;  
And why these sounds of harmony,  
From brook and tree, and bird;  
While in the same fair country,  
The din of war is heard.

I turned my eyes in sadness,  
To where the streamlet lay;  
And I saw its sparkling waters,  
In the golden sunlight play;  
And silently I watched it,  
Till far away from me,  
I saw it, stained and miry,  
Float onward toward the sea.

Then a soft voice seemed to whisper,  
"Like this is human life;  
Some scenes are filled with beauty—  
And some with pain and strife;  
But alike through sun and shadow,  
The streamlet hurries on,  
Till it meets the calm, blue ocean,  
Where its looked for goal is won."

"So all these human passions—  
This mingled peace and strife,  
Shall one day all be swayed  
In the boundless sea;  
O, weak and feeble!  
Let thy doubts and strugglings cease;  
God, in the fullness of his time,  
Will crown his works with peace."

Mattapoisett.

[Written for the Standard.]  
Not my heart that Thine.  
Thro' deepest sorrow I have come  
To bow my head, and say, "I have come  
To Thee, who canst make  
The wildest waves to still."

And though the marks such sorrow always brings  
Upon my heart are left,  
And hope is dead, Dear Lord, of faith in Thee,  
I am not quite bereft.

And meekly now I drink the bitter cup,  
Which to my lip is pressed,  
And try to think, whatever pang it brings,  
Father, Thou knowest best.

Thou knowest how much suffering I can bear,  
What Christening I need,  
And I will smile, beneath my Father's stroke,  
E'en though my heart doth bleed.

L. M. B.

### GIVE THE BOYS A CHOICE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"There was John, the eldest, a noble boy,  
So thoughtful, and true, and kind;  
"A trifle too serious," his teacher said,  
"For one of his brilliant mind."  
But his hand was not a ready hand  
To plow or scatter the seed;  
Yet John must follow a farmer's life,  
As 'twas long before decreed!

There was Davy, the very opposite—  
A lad with a merry eye,  
Who hated his books and hated his school,  
And thought all study dry,  
Except to read of the rover's life—  
A life that he fain would lead;  
Yet Davy must hang up his lawyer's sign,  
As 'twas long before decreed!

Our farmer he raised but sorry crops,  
Our lawyer lost his fees,  
And while one took to his books again,  
The other took to the seas.  
Now John he fills a parson's desk,  
And his work is not in vain;  
While Davy sails in as fine a ship  
As ever went over the main!

Then give the boys a choice, my friend,  
And let Nature take the lead;  
"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"  
Has been long ago decreed.  
Strong youthful blood cries out, my friend,  
In one united voice,  
For a right to make a way in life;  
Then "give the boys a choice!"

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September 28

Baker &

AGNES GREY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

On a lonely road in a quiet town  
An old cottage, old and brown;  
The roof was shaggy with moss and fern;  
The door was open to the sun;  
The flowers grew within, from gloom and  
The fruit of a beautiful  
And towered east, on the oak  
Look out of the window of Ar

The rose-tree bloomed by the  
And apple blossoms on the c  
And birds the melody  
With thankful gifts  
Theophylla are waiting  
For the bursting buds  
Which the par-

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Though  
Rustling  
Though the somber  
Beauteous flowers  
Joyous blossoms! shedding o'er us  
Gladness, e'en as winter comes;  
Gaily clothed, they stand before us,  
Weir some, bright chryseid  
FANNY FERN

FROM THE HOUSE ON THE HILL TO THE HOME IN THE VALLEY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Over turret high, and across the wall,  
Still the silent feet of the shadows fall;  
Cloudy phantoms, swept, at the wild winds' will,  
O'er the splendid home on the sunny hill.

Still the soft white feet of the moonbeams go  
Further in the porch, as the orb sinks low,  
Gliding still and sure in their sandals white,  
Through the lonely dark of the summer night.

But they seek in vain till the dew-sweet dawn,  
For a face beloved from the great house gone—  
For a form that lies strangely white and still,  
In the narrow house underneath the hill.

Was the lordly hall for her soul too high,  
That she meekly came in the vale to lie?  
Were the twining arms of the loved too dear,  
That she slipped in their eager folding here?

Did she seek the L through the p  
Or a becke followed Him  
For the hon or palace b  
As he did e laid to

In the valley h  
On the valley h  
Tender moonbeam  
Learn at last to paus

O'er the quiet home wh  
But a shadow lies on th  
Shadow shot with sun, like  
For the dear Lord loveth

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*Ship's day*

BY ETHEL LYNN

at my feet, lit  
sit in the  
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Only her husband's love!

Does she know, the lonely watcher,  
That the absent one is there?

The wine cup's maddening fragrance  
Floats through the lofty room,  
And she puts her head back,  
To lure me to my doom.

office  
aken,  
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ached and laid a hand upon my arm. I could  
t see, but I felt that the weapon was raised  
th which the fatal blow was to be dealt. The  
ry uncertainty as to when and where it was to  
ll rendered it impossible to nerve myself  
ainst it.

But hark! somebody is hurrying up the steps.  
he door is flung open!

"All right!" a voice exclaims—not the same  
ne this time—"I have the money!"

The hand is withdrawn from my arm. Thank  
od I am saved! The messenger has returned  
nharmed!

But hark, again!  
There is a rapid shuffling of other footsteps on  
he stair-way. My heart leaps at the sound.  
Can it be friends at last?

"Fire on the first man that raises a finger  
houted a full manly voice, as its owner, in com  
any with I could not tell how many other  
ushed into the room.

In a trice my eyes were uncovered and my arm  
t free. It was Archy Burton that did it, while  
foes stood covering before the levelled re  
vers of half a dozen policemen.

How in the world did you find me, Archy?"  
ed, grasping his hand in a transport of joy.

By the merest of all chances," he said. "I  
is so surprised at your failure to meet me last  
night, that I called at your lodgings this morning  
o ascertain the reason, when, to my still  
reater astonishment, I learned you had not  
een there since yesterday evening. I had no  
time to look for you, however, as I had to be at  
the bank—times. I am a clerk at the—Na  
onal, you know. I happened to be passing be  
the paying teller when your check was pre  
ted. Its amount—almost your entire bal  
—the unprepossessing appearance of t  
who presented it, and your own myste  
us disappearance, all combined to make  
ect something wrong. Without imparting  
my suspicions to any one, I determined to fo  
ow the stranger at a cautious distance, which  
id, picking up a few blue-coats by the way  
and, as Mr. Merryman says at the circus, 'Here  
we are!'"

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THE MARCH OF LABOR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Tired Labor walks with weary feet,  
Through winter's cold, through summer's heat,  
The stony pavements of the street,  
Glad that its daily task is done.

Obedient to pipe and gong,  
The vast procession sweeps along,  
A many tongued and motley throng,  
Returning home at set of sun.

Their pattering feet fall fast as rain,  
Down factory stairs, through court and lane.  
Scant is their rest, and small their gain;  
They pour through alleys, courts and streets.

There is the shop girl, sad and pale!  
There is the seamstress, thin and frail!  
There is the porter, stout and hale!  
There the book clerk, white as his shawl.

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# LOVE'S LOGIC

BY RICHARD W. EASTMAN

She wearily stood her old age there,  
And "Life is full of pain," she said;  
And the pretty maiden turned away,  
With a tremulous heart which refused to stay,  
But wandered around to the right and left  
And finally fell in a dimple's cleft.

Grandmother sighed, and grandmother smiled,  
As she looked askance at the wayward child,  
Who answered, "Well, it is only fair,  
If 'life be full,' I should take my share."  
Then turned again to the window-pane,  
And beat in time to the falling rain.

"Child,"—and the good old woman's tone  
Took on a sternness not its own,  
"Mistakes are pits, which the wise refuse,  
Which blind men enter, and fools may choose.  
Unless thy heart has excelled thy fingers,  
For love and marriage thou art too young."

The dimple was clothed in a crimson hue,  
Just for a moment, and then withdrew  
From the velvet cheek, while the soft gray eyes  
Turned from the outside rain and sky.  
And the rebel mouth said, soft and low,  
"Heart is the wisest by far, I know."

The elder face had a brighter look,  
As the speaker turned from her window nook,  
And nestled her head on the gray-clad knee.  
"Now, good grandmother, I will to thee  
What is the cause of your strange unrest  
Of all God's blessings, love is best."

"Love, like everything else of worth,  
Has wondrous counterfeits here on earth,  
And youth too often, with careless view,  
Accepts the false and rejects the true."  
"Oh!"—with a shrug of the shoulders said she,  
"You need not worry, if that be all."

"For hearts are hearts, be they young or old,  
And are to love as fire to cold:  
A final test of its power and truth—  
A test the fiercer, coupled by youth."  
And her beaver shook her old white head.  
"Many have thought thus," she said.

Then said the maiden, "My heart is strong,  
And love is steadfast. Love is long,  
But I have no doubt of the coming years;  
Storm nor tempest can rouse my fears.  
My faith is a rock, so deep and high,  
That it scorns the powers of earth or sky."

"What you say may be even so,  
Although preserved from the tempest's shock,  
A chisel's edge may displace a rock,  
Which darts unnumbered the stormiest strife,  
And love is chiselled by care—by life."

The maiden rose from her lowly seat—  
She knew the tread of approaching feet—  
But suddenly stopped on her lasting way,  
With smile of triumph. "What you say  
Is true," she answered. "Life and love  
Are chisels which carve into wonders. Air  
Rocks which else might be only stone.  
And grandmother murmured, "I might have  
known."

# CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Cherries are ripe,  
Luscious and ripe;  
Look! on the bough they are glowing,  
Fragrant and fair,  
Luring the air,  
Richest of odors bestowing.

Gratefully boweth the old cherry-tree,  
Yielding its treasures for you and for me—  
Only for us were they growing.

Darling, come now,  
Gather from this bough,  
These are for you and thy scolding;  
Fresh as the rose,  
Purple as those,  
Tinted with rays of the morning.

She who partaketh of this cluster, sips  
Nectar as pure as her own dewy lips,  
Only less rich the adorning.

Two, and two more;  
Thus, by the score,  
Cherries in pairs are carousing—  
Check pressed to cheek!  
Ah! could they speak,  
These were their words, I am guessing:

"Mortals, why tarry so single and lone?  
Make but the lesson of cherries your own!  
Haste for the ring and the blessing!"

# MY WIFE'S BOUQUET.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Stopping on Broadway,  
Buying a bouquet—  
May I ne'er forget the token  
At the close of day—  
Though a trifle quite,  
Dainty to the sight,  
Yet my darling loves your fragrance,  
Blossoms pink and white.

See! her brow of care  
Waxeth smooth and fair,  
As she takes the tender flow'rets,  
Dew-gemmed, bright and rare;  
Thanking me the while  
With her loving smile,  
As we fondly talk together,  
And the hours beguile.

Stopping on Broadway,  
Buying a bouquet—  
Pansies, pinks and sweet tuberoses—  
Blooms with spring life;  
Balmy with honey rife,  
May I ne'er forget this token  
For my darling wife.

THE

# A LEGEND IN ALSACE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Know'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens  
That the dear ones die?  
God walks daily in His garden  
While the sun shines high;

In that garden there are roses  
Beautiful and bright,  
And He gazes round delighted  
With the lovely sight;

If He marks one gaily blooming,  
Than the rest more fair,  
He will pause and look upon it,  
Full of tender care;

And the beauteous rose He gathers  
In His bosom lies—  
But on earth are tears and sorrow,  
For a dear one dies!

# THE SHEPHERD BOY.

BY LETITIA ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

Like some vision olden  
Of far other time,  
When the age was golden,  
In the young world's prime,

Is thy soft voice ringing,  
O lonely shepherd boy;  
What song art thou singing,  
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining  
Of thy lowly lot,  
And thine own disdaining,  
Dost ask what thou hast not?

Of the future dreaming,  
Weary of the past,  
For the present scheming—  
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting  
In thy summer home;  
Where the flowers inviting  
Tempt the bee to roam;

Where the cowslip, bending  
With its golden bells,  
Of each glad hour's ending  
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him  
When he is alone;  
Every bird above him  
Sings its softest tone.

Thankful to high Heaven,  
Humble in thy joy,  
Much to thee is given,  
Lowly shepherd boy.

# THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

AN ANCIENT APOLOGUE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone  
In a hedge by the highway side;  
And the Wind came by with a pitying moan,  
And thus to the floweret cried:

"You are choked with dust from the sandy ledge  
Now see what a friend can do!  
I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge  
And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!"  
Said the Rose in deep dismay;  
But the Wind is always rude and rough,  
And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blew soft on the little red Rose  
But now she was sore afraid,  
For the naughty boys—her ancient foes—  
Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again,  
And looked at the trembling flower,  
"You are out of place; it is very plain  
You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be!"—said the shuddering Rose;  
"No sorrow I ever had known  
Till you came here to break my repose;  
Now, please to let me alone!"

But the will of the Wind is strong as death;  
And little he recked her cries;  
He plucked her up with his mighty breath,  
And away to the town he flies.

O, all too rough was the windy ride,  
For a Rose so weak and small;  
And soon her leaves on every side  
Began to scatter and fall!

"Now what is this?" said the wondering Wind,  
As the Rose in fragments fell;  
"This paltry stem is all I find—  
I am sure I meant it well!"

"It means just this—that a meddling friend,  
Said the dying stalk, "is sure  
To mar the matter he aimed to mend,  
And kill where he meant to cure!"

# THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

THE HOME IN THE VALLEY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Turret high, and across the wall,  
The silent feet of the shadows fall;  
By phantoms, swept, at the wild winds' will,  
The splendid home on the sunny hill.

The soft white feet of the moonbeams go  
Fither in the porch, as the orb sinks low,  
The still and sure in their sandals white,  
The lonely dark of the summer night.

They seek in vain till the dew-sweet dawn,  
A face beloved from the great house gone,  
The narrow house underneath the hill,  
The lordly hall for her soul too high.

But she meekly came in the vale to be,  
The twining arms of the loved too dear,  
That she slipped in their eager folding here,  
The valley low, the moonbeams under moonbeams.

She sought the lowly home, the lowly home,  
The quiet home where a shadow lies on the  
The narrow house underneath the hill,  
The lordly hall for her soul too high.

But she meekly came in the vale to be,  
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# MIRIAM'S FAITH.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Why dost thou any longer  
Why dost thou any longer  
By asking for mercy,  
And praying for grace?"  
We've been sinners, you know,  
Sinners—now poor—  
And 'tis but to the saints, Myra,  
Bread shall be sure."

Poor Miriam looked up  
From her knees on the floor  
The children are starving  
Child me no more.  
There's no food in the bin,  
No meal in the tin;  
I must pray till He hears,  
No matter for sin."

"Poor, fruitless endeavor!  
Sad wasting of breath!  
There is nothing to hope  
Nothing but death!"  
For the skies are as high  
God will not hear  
His prayer on I—  
Open heaven, I pray thee, Bess,  
Bread!"

"I am not sinners, Bess,  
Thou said,  
'Come unto me,'  
The word of the Lord  
Emout, He surely  
As unto them!"

The loud, welcome knock  
A friend at the door.  
Is the brisk, welcome tread  
A friend on the floor.  
A friend in plenty;  
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A friend in plenty;

# A CHRISTIAN'S EPITAPH.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

While loitering with leisure tread  
Among the mansions of the dead,  
Within an ancient burying-ground,  
I sat beside the moss-clad mound;

Nothing there rose above it save  
A plain low slab, to mark the grave.  
There was a name upon the stone,  
And under it these words alone:

"Died as he lived, a Christian!"

Rich tombs there stood this grave beside,  
By friendship reared, or love, or pride,  
With long inscriptions to declare  
The virtues of those slumbering there;

And yet, however true might be  
This eulogy, it seemed to me  
The simple words upon this grave  
A purer, holier record gave:

"Died as he lived, a Christian!"

These simple words, how much they tell;  
What lengthy scroll could speak as well?  
I hold not light the meed of praise  
The world to worth and genius pays;

But when my spirit shall be free,  
May it be truly said of me:  
"Died as he lived, a Christian!"

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I was going to  
I loved you  
I never saw  
a boy before  
of tender thou  
"And I certa  
returned Eddy  
splendid Tina, an  
carnation pinks.  
complain nor fret  
boy even that I  
in Poughkeepsie  
mule rides as you  
perils we had to  
never shed a tear  
the world—let alone a girl—that can hold  
candle to you!"

This compliment, nor doubtful in the  
phraseology than in the feeling that prompt  
it, was received with an equal simplicity  
Tina shyly answered in terms equally fatter  
ing to her boy admirer, and the youthful pa  
settled into a blissful feeling of security th  
their futures were provided for.

The glorious sea and the glorious sky ma  
up a scene appropriate to a little idyl like th  
The sloop glided on all the day through th  
summer waters, like some bird seeking to h  
nest. The air was pure and delicious, and  
clear that the blue mountains were seen di  
tinctly to their very summits.

There were plenty of incidents to break th  
monotony. Great snow-white gulls, with the  
long wings outstretched, swooped past the

Woe the watcher sigh for?  
Only her husband's love!

In ponder gilded temple,  
seemingly a street away,  
M. scenes of guilty splendor,  
Night is turned into day.

Does she know, the lonely watcher,  
That the absent one is there?  
Does she feel his fearful danger,  
As she breathes her midnight prayer?

The wine cup's maddening fragrance  
Floats through the lofty room,  
And sin puts on her loveliest form,  
To lure men to their doom.

Gay songs and boisterous laughter  
Are echoed all around,  
And the dice-box, quickly shaken,  
Sends forth a muffled sound.

But hush! a fearful silence,  
Steals through the stately hall!  
He has staked his princely fortune  
On the rolling of a ball!

A score of eyes are watching  
The man's strife for gold,  
But no one breathes a warning word,  
And no one bids him hold.

The lips that once pressed kisses  
On that lonely watcher's brow,  
And whispered words of tenderness  
Are parched and bloodless now.

From eyes that once looked softly  
Shoot out a lurid glare  
As, wild with frenzy,  
He plays the fatal game.

May the fiercest he be pitied him!  
See! he has lost it all!  
And the sharp crash of a pistol  
Rings through the silent hall!

Strong men with iron  
All help is now too late!  
Unshriven, and ungodly  
He has rushed to his fate!

Lonely she sits, still lonely,  
Till the sound of coming feet  
Brings to her eye a bright gleam  
To her heart a quicker beat.

God help thee, wearer  
Houseless and homeless,  
Widowed in heart and home,  
What shall sustain thee?

Mattapoisett.

[For the Standard.]  
**THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.**  
BY E. B. BROWN.

Lonely she sits, how lonely!  
While the night hours glide away,  
And the eastern sky grows ruddy  
With the dawning of the day.

Listening to the endless silence,  
As a fool wastes by;  
Breathing of disappointment,  
In a bitter, bitter sigh.

Thickly across each window  
The costly drapery falls;  
And many a rare old picture  
Gleams from the parlor wall.

Soft carpets give no sound  
To the foot that treads  
That can

**50 PAYS FOR BOARD AND TUITION**  
in Common English per Term of 14  
NEWBURY SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE  
KING, A. M., Principal.  
1869. Send for a circular.

Long years have  
Of the joyful dream  
From his boyhood  
And is now a man  
The shining curls and  
And the plighted troth  
To the sordid man en  
Were the baubles of y  
So now, in that plain  
Away from the orchard  
A faded woman, recount  
Her brow is furrowed; he  
Is silver-threaded, and lin  
Have marked her cheeks; w  
eyes

Tell of her life's great sacri  
She toys with a ring that  
On her withered hand  
And still she adores  
But dread  
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When cold-hearted Po  
And robs me of bliss  
Takes a glass from my  
And robs my dear N  
I envy sometimes  
My very good

But wh  
And count  
My sweet

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mean  
hot and dry,  
Good-bye."

at down in the mine,  
the day-dawn ashine;  
with a flame-shaven

And above it a woman kept watch all the day,  
Looking downward to weep, looking upward to  
pray,  
Till the eyes opened wide, with a strange dying  
stare,  
And the lips whispered low, "Polly, lass, are ye  
there?"  
I'm a-goin' dear Polly, kiss Tommy and Jo.  
I am sorry, poor Polly, I've fretted you so."  
Nay, I was to blame, my darling; 'twas I  
He is going—God help me! Good-bye, lad! good-  
bye!"

Out of the cu  
He turn  
One after  
The  
Unde  
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Our boy! and his father  
He never could let his you  
Two already were lying dead,  
Under the feet of the trampling  
But after the evening work was done  
And the frogs were loud in the  
Over his shoulder he slung  
And stealthily followed  
Across the clover and the  
With resolute heart  
Though cold was the  
And the

you  
before  
forgotten most of the  
English language.  
"Isn't it?" Mine vrow—  
"An' shile!" he said earn  
"They're well, Adolphe."  
"And would thee lik  
"Mine life and shile?"  
"Yea."  
"Oh, when Gott!" he  
"Adolphe. Thee  
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"I was just about to visit  
Warden. "Thee may go alo  
likes."

I joined the good old Q  
shortly in the narrow c  
had been condemned to  
nient, two years of wh  
expired.

He had a little loom in  
here in morning  
leaving, and  
one

to the beaut  
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on her hear  
ness thrilled  
he, and even  
the floral bow  
ushed every  
swan-white tu  
the opal glows,  
of the opening rose!  
on her dewy lips,  
rose eclipsed  
blue eyes beam  
young dream;  
a wheel goes round,  
a humming sound  
lights roll  
ful soul

was he.  
ed him in,  
and wash his feel  
pressing din,  
and meat.



# BY THE COTTON-WOOD TREE

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Then why do I sell it?" you ask me again.  
 "Big cabin an' clearin' an' all!"  
 Well, stranger, I'll tell you, though may be  
 you'll think  
 It an't any reason at all.  
 There's plenty of hardship in pioneer life,  
 A hard-workin' stint at the best;  
 But I'd stick to it yet, if it wasn't for this,  
 A heart like a log in my breast.  
 I see, over there by the cotton-wood tree,  
 A climbin' rose, close by a mound,  
 Inside of a fence made of rough cedar boughs—  
 Prairie wolves an't too good to come round—  
 Well, Hetty, my darling old woman, lies there;  
 Not very old either, you see;  
 She wa'n't more'n twenty the year we come  
 West;  
 She'd a been—comin' grass—thirty-three.  
 What a round little face an' a cheek like a peach  
 She had, little Hetty, be sure!  
 What courage to take me—she knew all the  
 while  
 I was friendless and terrible poor!  
 How she worked with a will at our first little  
 hut.  
 In the field and among garden stuff,  
 Till her forehead was burned, and her poor little  
 hand,  
 Through its hardships, got rugged and rough.  
 But many a time, when I come in the door  
 Quite sudden, I've found her just there,  
 A eyelids all red an' her face to the east—  
 I see, all her own folks was there.  
 I cared her, an' told her we'd go by and by,  
 When the cleavin' and plowin' was through;  
 An' then came the baby—he wa'n't very strong,  
 S' that Hetty had plenty to do.  
 But after a while she got gloomy again;  
 She would hide in the corn field to cry.  
 We hadn't no meetin' to speak of, you see,  
 No woman to talk to was nigh.  
 An' she wanted to show little Joe to the folks;  
 She was hungry, I s'pose, for the sight  
 Of faces she'd seen all the days of her life.  
 That was nateral, stranger, an' right.  
 But just when she thought to go over the Plains  
 The devil of Sioux was about;  
 So poor Hetty waited a harvest or two,  
 Through the summer of locusts and drought.  
 That left us poor people. The next coming  
 spring  
 Such a wearisome fever came round;  
 An', stranger—hold on till I tell you—the  
 now.  
 It laid little Joe in the ground.  
 I know'd then I'd got to send Hetty off East,  
 If I cared about keepin' her here;  
 She pined to a shadder, an' moped by his grave,  
 Though her eyes brighter grew, and more  
 clear.  
 If you'd seen her poor face, when I told her I'd  
 go  
 And take her home visitin'! Well,  
 I'll never forget how she put cut her hands  
 Into mine, an', far joy, cried a spell.  
 She didn't feel strong though, that week or the  
 next,  
 An' the cough an' the fever increased;  
 While softly she whispered—she couldn't speak  
 loud—  
 "You'll take me by'm-by to the East?"  
 She never got East; any further than that,  
 (And a hand pointed off to the mound,)  
 But I'm goin' to take her and Joe, when I go,  
 To her father's old buryin'-ground.  
 This, stranger, 's the reason I'm willin' to sell;  
 You can buy at a bargain, you see;  
 It's mighty good land fur a settler to own,  
 But it looks like a graveyard to me.

## SCATTERED ROSES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

'Tis a pretty German story,  
 Fresh as falling mountain dews;  
 Told us, merely as an item,  
 In the page of foreign news.  
 Gretchen, with her banded tresses  
 Braided close like ropes of gold,  
 Comely skirt, and snowy kerchief,  
 Blossomed from the bodice fold.  
 Walks beside the cart of flowers,  
 Dreamy, sad, and full of thought;  
 Thinking all the while of Gottlieb,  
 Not of business, as she ought.  
 "Franz," the rough old dog who loved him  
 Harnessed in the shafts to draw,  
 Turning round to look at Gretchen,  
 A tearful little visage saw.  
 Bright upon the bridal finger  
 Shone the unaccustomed ring;  
 Scarcely worn ere, called to  
 Gottlieb left her sorrowing.  
 Now the bitter fight is over,  
 Soldier bands with flag and  
 Come marching home. But  
 pers:  
 "Alas! still Gottlieb da  
 "What care I for German  
 One I love is lost to me  
 In the trench, a ghastly  
 Of his pallid face I  
 "Ah, when strangers  
 Calling it meantir  
 Do they guess the  
 Is the while a  
 "Slowly, Franz!  
 Why that cry  
 Down, I say,  
 Art wicked,  
 Far and wide  
 There is a c  
 A dusty soldier  
 While bugles  
 And passing b  
 Grim, weary  
 As, touching  
 "The litt

# A LEGEND IN ALSACE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

now'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens  
 That the dear ones die?  
 God walks daily in His garden  
 While the sun shines high:  
 In that garden there are roses  
 Beautiful and bright,  
 And He gazes round delighted  
 With the lovely sight:  
 marks on  
 in the re  
 All pause  
 leaf tend  
 Come to my side, love, come, for I died, love,  
 In the valley below, your steps to pursue;  
 Come with a smile, pet, come, and beguile, pet,  
 A heart that's grown sad in its search after you.  
 Come, take the gray, love, of life away, love,  
 Or mix it with gold, with the sun of your smile;  
 Come, for a life, pet, that has been rife, pet,  
 With sorrow now waits for your love to beguile.  
 I struggled and fell, love—nay, why should I tell,  
 How I loved to  
 Soon, I  
 When  
 Go to  
 Where  
 He

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY NATHAN D. UERNER.

There it stands, as it stood in the olden day  
 On the top of the windy hill,  
 But the paint is worn from the quaint  
 peaked tower,  
 And its old sweet voice is still.  
 The giant sails, which used to seem  
 The wings of a mighty bird,  
 Are now but shrivelled skeletons,  
 That for years have never stirred.  
 But I still recall the bright old days  
 When the sails flew merrily round,  
 And the little village beneath the hill  
 Was filled with the pleasant sound;  
 And the miller, white from top to toe,  
 Bustling about his mill;  
 And pretty Janette, his charming niece—  
 The wild-flower gem of the hill.  
 Wild roses clambered the steeper crags,  
 And blossoms large and small  
 Starred the sod with a hundred hues,  
 But Janette was fairest of all:  
 Pretty Janette, of the dancing eyes,  
 And pure, bright oval face!  
 Saucy Janette, of the springing foot,  
 And the form of fairy grace!  
 But the vision darkens; for here I find  
 The miller's weed-grown grave,  
 Just in the shade of the ruined mill,  
 Where the tall sails used to wave.  
 And darker, darker memory grows  
 Of  
 In  
 I  
 he too, the pretty Janette,  
 saucy Janette of old,  
 Has passed away, as an ingrate should,  
 In a land unloved and cold.  
 Alas! as I turn from the windmill sere,  
 With a saddened heart and mind,  
 The sails, like the bones of a skeleton,  
 Rattle and shake in the wind.

## ATCHING AND WAITING.

In a leafy forest glade  
 Stands a blooming rustic maid;  
 On her cheeks and throat of snow  
 Rosy blushes come and go.  
 ere  
 watches, waits and lies  
 the  
 ystal tear-d  
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## THE POKE.

By the oak  
 a shed  
 shall lose  
 whoo been  
 distard in  
 to bear  
 on the truth  
 the go ideas  
 he sets up his squ  
 If I am, can I  
 dactyls are galloping  
 he chooses to yelp it  
 In a hexameter whine.  
 I don't, then the music were sweeter  
 Did he a little his wall,  
 Did he mine in a regular metre,  
 And up and down in the scale.  
 He's a little fellow? I think so;  
 Very stly to me, I admit.  
 Good gracious! what makes the boy wink so?  
 Shakin' up! he'll be off in a fit.  
 A baby's self once? why, rather,  
 And quailed just like him, I suppose;  
 But th' you must know that my father  
 Was only addicted to prose.  
 I tell you I can't stand the squalling;  
 I'd rather hear catarracts roar,  
 A den street fish venders bawling,  
 A and-organ ground at the door.  
 Tak' him off. Don't you see that I'm busy,  
 A darling, my precious, my rib?  
 Angel is sleeping? Ah! is he?  
 I'll carry him off to his crib.  
 And now I'll sit down to my poem—  
 They say that it's out of my line;  
 Let 'em say, but I'll show 'em  
 A work that is almost divine.  
 "Let the Mussulman boast of his houries,  
 The saint purge his errors with pain;  
 But for us the calm quiet—Oh, furries!  
 That baby is at it again!"

Ship Martha 143 lbs of Calicoes 23 83  
 31 45

How dear to me  
And sunbeams melt  
For then sweet dreams of other days  
And memory break  
And, as I watch the west,  
Along the smooth wave  
I long to tread that golden path of rays  
And think 'twould lead to some bright  
rest.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

Poor Miriam looked up  
From her knees on the floor.  
The children are starving, Bess,  
Chide me no more.  
There's no flour in the barrel,  
No meal in the bin;  
*I must pray till He hears me*  
*No matter for sin."*

"Poor, fruitless endeavor!  
 Sad wasting of breath!  
 There is nothing to hope for  
 Nothing but death!  
 For the skies are as brass,  
 God will not hear,  
 High up on his throne, M  
 Sinners d. at 11.

"But the ch  
Dying fo  
And they a  
Jesus h  
Let them d  
If I touc  
Of His gr  
will a

Hark!  
Of  
her beautiful head drooped lower,  
And her red lips trembled apart,  
Her soft eyes did not forbid me  
To fold her close to my heart.

Fraught with sorrow and joy,  
 Since the night when she sat knitting  
 That silver and crimson toy;  
 And the silk of the web has faded,  
 The beads grown tarnished and gray,  
 And all of its shining beauty  
 Utterly vanished away.

But still she is knitting, knitting,  
With every womanly grace,  
The magical web whose beauty  
Nothing can ever efface;  
And never a tint can vanish,  
Never a pearl depart,  
From the beautiful, beautiful love-net  
That fastens her close to my heart.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
You with the hair that is chestnut-brown  
Why do I turn to you, Annie Grey,  
Whenever my heart is drooping down?  
Eyes I have met as bright as yours,  
Soft hands as small and forehead as white,  
Yet you alone, good Annie Grey,  
Live in my fancy both day and night.

Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
You with a cheek that is almost pail  
Why do I trust in you, Annie Grey,  
And only you when my prospects fail?  
Words as sweet as yours I have heard,  
And lips as red as yours have been prest;  
Smiles as bright as yours have been known  
To kindle love's flame within the breast.

Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
Why do I love you ever the same?  
List, and I'll tell you, good Annie Grey,  
Why on my lips is ever your name:  
You have a heart that is always true,  
And you have a smile for all each day,  
Faithful you ever have been to me,  
And that's why I love you, Annie Grey.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Father of Life, I turn to Thee!  
I have no future; and the past,  
A looming darkness, vague and vast,  
Blots out the sunny days to be  
Between me and Eternity!

Sometimes my leaguered soul cries out,  
Is there no refuge anywhere?  
The warring legions of Despair,  
Led by the fiends of Fear and Doubt,  
Have hedged my weary path about.

Lost in the crooked ways that wind  
By lurking pitfalls, day by day,  
While hope and courage ebb away,  
I, wandering in the dark, and blind,  
Grove for the clew I may not find:

thread of Thy celestial light,  
Some pitying Angel, fleeing far,  
Wailed over earth, and star by star  
Through all the labyrinth of Night,  
Upward to the heavenly height!

I make my heavy moan ;  
 The subtle cord is snapt and lost—  
 The way of light by darkness crossed ;  
 They pass by Death's dim gates alone  
 Who see Thy face before the Throne !

(A GERMAN LEGEND.)

BY JOHN G. SAFF

A man who long had tried in vain  
The doctor's skill to ease the pain  
That racked his limbs, with his grief  
Scarce suffered him to cry aloud,—  
Though much inclining to despair,  
Gave ear to all who spoke him fair,  
And told of means that might insure  
The end he sought—relief or cure.

To proffer help, an ancient dame,  
 Who, having heard with solemn face  
 The nature of the patient's case,  
 Advised him thus: "At early light,  
 While yet the grass is damp with night,  
 Go, sit upon a good man's grave,  
 And in the dews upon it lave  
 Your aching limbs: repeat it thrice;  
 My word, thy illness will be cured."

Next morning at the dawn of day  
The cripple takes his weary way  
Unto the churchyard: where, upon  
A monument of polished stone,  
He read with joy: "Here lies a man  
Whose living virtues far outran  
All words of praise—a model he  
Of Justice, Goodness, Charity."

Enough! the patient takes his seat  
And in the moisture bathes his feet  
And aching joints; but, sooth to say,  
It did not drive his gout away,  
Though thrice repeated; nay, he swore  
The pain was greater than before.

What not? Near by, a hillock lies  
Of grass-grown earth; and so he tries  
The dame's prescription once again;  
And lo!—swift flies the patient's pain;  
He drops his staff, and—strange to tell!  
His gout is gone—the man is well!  
With grateful heart and beaming face,  
He turns the sleeper's name to trace;  
But not a slab is there alone,  
With not a word upon the stone!

## BY CALEB DUNN

I have a little gem I prize;  
I always wear it near my heart;  
Its smiling face, its gentle eyes  
Are more than love preserved by art.

Long years ago, one autumn eve,  
We walked beside the slumbrous stream;  
The moonlight o'er its breast did weave  
A glory like a heavenly dream.

And she was rich and I was poor,  
But both were proud in wealth of love,  
And in our troth we felt secure,  
And willing mutual faith to prove.

And there she placed within my grasp  
This little locket which I prize;  
Her own sweet face within its clasp,  
Her smiling face and gentle eyes.

The bright stream sang a pleasant tune,  
The dry leaves whispered overhead ;  
But sweeter than their sweet commune  
Were the fond words of love she said.

The years have made my hair as white  
As down upon the proud swan's breast,  
Since on that rare autumnal night  
Love's full confession made me blest;

And when the snow falls softly down  
I look upon this treasured prize,  
And think of one who wears a crown  
And waits my coming in the skies.

BY LU BILLINGS SPALDING

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
And knocked as none had knocked before;  
Strange and weirdly chill and white,  
All in the wild, black, heavy night.  
He gathered the bud that hid my thorn—  
The one bright flower of my life forlorn.

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
And called as none had called before.  
His voice was sweet and wildly free—  
He called my one white lamb from me.  
It went from the warmth of my heart's own fold  
I wept, for my life had grown so cold.

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
And sang as none had sung before.  
He charmed my one fond dove away,  
That cooed to my sad life day by day.  
In the gloom of my night I moaned—ah me!  
Its music had grown so dear to me!

A beautiful messenger stood at my door,  
And plead as none had plead before;  
He won my wayward heart from earth,  
To trust in His pure, holy worth  
I know my bud, my lamb, my dove,  
Are all awaiting me above.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Those pleading eyes, so full of love,  
So full of tender pain!  
That one dear face, when shall I look  
Upon its like again?  
I wander through the restless throng,  
I go from place to place;  
I see the gay and beautiful—  
All but that one dear face!

Those features, graven on my heart,  
Are not of classic mould ;  
That patient smile, so dear to me,  
To others might seem cold.  
The tresses that my mother twined  
With so much care and grace,  
Are silvered here and there, but yet  
They frame that one dear face !

Oh, mother dear, oh, mother kind!  
Still thinking of thy child,  
Though far away in distant lands,  
Or on the ocean wild!  
This chastened memory will cling,  
In spite of time or place,  
And bring up pictures to the mind  
Of that, that one dear face!

# BY THE COTTON-WOOD TREE

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Then why do I sell it?" you ask me  
 "Big cabin an' clearin' an' all!"  
 Well, stranger, I tell you, though  
 you'll think  
 If an' any reason at all.  
 There's plenty of hardship in pioneer  
 A hard-workin' stint at the best;  
 But I'd stick to it yet, if it wasn't for  
 heart like a log in my breast.  
 I see, over there by the cotton-wood  
 A climbin' rose, close by a mound,  
 Inside of a fence made of rough cedar,  
 Prairie wolves an' too good to come  
 Well, Hetty, my darling old woman, lies  
 Not very old either, you see:  
 She wa'n't more'n twenty the year we  
 West;  
 She'd a been—comin' grass—thirty-three.  
 What a round little face an' a cheek like a peach!  
 She had, little Hetty, be sure!  
 What courage to take me—she knew all th  
 while  
 I was friendless and terrible poor!  
 How she worked with a will at our first little  
 hut,  
 In the field and among garden stuff,  
 Till her forehead was burned, and her poor little  
 hand,  
 Through its hardships, got rugged and rough.  
 But many a time, when I come in the door  
 Quite sudden, I've found her just there,  
 Eyes all red an' her face to the east—  
 I see, all her own folks was there.  
 I cared her, an' told her we'd go by and by,  
 An' when came the baby—he wa'n't very strong;  
 S' that Hetty had plenty to do.  
 But after a while she got gloomy again;  
 She would hide in the corn field to cry.  
 We hadn't no meetin' to speak of, you see,  
 No woman to talk to was nigh.  
 An' she wanted to show little Joe to the folks;  
 She was hungry, I s'pose, for the sight  
 Of faces she'd seen all the days of her life.  
 That was nateral, stranger, an' right.  
 But just when she thought to go over the Plains  
 The day was slouy was about;  
 So poor Hetty waited a harvest or two,  
 Through the summer of locusts and drought.  
 That left us poor people. The next coming  
 spring  
 Such a wearisome fever came round;  
 An', stranger—hold on till I tell you—ther  
 now,  
 It laid little Joe in the ground.  
 I know'd then I'd got to send Hetty off East,  
 If I cared about keepin' her here;  
 She pined to a shadder, an' moped by his grave,  
 Though her eyes brighter grew, and more  
 clear.  
 If you'd seen her poor face, when I told her I'd  
 go  
 And take her home visitin'! Well,  
 I'll never forget how she put out her hands  
 Into mine, an', fur joy, cried a spell.  
 She didn't feel strong though, that week or the  
 next,  
 An' the cough an' the fever increased;  
 While softly she whispered—she couldn't speak  
 loud—  
 "You'll take me by'n-by to the East?"  
 She never got East; any further than that,  
 (And a hand pointed off to the mound,)   
 But I'm goin' to take her and Joe, when I go,  
 To her father's old buryin'-ground.  
 This, stranger, 's the reason I'm willin' to sell;  
 You can buy at a bargain, you see;  
 It's mighty good land fur a settler to own,  
 But it looks like a graveyard to me.

## SCATTERED ROSES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Tis a pretty German story,  
 Fresh as falling mountain dews;  
 Told us, merely as an item,  
 In the page of foreign news.  
 Gretchen, with her banded tresses  
 Braided close like ropes of gold,  
 Comely skirt, and snowy kerchief,  
 Blossomed from the bodice fold,  
 Walks beside the cart of flowers,  
 Dreamy, sad, and full of thought;  
 Thinking all the while of Gottlieb,  
 Not of business, as she ought.  
 "Franz," the rough old dog who loved him,  
 Harnessed in the shafts to draw,  
 Turning round to look at Gretchen,  
 A tearful little visage saw.  
 Bright upon the bridal finger  
 Shone the unaccustomed ring;  
 Scarcely worn ere, called to battle,  
 Gottlieb left her sorrowing.  
 Now the bitter fight is over;  
 Soldier bands with flag and drum  
 Come marching home. But Gretchen whis-  
 pers:  
 "Alas! still Gottlieb does not come.  
 "What care I for German glory?  
 One I love is lost to me;  
 In the trench, a ghastly vision  
 Of his pallid face I see.  
 "Ah, when strangers buy a posy,  
 Calling it meant for me too dear,  
 Do they guess the rose's dew-drop  
 Is the while a woman's tear?  
 "Slowly, Franz! Why bound so wildly?  
 Why that cry so loud and glad?  
 Down, I say. Alas! my flowers!  
 Art wicked, Franz, or growing mad?"  
 Far and wide the scattered blossoms;  
 There is a cry, a dog's low whine;  
 A dusty soldier, clasping Gretchen,  
 While bugles blow "Watch on the Rhine."  
 And passing bands go by them softly;  
 Grim, weary eyes grow moist and glad,  
 As, touching sleeves, the soldiers whisper:  
 "The little one has found her lad."

## OUR NELLIE'S GRAVE.

BY MAY HAMILTON.

Sunbeams linger here awhile  
 On this little grassy mound,  
 For 'tis here our Nellie lies,  
 Sleeping in the cold, damp ground.  
 In sweet June we laid her here,  
 When the roses were in bloom,  
 And the earth was glad and bright,  
 But our hearts were filled with gloom.  
 Gone, the sunshine of our home,  
 Hushed the sound of little feet,  
 And the voice that to my ear,  
 Always seemed like music sweet.  
 How we miss the little face  
 Crowned with wealth of golden hair,  
 And soft eyes of Heaven's blue,  
 And a smile so sweet and rare.  
 Could we wish our darling back?  
 In—she's safe with Jesus now;  
 With the angels there,  
 Where she'll never sorrow know,  
 How soon we'll go to her,  
 Our work on earth is o'er;  
 But her in that world  
 sad parting is no more.

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY NATHAN D. URNE.

There it stands, as it stood in time,  
 On the top of the windy hill,  
 But the paint is worn from the qu  
 peaked tower,  
 And its old sweet voice is still.  
 The giant sails, which used to seem  
 The wings of a mighty bird,  
 Are now but shrivelled skeletons,  
 That for years have never stirred.  
 But I still recall the bright old days  
 When the sails flew merrily round,  
 And the little village beneath the hill  
 Was filled with the pleasant sound;  
 And the miller, white from top to toe,  
 Bustling about his mill;  
 And pretty Janette, his charming niece—  
 The wild-flower gem of the hill.  
 Wild roses clambered the steeper crags,  
 And blossoms large and small  
 Starred the sod with a hundred hues,  
 But Janette was fairest of all:  
 Pretty Janette, of the dancing eyes,  
 And pure, bright oval face!  
 Saucy Janette, of the springing foot,  
 And the form of fairy grace!  
 But the vision darkens; for here I find  
 The miller's weed-grown grave,  
 Just in the shade of the ruined mill,  
 Where the tall sails used to wave,  
 And darker, darker memory grows  
 Of the grating girl, whose part,  
 For an ill-starred love,  
 Old and trusting heart,  
 He too, the pretty Janette,  
 saucy Janette of old,  
 Has passed away, as an ingrate should,  
 In a land unloved and cold.  
 Alas! as I turn from the windmill sere,  
 With a saddened heart and mind,  
 The sails, like the bones of a skeleton,  
 Rattle and shake in the wind.

## ATCHING AND WAITING.

In a leafy forest glade  
 Lends a blooming rustic maid;  
 Her cheeks and throat of rose  
 Day blushes come and go.  
 She watches, waits and glances  
 Till a daisy-dew-droplet glisters  
 On the brown  
 When a chipmunk comes  
 In for a sw  
 Evening d  
 But her love  
 In a cot besid  
 With her infan  
 Sits a mother  
 Waiting for  
 She has laid  
 And the mome  
 But he com  
 Foaming br  
 All along the stormy shore.  
 In a prison grim and gray,  
 Pining for the light of day,  
 Kneels a convict, old and lone,  
 On the time-worn pavement stone.  
 He for home and love is sighing,  
 Day by day, while hope is dying  
 In his weary breast.  
 Prison slumbers are not blest;  
 Prison slumbers are not rest.  
 In the church-yard on the hill,  
 Where the dreamers lie so still,  
 Bends a widow o'er the bed  
 Where her loved one have laid their heads;  
 She her silent watch is keeping  
 By the spot where they are sleeping,  
 While from out the air  
 Angel forms with features fair  
 Shower blessings on her there.  
 Alas! must watch, and all must wait—  
 Watching early, waiting late—  
 While our earthly course we run,  
 Till pur earthly ills are done.  
 He who suffered all before us—  
 He who ever watches o'er us—  
 Bids us raise our eyes,  
 Trim our lamps as virgins wis  
 Think of peace beyond the skies.

H. W. D.

[For the Standard.]

## The Spinster's Lament.

BY DAME DURDEN.

The marriage bells are pealing forth  
 A chorus wild and free;  
 But though others hail their welcome sound,  
 They bring no joy to me.  
 How can I hat their music,  
 And still be glad and gay,  
 When they n-her in the morning,  
 Of my rival's wedding day?  
 It seems so strange that a man of sense  
 As I thought the Squire to be,  
 Should choose that artful Lucy Lane,  
 In preference to me,  
 I always wore my brightest smile,  
 In hopes his heart to win,  
 For I had often heard it said  
 That the Squire had got the tin.  
 Ah me! I spent full fifty cents  
 For hair-oil and cologne,  
 Which might have gone for something else,  
 If I had only known.  
 But Lucy Lane with arts and airs,  
 Quite threw me in the shade;  
 The little minx! but just eighteen—  
 A saucy, froward maid!  
 Alas! the times have sadly changed,  
 Since I was in my teens;  
 Then I was sure to have a beau,  
 And join the gayest scenes.  
 But now I'm forced to stay at home,  
 And Lucy's triumph see;  
 But I guess the Squire has got his match—  
 He'll wish he'd taken me,  
 Mattapoisett.

the beer with  
 e his fond bosom  
 eared. "Less, will v  
 Clare r. dresstly  
 shaw over her white wrap  
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 the end of the hall, and she swiftly des  
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 trance which opened on the law  
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 thing whispered that she had  
 arrival of her mother.  
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 face of bountiful harvests, to stand  
 spir  
 ove "There's no such word as FAIL!"  
 IV.  
 upward and onward! Be true in the  
 strife,  
 To virtue and manliness clinging,  
 And plenty and peace shall attend you through  
 life.  
 And rest labor its own reward bringing!  
 To rescuers and ten, your guerdon shall  
 While  
 Your hearts their troubles bewail—  
 Who have the few, the successful, to see,  
 FAIL! "There's no such word as

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 is at it again!

Ship Martha 1480s

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# "FATHER'S CHIMNEY."

BY MRS. C. M. STOWE.

Moving with the speed of lightning,  
Comes the iron horse and car;  
Earnest hearts at home are waiting,  
For the loved ones from afar.  
Every car is heavily laden  
With brave soldiers from the strife;  
Each one coming back to gladden  
Mother, sister, babe or wife.  
One pale boy with golden ringlets  
Falling o'er his brow of snow,  
Makes his way amid the soldiers,  
While his heart beats quick and low—  
"Comrades!"—and his blue eyes lighteth  
As a meteor in the night—  
Don't you see that low-roofed cottage?  
"Father's chimney" just in sight!"  
Men there were of noble daring;  
Who were not afraid to die,  
Who would fain have hid the tear drops  
Trembling then in either eye,  
"Father's chimney!" with what feeling  
Every heart beat to the tone,  
While the blue-eyed youth stood gazing  
With a joy not all his own.

Now the cars are stopping, stopping,  
And beside the depot door  
Is an aged mother standing.

mother, and had spent a great deal of money for medicine and doctors, but grew worse rather than better. I had swelled and ulcerated glands in my neck and on my limbs; sometimes an itching and burning tetter on my hands and arms, and sometimes on my face and my hair. I could cure it, or dry it up, in one place, and then it would break out in another. The doctors said, if I did cure it on the outside, it would only strike in, and turn to consumption; so I despaired of being better. One day I was at the College, and you told me to take old Dr. RUSH'S SAR-SAPARILLA AND IRON. I had always used his PILLS, and liked them, and so I determined to do as you said. In two months I to youth made, and was very nearly cured. Three months more I took, and I was so when you went to N. country's banner, and I was so the glands again stand, and I was cured as I bottle, and I was cured as I were sick.

Good luck

I suppose she  
And the wife  
But she ought  
And look, when I  
May be she is thin  
Who was trying to  
Well, let her—well  
the lane,  
So she won't thin  
pain.

"Jo, look for your father  
And the dinner is ready  
I wonder what keeps him  
door.  
Waiting, Polly sat, counting her  
With a twinge of remorse for her petulant  
As she thought how her Stephen had patiently  
stood  
For an answer which came not. Hark! bells  
ringing loud!  
At the mines over yonder a hurrying crowd!  
"Stop, neighbors, and tell me; speak quick! Are  
ye deaf?  
What's amiss over yonder?" "There's fire in  
the shaft,  
And the miners are down." Her face, white  
stone,  
Was tearless at first; then a  
Came whimpering out from the  
"And I wouldn't say nothin'—nothin'—"

A man strong and ruddy  
With his fair Saxon hair  
A poor blackened thing  
head,  
Tender hands, errands, plainly set  
As rises down in black and white;  
sensible proceeding—quite;  
But—as it happens—not a friend  
(With one exception) thought to send  
The ready money, and to say,  
"See, here's the cash you'll have to pay."  
The man embarks; sees Paris, Rome  
And other cities; then comes home  
Well pleased with much that met his eye;  
But having, somehow, failed to buy  
A single thing for any friend,  
except the one who thought to send  
The wherewithal. Well, need I say  
That soon his neighbors came to pay  
Their greetings at his safe return,  
And charming health; and (also) learn  
About their little errands—what  
For each the traveller had got?  
"By Jove!" he said, "it makes me sad  
To think what wretched luck I had!  
For as at sea I sat one day  
Arranging in a proper way  
The papers you so kindly sent,  
A gale arose, and off they went  
Into the ocean! nor could I  
Remember ought you bade me buy!"  
"But," grumbled one, "if that were so,  
How comes it, sir, you managed to know  
What this man's errands was? for he  
Has got what he desired, we see!"  
"Faith! so he has—beyond a doubt!  
And this is how it came about:  
His memorandum I used to hold  
A certain sum of solid gold;  
And thus the paper by its weight  
Escaped the others' windy fate!"

# KNITTING.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I sat in the shade of the ingle,  
She sat a little apart,  
Where the firelight flooded her tresses,  
As her beauty flooded her heart.  
My eyes were fastened upon her,  
But hers were drooping adown,  
On some womanly toy she was knitting,  
With beads of silver and brown.

Knitting, knitting, knitting,  
With a glitter of silver thread,  
As over the crimson mesh  
The point of her needle sped.  
Knitting, knitting, knitting,  
A web that she did not guess,  
Over the heart whose secret  
I longed yet feared to confess.

Ring out from the shadow,  
The old clock counted the hour;  
It was time to go, yet the going  
Seemed utterly out of my power;  
And, drawing a little nearer,  
I laid my hand on her chair  
Just where the purple velvet  
Cushioned her golden hair.

I saw the pearly white fingers  
Tremble under the red  
Of the beads that glided faster  
Over the silken thread;  
And the rose on her cheek grew deeper  
Flushing it more and more,  
And all in a moment the knitting  
Glided down to the floor.

And over its tangled meshes  
The fire flickered and shone,  
As I breathed in her ear the secret  
Which erst had been mine alone;  
And her beautiful head drooped lower,  
And her red lips trembled apart,  
And her soft eyes did not forbid me  
To fold her close to my heart.

Oh! many a year has faded,  
Fraught with sorrow and joy,  
Since the night when she sat knitting  
That silver and crimson toy;  
And the silk of the web has faded,  
The beads grown tarnished and gray,  
And all of its shining beauty  
Utterly vanished away.

But still she is knitting, knitting,  
With every womanly grace,  
The magical web whose beauty  
Nothing can ever efface;  
And never a tint can vanish,  
Never a pearl depart,  
From the beautiful, beautiful love-net  
That fastens her close to my heart.

# GOOD ANNIE GREY.

BY CALDER DUNN.

Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
You with the hair that is chestnut-brown  
Why do I turn to you, Annie Grey,  
Whenever my heart is drooping down?  
Eyes I have met as bright as yours,  
Soft hands as small and forehead as white,  
Yet you alone, good Annie Grey,  
Live in my fancy both day and night.  
Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
You with a cheek that is almost pain their  
leg, which I trust in you, Annie Grey,  
And only you when a prospect fails them  
his neck, words as sweet as yours I have heard,  
And lips as red as yours have been prest;  
Smiles as bright as yours have been known  
his body.  
To kindle love's flame within the breast.

Why do I love you, Annie Grey,  
Why do I love you ever the same?  
List, and I'll tell you, good Annie Grey,  
Why on my lips is ever your name:  
You have a heart that is always true,  
And you have a smile for all each day,  
Faithful you ever have been to me,  
And that's why I love you, Annie Grey.

# OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Father of Life, I turn to Thee!  
I have no future; and the past.  
A looming darkness, vague and vast,  
Blots out the sunny days to be  
Between me and Eternity!

Sometimes my languid sobs cry out,  
Is there no refuge anywhere?  
The warring legions of Despair,  
Led by the fiends of Fear and Doubt,  
Have hedged my weary path about.

Lost in the crooked ways that wind  
By lurking pitfalls, day by day,  
While hope and courage ebb away,  
I, wandering in the dark, and blind,  
Grove for the clew I may not find:

A thread of Thy celestial light,  
Some pitying Angel, feeling far,  
Trailed over earth, and star by star  
Through all the labyrinth of Night,  
Wound upward to the heavenly height!

Vainly I make my heavy moan:  
The subtle cord is snapt and lost—  
The way of light by darkness crossed;  
They pass by Death's dim gates alone,  
Who see Thy face before the Throne!

# HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when day dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning  
west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of  
rest.

# THE TWO GRAVES.

(A GERMAN LEGEND.)

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

A man who long had tried in vain  
The doctor's skill to ease the pain  
That racked his limbs, and in his soul  
Scarcely suffered him to crawl about—  
Though much he had done to dispel  
Gave ear to all who spoke him fair,  
And told of means that might insure  
The end he sought—relief or cure.

Among a crowd of such, there came,  
To proffer help, an ancient dame,  
Who, having heard with solemn face  
The nature of the patient's case,  
Advised him thus: "At early light,  
While yet the grass is damp with night,  
Go, sit upon a good man's grave,  
And in the dew upon it laye

Your aching limbs; repeat it thrice;  
My word, 'twill cure you in a trice!"  
Next morning at the dawn of day  
The cripple takes his weary way  
Unto the churchyard; where, upon  
A monument of polished stone,  
He read with joy: "Here lies a man  
Whose living virtues far outran  
All words of praise—a model he  
Of Justice, Goodness, Charity!"

Enough! the patient takes his seat  
And in the moisture bathes his feet  
And aching joints; but, sooth to say,  
It did not drive his gout away,  
Though thrice repeated; nay, he swore  
The pain was greater than before!

What next? Near by, a hillock lies  
Of grass-grown earth; and so he tries  
The dame's prescription once again;  
And lo!—swift flies the patient's pain!  
He drops his staff, and—strange to tell—  
His gout is gone—the man is well!  
With grateful heart and beaming face,  
He turns the sleeper's name to trace;  
But not—a slab is there alone,  
With not a word upon the stone!

# THE KEEPSAKE.

BY CALDER DUNN.

I have a little gem I prize,  
I always wear it near my heart;  
Its smiling face, its gentle eyes  
Are more than love preserved by art.

Long years ago, one autumn eve,  
We walked beside the lambent stream;  
The moonlight o'er its breast did weave  
A glory like a heavenly dream.

And she was rich and I was poor,  
But both were proud in wealth of love,  
And in our troth we felt secure,  
And willing mutual faith to prove.

And there she placed within my grasp  
This little locket which I prize,  
For own sweet face within its clasp,  
Her smiling face and gentle eyes.

The bright stream sang a pleasant tune,  
The dry leaves whispered overhead;  
But sweeter than their sweet commune  
Were the fond words of love she said.

The years have made my hair as white  
As dawn upon the proud swan's breast,  
Since on that rare autumnal night  
Love's full confession made me blest;

And when the snow falls softly down  
I look upon this treasured prize,  
And think of one who wears a crown,  
And waits my coming in the skies.

# THE MESSENGER.

BY LU BILLINGS SPALDING.

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
A knocked as none had knocked before;  
Strange and weirdly chill and white,  
All in the wild, black, heavy night.  
He gathered the bud that hid my thorn—  
The one bright flower of my life forlorn.

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
And called as none had called before.  
His voice was sweet and wildly free—  
He called my one white lamb from me.  
It went from the warmth of my heart's own fold  
I wept, for my life had grown so cold.

A haggard messenger stood at my door,  
And sang as none had sung before.  
He charmed my one fond dove away,  
That cooed to my sad life day by day.  
In the gloom of my night I moaned—ah me!  
Its music had grown so dear to me!

A beautiful messenger stood at my door,  
And plead as none had plead before;  
He won my wayward heart from earth,  
To trust in His pure, holy worth.  
I know my bud, my lamb, my dove,  
Are all awaiting me above.

# THAT ONE DEAR FACE!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Those pleading eyes, so full of love,  
So full of tender pain!  
That one dear face, when shall I look  
Upon its like again?  
I wander through the restless throng,  
I go from place to place;  
I see the gay and beautiful—  
All but that one dear face!

Those features, graven on my heart,  
Are not of classic mould;  
That patient smile, so dear to me,  
To others might seem cold.  
The tresses that my mother twined  
With so much care and grace,  
Are silvered here and there, but yet  
They frame that one dear face!

Oh, mother dear, oh, mother kind!  
Still thinking of thy child,  
Though far away in distant lands,  
Or on the ocean wild!  
This chastened memory will cling,  
In spite of time or place,  
And bring up pictures to the mind  
Of that, that one dear face!



# "Two Years in Heaven."

BY CELIA.

Two years ago, a tiny thing,  
A helpless frame,  
To cherish mother's yearning heart,  
From heaven came.  
Two years ago, a little form  
Arrayed in white,  
Was on thy loving bosom borne  
A burden light.

When Autumn lay in swaddling-clothes,  
Of yellow dress,  
"Ouch!" with the Year's amen  
Went to its rest.  
Old Winter drew his first white sheet,  
Her grave appeared,  
Shed as the symbol of her name  
"Mary," a tear.

No languid love she spoke,  
While with us here,  
Yet thy maternal heart could feel  
A joy sincere.  
The sweetest sound beside her prayer  
In lisping love,  
The name once in the manger known,  
And known above.

Might on thy listening ear have fell;  
But angels know  
Its budding hopes and beauty rare,  
They took her too;  
They knew the speech so fettered here,  
Would all be given,  
That she would hymn her virgin notes—  
Her song in heaven.  
"Mother!" she learned the name to speak,  
And, unfeigned,  
Eternity will unto thee  
Give back thy child.

## GIDEON.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

With his pack on his back, and his yard-stick in  
staff,  
And a nervous look-out for all possible buyers,  
With burrs on his clothes caught in crossing the  
fields,  
And rents and a rip made in passing through  
briers,  
With dust on his shoes from the road that he  
strode  
From the dawn of the day till the sun sunk in  
crimson,  
With a look that spoke weariness, hunger and  
thirst,  
Trudged onward the peddler, old Gideon Sim-  
son.  
For years more than thirty he travelled this  
way—  
The sun rays they tanned him, the rain drops  
they sprinkled—  
And under the load of his pack and his years,  
His hair had grown white, and his face become  
wrinkled.  
While rival on rival gave way in disgust,  
Declaring our trade would not pay for the  
labor,  
Old Gideon went round every month of the  
year,  
As welcome as ever, from neighbor to neigh-  
bor.

How Gideon could thrive was a mystery quite  
To puzzle the wits of the craftiest scholar.  
For he never took profit on goods that he sold,  
For a hundred cents giving what cost him a  
dollar.

Yet somehow this profitless trade that he drove,  
Was not to his fortune at all detrimental.  
Since a friend who should know said that Gideon  
in town  
Owned a tenement-house with a very large  
rental.

And what was the secret of Gideon's success,  
That his cents grew to dimes, and his dimes  
into dollars?

Why was it in bondage our women he led,  
Inclosing their necks in the closest of collars?  
Each customer felt that she dealt with a rogue,  
Yet dealt to the best of her resource's ability—  
And why? He had mastered the key to success,  
Much flattery, mingled with cunning civility.

That hooked nose of his might forbid you to buy,  
The craft that peered out from his eyes might  
alarm you;  
But the sweet, simple smile that was wreathed  
round his lips  
And that soft, wooing tongue were quite  
certain to charm you.

He handled coarse woollens and talked till the  
stuff  
A texture like velvet the dazed eyes begat in;  
And a sixpenny print in his fingers was made,  
To the poor girl who had needed a fabric like  
satin.

Old Gideon is dead, and the comes in his stead  
A peddler who honestly deals, and we know it;  
We grumble, and when we can't help it, we buy;  
But we don't like the dealer, and don't spare to  
show it.

He may give us the worth of the money we  
spend,  
May throw in an inch on the yard in his meas-  
ure,  
But where is the flattery Gideon bestowed,  
The smiles and the falsehood that gave us such  
pleasure?

## "Sour Grapes."

Do you think, if I'd a baby,  
That I'd let him pull my hair?  
Do you think I'd put on collars  
Just for him to soil and tear?  
Do you think I'd call it pretty  
When he hit his little toe?  
Yet I've known some silly mothers  
With their babies do just so.

Do you think I'd set him crying  
Just to see his cunning frown?  
Do you think I'd set him walking  
Just to see him tumble down?  
Would I call my baby pretty  
When he'd neither teeth nor hair?  
Yet I know some silly mothers  
Think their babies wondrous fair.

## HIDE-AND-SEEK.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

It was behind a bush or a shady hedge,  
Or under a soft hay-mow,  
Or snugly away in the wood's dark edge—  
It was anywhere, any how.  
That we merrily played at hide-and-seek,  
Near the farm-house gray and old,  
Bell and I, in the years gone by—  
In childhood's days of gold.  
Bright were the eyes that peeped down,  
And the places to guess—down a  
And loving the young,  
In our innocent, soft  
And sweet was the love we lighted to,  
As children often speak,  
When we wandered back to the farm-house old,  
Weighed of hide-and-seek.

I met her again but yesterday—  
A rich man's stately bride;  
We smiled and talked in a formal way—  
Her husband by her side.  
But whenever I strove, by the subtlest art,  
To know if her life was sweet—  
If content was hers, and happiness—  
My glance she dared not meet.

Or she foiled me with a witty speech,  
Or a merry interchange,  
With a smile whose meaning I could not read;  
Or a laugh that was gay, but strange;  
No little hint of the heart beneath,  
Whatever her lips might say,  
Till we seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek,  
Just as we used to play.

I turned away in a little while,  
And left them side by side,  
He basking in her golden smile,  
Proud of his brilliant bride.  
But I sighed to think of the vengeance I bear  
Which the years upon us wreak,  
When smiles and jests are but shining masks,  
And hearts play hide-and-seek.

## Baby Willie's Mother.

BY MABEL WILLIS.

Annie May is very fair—  
So is Baby Willie;  
Annie May has wavy hair,  
Forehead white as Lily.  
She is beautiful and sweet,  
Petite as the other;  
Who would think that Annie was  
Baby Willie's mother!

Walter May is stern and cold,  
Not a bit like Annie,  
And I sometimes think that  
Might be less uncanny!  
Not but he is kind to me—  
Kind as any brother;  
But I do not think he loves  
Baby Willie's mother!

Annie May is just eighteen—  
He is nearly forty;  
Annie is a winsome child—  
He is grim and haughty.  
Walter May I do not like;  
But I know another,  
Who I vainly hoped would  
Babe Willie's mother!

He is very far away,  
Trying to forget her;  
So he sadly wrote to me,  
In his last, brief letter.  
Walter May, you little know  
That there is another,  
Envious you the village pet—  
Baby Willie's mother!

[From the Medley of 22d September, 1797.]

## The Tooth Ache.

A man there was who fortune's blessings quaffed,  
And sure had known no reason to complain,  
Had not his nature, at a view of the draught,  
His poor teeth too sensible of pain.

Sometimes it would the forehead's grandeur take,  
Swelling his cheeks to a majestic size;  
And oft it would assume a meaner make,  
And like a broken cup up both his eyes.

In short, in every shape the tooth-ache owns,  
He luckless felt and knew it well all towns,  
And midst a useless burst of exclamation,  
Had tried all recipes that art or could man.

Had stewed his chops in vinegar and oil,  
With mustard blistered them, the pains to check,  
And when provoked by too severe a twinger,  
Had ate red hot wild turnips by the peck.

Galen had called, and Esculapius too,  
To try their mental and their manual forces;  
But naught availed which they could say or do,  
They broke the teeth and left the sufferer worse.  
At length and pain was then was left the cure,  
Whose motions, though but slow, are always sure.

One day this man, entirely free from pain,  
Rambled on horseback over a neighboring hill,  
Fancied a hard, in accents wild and shrill,  
The voice of anguish flung across the plain.

He thought he guessed the cause—with eager haste  
He spurred his courser to a gallop's speed;  
And as o'er fence and wall the sound he chased,  
Soon gained the house from which it did proceed.

There as he stopped a woman he espied,  
Whose wallings added to the general clatter;  
So springing from his horse he breathless cried,  
"Lai! help us—say, good woman, what's the mat-  
ter?"

"My son," she screamed, "by a most cruel fall  
Has broke his legs—no comfort can the youth take!"  
"Pooh," said the man, remounting, "is that all?  
I really thought the fellow had the tooth ache."

## BUSINESS CARDS

## PORT THE HELM! PORT!—STEADY.

BY WILLIAM W. B. FOSTER.

'Tis a night of storm and rain,  
On the whistling wind and rain,  
Rush the fierce-plumed billows  
To the great winds' call;  
What though sailers, there that vessel!  
What though in herself so grand,  
Held now as a little plaything  
In the tempest's strong black hand?  
Hark! "An iceberg on the starboard!"  
Far up on the mast they cry—  
Hark! "An iceberg on the starboard!"  
From it is the dread reply,  
"Port the helm! port!—steady, steady!"  
It is done; and so all night  
Pitches that ship on the ocean,  
Icebergs bearing down on high,  
On the heaved deck strides the Captain,  
But a steady heave he keeps;  
Night is ended, and the vessel  
Calmly laughs at all the deeps,  
North sea, tempest, icebergs, vessel,  
In the darkness and the strife  
Make but one stupendous picture  
Of the battling Human Life.  
Icebergs always near its evils;  
Terribly mountain billows roll:  
"Port the helm!"—Thank God 'tis morning—  
Safely rests the Human Soul!

## THE BIRTHDAY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Another darling baby,  
A household pet and joy,  
A smiling, dimpled treasure,  
A precious baby boy!

With love we greet the stranger,  
Our hearts with his are true;  
And joy and love and bliss  
Are ours, beyond all doubt.

So helpless and so true,  
Our tender floweret,  
We muse, "Is this more real  
Than other pleasant dreams?"

"Or shall we wake, some morning,  
To find a rifted nest,  
And weeping, feel that bird  
Is thus more truly blest?"

Father, we crave the blessing  
For this dear little one;  
We pray for grace to help us  
Persevere the life begun.

With Victor's shining halo  
Enrings his fair brow,  
And sets him up to manhood,  
Spotless and pure as now.

What gift we cherish;  
We thank Thee for our son;  
Thine here, or thine in Heaven,  
We'll say, "Thy will be done!"

## VESPERS.

A row of little faces by the bed—  
A row of little hands on the spread—  
A row of little roguish eyes closed—  
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their prayer,  
Teaching their feet to tread their heavenly way,  
And take this last childhood's tiny tide,  
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,  
And angels hover o'er the group serene;  
Tend of orders in a censer swung,  
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,  
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads;  
Till slumber steals away their pale fears,  
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,  
They're waked to the skies in dreams of night;  
And hear a will sparkle in their eyes at morn,  
And stolen grace all their ways adorn.

## IF YOU WILL.

BY CALED DUNN.

If you will, I will strive to be  
Your true and honest devotee,  
Following bravely to the right,  
Fighting wrong and scoring sin,  
You will reach the golden light  
Of success, and trophies win—  
If you will!

If you will relieve distress  
With the balm of blessedness,  
Lifting some heart-weary soul  
From the darkness of despair,  
You will reach that precious goal  
Where true men their triumphs bear—  
If you will!

If you will, to those who stray  
From the straight and narrow way,  
Breathe sweet words of hope and love,  
Take them kindly by the hand,  
Telling them to look above,  
You will with the noble stand—  
If you will!

If you will with those forbear,  
Who from sorrow or from care  
See no star in all the sky,  
And with blessed words of light  
Drive their sad tears from the eye,  
You will win a treasure bright—  
If you will!

If you will but stand the test  
Of earth's sin, and shield your breast  
With an armor made of truth;  
If you live all evil down,  
You will reach that realm, forsooth,  
Where the good shall wear a crown—  
If you will!

## AFTER THE BATTLE

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;  
There's a hush in the valley—a halt on the hill;  
And banners of standards swerve back with a thrill  
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;  
For a great field is reaped; Heaven's granary to fill,  
And store—Death holds the harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—  
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?  
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,  
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,  
As they wait that last trump which they may not delay;  
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,  
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,  
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,  
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;  
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,  
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;  
The vain pomp of the peace time are all swept away  
In the terrible face of the dead battle-day;  
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;  
Only robes that lay where thickest the fray—  
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe  
Like a storm-wave's retreating, spent, fitful and slow,  
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go  
By yon red glowing river whose waters  
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow  
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they  
came,  
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,  
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,  
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;  
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,  
Never march with the feat and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn  
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn;  
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was born  
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;  
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seems  
born,  
As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast;  
And the heroes of battle are slumbering fast.  
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast  
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave,  
Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where it passes  
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

## AND LOT.

"Maid! Are they talkin' of me?  
For I'm nigh forty three,  
hundred, I s'pose, to the girls,  
th and these little gray curls.  
I hear it. It's true,  
I git kinder blue;  
an' I, an' quiltin's, an' teas;  
sick crecturs to watch if they

kin' how lonesome I am.  
Motherless children, be sure; and  
Sam.,  
if good brothers; but sometimes  
live on without me. Old cat, I con-

olish streak in my heart—don't you  
made up, after poutin' a spell,  
What a bright eye he had!  
square shoulders, the great lov-

ld cat, as you look in the fire—  
was favorin' Abner the Squire,  
at all. Ah! well, let it go;  
he old maid—I run if I think of it so.  
girls' lovers hang over the gate,  
ceps sayin'. Them fellers stays

se to help them. I know,  
ten, now such minutes go.  
ellin' Sam. says he is gray  
eard of him over the way—  
w him, he wouldn't know me.  
t is it? Why, what can it be?  
le; a man's writin' too.  
I're blushin', an' an't read it

widower comin', I know,  
I never let Aunt Rutie go;  
"No, never," he'll kill hi-  
leve that I have the right  
urdy to-day in the town,  
I o' queer—Why, where has

said you and, I s'pose,  
ess, all about the cat's  
the cat's  
s to-day;  
truth,  
n Lot and

## ELAWA

JAS DUNN  
cloud, cast  
the rain

And flowing forever  
I swallow the brooks that desc  
I widen from tribute of fount  
Who to join me come out from  
they creep,  
And the cloven ravines whe  
leap,  
While together we dash again  
Or in eddies and whirlpools  
Mine are the button-woods n  
In whose hollows the bears  
le:  
And mine are the reed and the flag, and the lily,  
And mine are the aster and golden-rod droop-  
ing  
And stooping o'er water so placid and stillly,  
Yet flowing forever.

Through the hills and beneath the green arches  
that grow  
My limbs interlacing from gray trunks below,  
d, hurry and struggle and foam and complain,  
I get to the kiss of the sunlight again.  
When I rest in dark pools in an emerald sleep,  
I'll I gather the force and the strength for a leap,  
In a torrent of crystal and beryl and snow  
From the green edge above to the white foam  
below.  
Then over the rocks in my pathway I run,  
Hissing and roaring and leaping and dashing,  
And flashing a myriad of gems to the sun,  
And flowing forever.

Down through the hills and through valleys that  
glow  
With the sun from above and the green from  
below,  
On by the cities that lie at my side,  
Growing deeper and wider, I glide,  
Past where the Schuylkill pays tribute to me,  
Till I reach in my journey the fathomless sea.  
There where the ships from the North and the  
South,  
And the East and the West, with their keels vex  
my mouth,  
I mingle my waters with those of the main,  
Bury my flood in the flood of the ocean,  
Whose motion repels me again and again,  
Yet flowing forever.

## THE SETTING OF THE FORESAIL

BY T. W. BANCROFT.

My true lover's schooner lies far adown the bay,  
And she is a going to put to sea to-day.  
I've been a long time watching her mainsail in  
the sun,  
And its idle flapping tells me that her voyage is  
not begun.  
A strong breeze now is rising that's to bear my  
love from me,  
But the setting of the foresail is all that I can  
see.

Together all last evening, how happy then were  
we,  
With his brawny arm around me; not a word  
about the sea  
Did we utter to each other, but the cruel thought  
would come,  
That the self-same hours to-morrow night would  
bear him far from home.  
Now I strain my eyes to catch his form a leaning  
on the lee,  
But the setting of the foresail is all that I can  
see.

And we seemed to live with craft a sailing up and  
down the bay,  
Lying at the wharves below  
As a proud full-rigger, with streamers  
all flocked,  
Manned by jolly tars, whom many eager  
hearts expect;  
But my thoughts are on that schooner, now hull  
down on the sea,  
And the setting of the foresail, that bore my  
love from me.

But now the day is dying, and I see the harbor  
light  
Now winding into darkness, and now coming  
out so bright,  
And each time in its turning it seems to bring a  
ray  
From the glances of my true love, gazing at it  
far away.  
My heart is full of sorrow, but the saddest  
thought to me  
Is the setting of the foresail, that bore my love  
to sea.

At my window still I'm waiting, and my head is  
wet with dew,  
My eyes are red with weeping, as I peer the  
darkness through  
To catch another parting glimpse, but all of no  
use.  
Since my true lover's schooner's been many  
hours a-sail.  
Forgive me, O my Father! if e'en on my bened  
knee,  
The setting of the foresail draws my praying  
soul from Thee.

## WINTER SONG OF THE SOUL

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We miss the sweet music of fountains;  
We miss the glad Song of the Breeze  
That breathed from the far away mountains  
Upon the green harps of the trees.  
Yes, Winter, we miss the sweet glowing  
Of Summer's Queen over the land;  
Ah, why hast thou fettered the flowing  
Of brooks by thy terrible hand?

But short is the time of the chaining;  
But short is the chill on the earth;  
And then, not a dark veil remaining,  
Will new flowers start into birth.  
So Winter to us is replying:  
Then let for a time tempests roll:  
Some season in matter's for dying,  
But no one was made for the Soul.

## THE BEGGA

BY H.

An aged man with  
Too ill his own  
Seeking some  
And make his  
Rough were  
But the pure

He had no  
He had not  
Spoken by  
Despised  
Alas, too  
To help

Thou  
Shone  
They  
The  
House  
But

ary of the mar  
and up the steep  
ain would see  
here sea

illing on  
ishable meat:  
ain would re  
y glorious mercy

Mavel-worn and  
briars and  
meas. O for  
aven's unclouded ray

My  
Impiety, and  
God, within Thy w  
All—al  
ed again w  
new birth

My  
SL  
Wh  
r Savio  
son!  
hour's feet were v  
nd hand were weary  
th

in

DESIGN.  
BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE  
The Unity made in the  
By all Nations

...and O Sky, how, in every sign,  
how man the Great Father's love-pillared  
design!

KIDDER.

GIVEN, NOT HIRED

Nay, these are gifts one cannot buy,  
Nor pay in market gold;  
One debt uncanceled evermore,  
When cycles shall have rolled.  
So, lifting up a thankful heart  
To God, who gives, I cry:  
"Thou knowest, Lord, I cannot pay  
For all these things; not I."

BY CALEB DUNN.

Now we are wed, and in our hearts  
Love's flowers ripe have grown;  
No longer in the path of fate  
We walk apart, alone;  
The tie that makes our two hearts one  
Can never severed be;  
One common hope is ours, one joy,  
One common destiny.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

place so dear to me,  
Face of all the earth,  
Ad or on the sea,  
My sweet home and humble hearth.  
I envy not the rich and great  
Who live in ease in palace halls,  
Where tables glow with golden plate,  
And royal guests repeat their calls.  
No costly rugs bedeck my floor,  
No gold glows on my mantel shelf:  
When Kate's at home, I nothing more  
Desire, save to be home myself.  
My children gathered at my side,  
With ques low quick and ready laugh,  
Kindle a father's honest pride,  
And give tollie his sunny half.  
I'd rather sit in my old chair,  
And see the coals glow in the grate,  
And chat with one I think is fair,  
Than sit upon a throne of state;  
Or there are thorns in every crown  
By monarchs worn—they are but dust—  
The higher up, the further down  
They fall at last, they fall they must.  
The hands upon the dial plate  
Go round and round too fast for me;  
I could bribe old Time to wait,  
How long the golden hours would be!  
The wail of wind and whitening snow  
By contrast make it cheerful here;  
I can find no music when they blow—  
The sun is my song my happy cheer.  
Not a flicking house fly in hall or cot—  
The cradle here, the sacred ark  
A mother's love has never forgot;  
And though the shadows chill and dark  
Fall from the north and the shroud,  
We saw through theirs new hopes upspring,  
A finger living to the cloud,"  
And in the cloud an angel's wing.

SON B... No. 7... owlir

NEW YORK, CORK,

in Monroa Dr at  
 East side at 26  
 West side at 28  
 in Myrick Dr  
 under East side at 12  
 in West side at 25

Nantucket November 16. 1821

Nov 16

Samuel Smith to mending linsps

Mathew Myrick

To pair linsps 50<sup>th</sup>

To Back Band 2

2

George Nickson

To making shore shoe

William Jenkins

To 2 pair small hinges at 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

To 8 Brads

12

X 20 William Slant 1/2 of Rod at 50

50

X Oliver C Gardner longy hammer

15

Sethaniel Atwood

120-15 of old saddle iron at 5-75 6 54

0-12 1/2 of common flat iron at 5-25 1 52

William Slant

0-1-0-3/4 square at 5-75 1 44

0-0-18 3/4 of spike Rod at 6 1 12

0-1-7 1/4 flat iron at 5-25 1 64

Samuel B Folger 1/2 of Rod at 50

50

Charles Barney 1/2 lb of iron at 18

18

Samuel Jones shoe horn 1 13

1

John B Nicholson 1 pair of bare eyes 42

42

Large stone frame 31th 5 10

5

Davenport and Edward 1 pair of hinges 6 1/4-1 04

04

Samuel Atwood 1-1-12 of stable at 7 7 83

7 83

Davenport & Edward 1 pair of hinges 5 84

84

22 John B Nicholson 1 pair of bare eyes 84

84

2 over Brads 6 1/2 that 81

81

37 43

Nov  
2<sup>nd</sup> Nathaniel Atwood 0<sup>2</sup> 2 = 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of iron at 2 65  
17 lbs of iron at 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 1 08

X Matthew Myrick (Bring in Lamer) --- 25

X Nathaniel Atwood  
0<sup>2</sup> 2 = 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inch square iron at 2 99

X Ship John Jay

16 Reef 20 common thimbles 7 33

X Benjamin Burman 1 crane 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs --- 1 42

X Thomas Foster 1 ing horn --- 1

X Davenport & Edward

1 pair of hinges 9<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs 10 (Brod) at 1 68

X Jaree Coffin 12 Buff and thimble --- 67

Therman He

23 Benjamin Knowles

0-3 15<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of 1/2 inch Rod at 1625 5 65

X 0-1 17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> of flat Rod at 16 3

X 0-3 0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lb common flat bar at 12 4

0-7 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Small Rod at 1 25

0-1 0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Small Rod at 1 15

X John B. Nicholson 4 1/2 lbs 2 1/2 lbs frame 7 41

X Robert May fitting pump 16

24 John B. Nicholson

frame and Grates for Boiler 25 lbs 4 11

1 Boiler frame no Grates 1 50

X Davenport & Edward 2 4

2 pair of hinges 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs 2 11

X Daniel Wood 1 crane cap 2 11

52 28 5

# "Welcome, Little Stranger."

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR OLD.

Mamma bought a baby,  
"Tis a bitty sing;  
Shake I mos could put him  
From my rubber ring.  
An't he awful nice?  
An't he awful pink?  
Just come down from Heaven,"  
That's a fib, I tink.

Doctor told anezzer  
Great big awful lie;  
Nascent out of joint zen,  
I an't why I cry.  
Mamma stays up bedroom-  
Geeze he makes her sick;  
Frow him in se gutter,  
It's a can, right quick.

Cuddlin him and love him!  
Call him "Blessed sing!"  
Don't care if my kite an't  
Got a bit of string!  
And me off with Biddy,  
Every single day.  
Good-bye, Charley;  
and play."

But to love him!"  
An't he so sweet?  
Sing baby,  
any hair,  
nice a  
very close to  
at home."

# AUCTION SALE

BY GEORGE A. HODGES

Office No. 27 North Water Street

Horse, Oxen, Cows,

On THURSDAY, April 2nd, 2 o'clock, at the residence of Wm. H. Cummings, at Russell's Mills, will be sold, without the least reserve—1 Horse—sound; kind and gentle; 1 pair Oxen—3 years old; 3 new milch Cows; with calves; 1 Cow—comes in in July next; 31 Sheep; 2 Turkeys; 20 Hens, &c.

Stocks.

On SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock, at office, will be sold 20 shares National Bank of Commerce. 20 Mechanics National Bank. \$2000 5-20 Bonds.

Molasses.

On SATURDAY at 11 o'clock, at office, will be sold 10 bbls. Molasses.

Valuable Real Estate Property on Union St.

On SATURDAY, 22d, at 11 o'clock, will be sold on the premises, the lot of land on Union street, Nos. 29 and 31, being about 29 feet on Union street, by about 90 feet deep, together with the building thereon. Sale positive. Ten per cent of the purchase money will be required at the sale.

Pasturage.

On SATURDAY, 22d inst. at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, will be sold the right to Pasture a lot of 8 acres, belonging to the estate of the late Wm. R. Ketch,

# It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl,  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead,  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk,  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the pay,  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,  
And squander pride in show;  
For friends thus won are sure to rue,  
In times of want or woe.  
The noblest worth  
Of all the earth,  
Are gems of heart and brain,  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,  
Or cater to a friend,  
To fawn and whine, much less repine,  
To borrow or to lend.  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each rows his own canoe;  
For feuds and debts  
And pampered pets,  
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health,  
In drudging after gain;  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
A humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For station high,  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn the truth,  
That nothing pays that's wrong,  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right,  
In Heaven's sight,  
Is always sure to bless.

# BABY-HANDS.

BY H. P. ROSE.

Fondly clasped together,  
Round the mother's neck,  
What a pretty picture  
Baby-hands do make!  
But baby-hands don't always  
So innocent appear;  
For often full of mischief  
Baby-fingers are.

For example, see them  
At the supper table,  
Doing all the mischief  
That to do they're able.  
Smash! there lies a tea-cup  
Shattered on the floor;  
Or see the milk from the pitcher  
Prematurely pour.

Twisting now the handle  
Off the rattle-box,  
Or with it giving pusey  
Agonizing knocks;  
Jerking mother's ear-rings,  
Pulling father's hair,  
Or scratching Johnnie's eyes out,  
What a rogulsh pair!

Crack! "there goes the mirror!"  
What won't he next destroy?  
Who gave the child the hair-brush?  
'Tis no baby's toy!  
Goodness! did you ever!  
There the ink-stand goes!  
Just as I expected!  
Now look at your clo's!"

Pulling now the stockings  
Off fat baby-feet,  
And cramming them into baby-mouth—  
O! the little sweet!  
Down the stair-way venturing,  
No danger does he reck;  
"Mercy on me! surely  
He'll break his precious neck!"

Now a perch in the window,  
Patting against the pane,  
For just in sight is father  
Coming up the lane.  
Always making mischief,  
Heeding no commands,  
Till in baby-slumber,  
Bound are baby-hands.  
Albany Transcript.

# LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen months to be fed.  
There were the meals to get for the men in the fields,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;  
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was as wet as wet could be;  
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides  
A loaf of cake for tea;  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbb'd wearily as she said,  
If maidens but knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed!

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eye half bashfully fell;  
"It was this," he said, and, coming near,  
He smiled—and, stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—" 'Twas this: that you were the best  
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife  
In a smiling and absent way  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She'd not sung for many a day,  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light, and the butter was sweet  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,  
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had  
As happy a home as we;"  
The night came down, and the good wife smiled  
To herself as she softly said,  
'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,  
It's not strange that maidens will wed!

# The Little Glass Shoe.

A NORTHERN FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!—what is it I view?"  
John Wilde, the ploughman, cried,  
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe,  
That lay on the mountain side:  
'Some fay has lost it, there's never a doubt,  
And ah! how lucky for me!  
The owner will soon be roaming about,  
To find where his shoe may be.  
'And so,' said John, 'I'll carry it home,  
That's just what I will do,  
And he will pay me a pretty sum,  
Who buys this little glass shoe!'  
And he spread the story far and near,  
For many a mile around,  
That the fairy folk might surely hear,  
Who the little glass shoe had found.  
And soon to John a merchant came,  
Who said he had heard the news;  
And would the ploughman sell the same  
To a dealer in little glass shoes?  
And he offered John a pretty price,  
For the shoe that he had found;  
But John replied it was much too nice,  
To go for a hundred pound;  
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,  
But the ploughman still said, 'Nay;  
The man who buys my shoe,' he swore,  
'Will dearly have to pay.  
There's not so pretty a shoe on earth,  
To cover a lady's toes;  
And then I happen to know its worth,  
Far better than you suppose.  
The shoe is one of wondrous price,  
(That nobody can deny)  
And yet, perchance, there's some device,  
May serve the shoe to buy.  
If you are able to show me how,  
When I am in the field,  
That every furrow I plough,  
A shining daisy I'll carry home,  
Why, then to you,  
Else I will keep  
For an ornament in my parlour,  
To grace my nuptial  
And so it was that  
('Twas he in  
His own glass  
A way to his  
And off went  
As fast as he  
By trial to prove  
If the charm  
And he found  
As he prom-  
For a sh-  
In ev-  
And ag-  
Nor s-  
To plou-  
To ga-  
And so  
pl-  
And sec-  
No wonder  
So fast his  
And still he  
When none-  
Till he le-  
He g-  
And st-  
He p-  
And st-  
The li-  
Until, at  
And  
Down  
As d-  
Thoug-  
Wh-  
H-

WANTED—A Go-  
one girl for gen-  
at No. 522 Kent avenue  
Brooklyn.

WANTED—A MEDICAL  
canvasser for the New York, and  
WEEKLY WITNESS, in Hoboken, N. J.  
apply at this office.

WANTED—Men or El-  
for and deliver the New York Daily  
So fast his  
And still he  
When none-  
Till he le-  
He g-  
And st-  
He p-  
And st-  
The li-  
Until, at  
And  
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WANTED—A Reliab-  
canvasser for subscribers to the Daily  
New York, and deliver the New York Daily  
So fast his  
And still he  
When none-  
Till he le-  
He g-  
And st-  
He p-  
And st-  
The li-  
Until, at  
And  
Down  
As d-  
Thoug-  
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H-

# OH, SUMMER SWEET!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Oh, Summer sweet! Oh, Summer rare!  
She clothes the meadows,  
And checkers with the sunshine fair  
The sombre shadows!  
She makes the robin hush his song  
With seeming sadness,  
When all his little frame is full  
Of tempered gladness.  
She tints the barley and the corn  
With deepest yellows,  
And with the ardor of her fires  
The young fruit mellow.  
She bids Spring's darlings stand aside,  
For prouder posies,  
And places on her floral throne  
The sweet June roses.  
She hushes all the streams and rills  
To softer flowing,  
And transforms into zephyrs faint  
The south winds blowing.  
Oh, Summer sweet! Oh, Summer fair  
With rosy beauty!  
At thy command we cease from care  
And tollsome duty!

# AUCTION SALES.

BY GEORGE A. SOURCE,  
Office No. 27 North Water Street

## House and Lot.

On THURSDAY, May 3th, at 12½ o'clock, on the premises, will be sold 1 two-story and 1 one story House and lot of about 17 rods, Nos. 12 and 14 Wang street, and within a few rods of the Allen street Church.

## 39-64 Bark Mills.

On SATURDAY, May 3th, at 11¼ o'clock, at the office, will be sold 39 64 of good bark Mills, let some burthen, of Mattapoisett, (where she now lies.) She will be sold as the way January 1st, 1865. For particulars apply to J. R. & W. L. Taber, Mattapoisett.

## Molasses.

On SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, will be sold, 10 bbls. Sandwich Islands Molasses.

## Carrriages.

On SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, in front of office, will be sold, 1 Carryall, 1 Buggy, 1 Buggy Wagon, 1 Jobbing Wagon, 1 Patent Washing Machine. All in good order.

## Family Soap.

SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, will be sold, 1 Family Soap.

## THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

BY MRS. E. D. GAGE.

What are we going to do, sweet friends,  
To the year that is to come,  
That fearful deed of death,  
Whose messenger is rum?  
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass,  
As he has passed heretofore,  
Leaving his deadly-poisoned draught  
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, sweet friends?  
Still wait for crime and pain,  
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,  
And soothe the woe again?  
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,  
Still poison the coming child,  
Still break the suffering mother's heart,  
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,  
Still martyr the brave young soul,  
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,  
O'er the whole great nation roll:  
And poverty take the place of wealth,  
And sin and crime and shame  
Drag down to the very depths of hell  
The highest and proudest name!

Is this our mission on earth, sweet friends,  
In the years that are to come?  
If not, let us rouse and do our work  
Against this spirit of rum.  
There is not a soul so poor and weak,  
In all this goodly land,  
But against this evil a word may speak,  
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, sweet friends,  
With a cry for home and hearth,  
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep

Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth.  
And the weak and wavering shall hear,  
And the faint grow brave and strong,  
And the true and good and great and wise  
Join hands to right this wrong.

## A DECLAMATION FOR A SMALL BOY.

Keep still! That's what they always say to us boys. Just as if there never had been any noise in the world until we were born. Haven't old folks all been boys and girls once? Didn't some of them drum on the milk pans, or crack nuts with the flat iron, or slam the doors, or come down stairs sliding-down-hill fashion? Everything that is smart goes off with a bang. This would be a dull world if it were not for the racket the boys make. Noisy boys are not always saucy. Some are; but we don't train in that company. We belong to the 'Boys' Rattle-le-bang Society of Good Manners,' and we invite all our young friends to come and join us.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

## Daily Duty.

Each day its duty brings. The undone task  
Of yesterday cannot be now fulfilled  
Without some current work's displacement. "Time  
And tide will wait for none." Then let us act  
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast  
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;  
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,  
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which  
So interwoven grow that he who shirks  
The latter falls the first. Ye cannot pick  
The dainty and refuse the task. To win  
The smile of him who did his Father's will  
In the great work assigned him, while 'twas day,  
With love self-sacrificing, his high course  
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate;  
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,  
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find  
Us not defaulters in arrears with Time—  
Mourning, like Timus, "I have lost a day!"  
But busily engaged on something which  
Shall cast a blessing on the world; rebound  
With one to our own breast, and tend to give  
To man some benefit, to God some praise.

## OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY M. L. HOFFORD.

All hail! our Country's Flag!  
Long may it proudly wave!  
O'er freedom's homes and freedom's sons,  
The banner of the brave.  
'Twas purchased by our father's blood,  
And hallowed with their prayer;  
Forever may it proudly wave,  
Their sons' peculiar care.

All hail! our Country's Flag!  
So oft with victory blest!  
Long may approving smiles of heaven  
Upon this banner rest;  
May peace beneath its glorious folds,  
Our happy land unite;  
And triumph brighten every star  
When borne aloft in fight.

## Trust.

Should your trusted friend betray you,  
Brother mine,  
Deem not all men false, I pray you,  
Brother mine,  
Ever heed this truth divine,  
That among life's motley crew  
Hearts there are which still are true—  
Hearts to feel for you—for you.

## Wedded Love.

And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong life discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams,  
Without their thorns, of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual suffering lies  
The secret of true living,  
Love scarce is, that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

(John G. Whittier.)

## Life.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

I.  
Life is a rose, brier-burdened, yet sweet,  
Blooming a day;  
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet,  
Wind-blown away!

II.  
Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,  
Kissed by the sun;  
Deeper-hued growing, as joy makes it fair,  
Love's garland won.

III.  
Leaf after leaf shrivels up from the heart,  
Leaving it bare;  
Color and fragrance and joy all depart,  
None left to care.

IV.  
Nay, the divine in it lingers there still,  
God's care in all;  
Rose leaves but drop at the beck of his will,  
Fetters which thrall.

V.  
Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,  
Higher to soar;  
Attar immortal a pure essence flings,  
Sweet, evermore!

—Appleton's Journal.

## April.

April has searched the winter land,  
And found her petted flowers again;  
She kissed them to unfold their leaves.  
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,  
And filled the grass with green content,  
And made the weeds and clover vain.  
Her fairies climb the naked trees,  
And set green cups on every stalk;  
Her primroses peep bashfully  
From borders of the garden walk;  
And in the reddened maple-tops  
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

## WINTER.

Fading are the garden flowers,  
Fruit is gone, and trees are bare;  
Grassy banks are hid in snow,  
Piercing is the morning air.

Many a tender mother now,  
With her helpless infant brood,  
Hover round a scanty fire,  
Weeps to hear them cry for food.

## THE JEWISH TEMPERANCE BOYS.

DANIEL I.

Four captive Jewish boys,  
Whom the king's servant sought,  
Unto the palace gate  
By him were brought.

Skillful, and wise, and fair,  
Each one was fit to stand  
By royal monarch's throne,  
At his right hand.

From the king's table fed,  
And served with sparkling wine,  
He said that these fair lads  
Should brighter shine.

But they the prince besought  
To put the wine away,  
And give them simple food  
And water every day.

And so these temperance boys  
By the great king were proved,  
To show how good it was,  
The drink they loved.

Then when the time was past,  
Before the king they came,  
And none of all the lads  
Had won such fame.

Most comely of them all  
These Jewish boys appeared,  
God gave them grace and skill;  
For him they feared.

The king talked with the lads;  
He found them good and wise,  
And wondered in his thoughts  
At their replies.

The grace of temperance, sweet,  
Dear "little folks" who read,  
To make you fair and strong,  
Is what you need.

The rosy wine may glow  
And sparkle in the glass;  
But put it from your lips,  
Dear lad or lass!

Seek the cold water springs,  
Fed from the clouds of heaven,  
And wisdom, grace, and skill  
To you be given!

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

## A Child's Questions.

Was he ever a baby, mother,  
That reeking and tattered man,  
With dead eyes out of his purple face,  
Looking only as dead eyes can?  
Did a mother's kiss ever fall on  
That frightful and grimacing mouth?  
Did it use to prattle and say sweet things,  
Like a brook in a summer's drouth?  
Did he lift up white hands, praying  
The Lord his soul to keep,  
Who now goes muttering dreadful words  
As he rolls in the ditch to his sleep?

**"Welcome, Little Stranger."**  
BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR-OLD.

Mamma bought a baby,  
"Tillie bitay sing;  
Sinks I mos could put him  
Frou my rubbering.  
An't he awful pink!  
An't he awful pink!  
"Come come down from Heaven,"  
"Let's a fib, I tink."  
Doctah told an'ezzer  
Gyatt big awful lie:  
Nashan't out of joint zen,  
Tis can't why I cry.  
Mamma stings up bedroom—  
Gress he makes her sick;  
Frou him in se gutter,  
"It's can, right quick."  
Cuddah him and love him!  
Call him "Bessie sing!"  
Don't care if my kite an't  
Got a bit of string!  
"D me off with Biddie,  
very simple day,  
good day, Charley;  
and play."

**April**

April has searched the winter land,  
And found her petted flowers again;  
She kissed them to unfold their leaves,  
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,  
And filled the grass with green content,  
And made the weeds and clover vain.  
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Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

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Fruit is gone, and trees are bare;  
Grassy banks are hid in snow,  
Piercing is the morning air.  
Many a tender mother now,  
With her helpless infant brood,  
Hover round a scanty fire,  
Weeps to hear them cry for food.

**Law Notices.**

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of  
**WILLIAM C. HUNTER**,  
Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.  
**LYDIA E. HUNTER**, Administratrix.  
Nantucket, March 7, 1857—law3w.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of  
**TIMOTHY MCCARTHY**,  
Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.  
**ELLEN MCCARTHY**, Administratrix.  
Nantucket, March 7, 1857—law3w.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of  
**SAMUEL DOW**,  
Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.  
**ALEXANDER DOW**,  
**NOTH M. GARDNER**, Administrators.  
Nantucket, March 7, 1857—law3w.

**Auction Sales.**

BY T. W. RIDDELL.

Administrator's Sale.

on Saturday, April 4, 1857.

**The Little Glass Shoe.**

A NORTHERN FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!—what is it I view?"  
John Wilde, the ploughman, cried,  
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe,  
That lay on the mountain side:  
"Some fay has lost it, there's never a do  
And ah! how lucky for me!  
The owner will soon be roaming about,  
To find where his shoe may be."  
"And so," said John, "I'll carry it home,  
That's just what I will do,  
And he will pay me a pretty sum,  
Who buys this little glass shoe!"  
And he spread the story far and near,  
For many a wife around,  
That the fairy folk might surely hear,  
Who the little glass shoe had found.  
And soon to John a merchant came,  
Who said he had heard the news;  
And would the ploughman sell the same  
To a dealer in little glass shoes?  
And he offered John a pretty price,  
For the shoe that he had found;  
But John replied it was much too nice,  
To go for a hundred pound;  
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,  
But the ploughman still said, "Nay;  
The man who buys my shoe," he swore,  
"Will dearly have to pay."  
There's not so pretty a shoe on earth,  
To cover a lady's toes;  
And then I happen to know its worth,  
Far better than you suppose.  
The shoe is one of wondrous price,  
(That nobody can deny)  
And yet, perchance, there's some device  
May serve the shoe to buy.  
If you are able to show me,  
When I am in the field,  
That every furrow I plough,  
A shining diamond shall be my reward.  
Why, then, to you,  
Else I will keep it  
For an ornament to grace my nose."  
And so it was,  
(Twas he in  
His own glass  
Away to his  
And off went  
As fast as he  
By trial to prove  
If the charm  
And he found  
As he browsed  
For a shilling  
In every  
And again  
Nor so  
To plough  
To go  
And so  
And so  
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**THE JEWISH TEMPERANCE BOYS.**

DANIEL I.

Four captive Jewish boys,  
Whom the king's servant sought,  
Unto the palace gate  
By him were brought.  
Skillful, and wise, and fair,  
Each one was fit to stand  
By royal monarch's throne,  
At his right hand.  
From the king's table fed,  
And served with sparkling wine,  
He said that these fair lads  
Should brighter shine.  
But they the prince besought  
To put the wine away,  
And give them simple food  
And water every day.  
And so these temperance boys  
By the great king were proved,  
To show how good it was,  
The drink they loved.

Then when the time was past,  
Before the king they came,  
And none of all the lads  
Had won such fame.

Most comely of them all  
These Jewish boys appeared,  
God gave them grace and skill;  
For him they feared.

The king talked with the lads;  
He found them good and wise,  
And wondered in his thoughts  
At their replies.

The grace of temperance, sweet,  
Dear "little folks" who read,  
To make you fair and strong,  
Is what you need.

The rosy wine may glow  
And sparkle in the glass;  
But put it from your lips,  
Dear lad or lass!

Seek the cold water springs,  
Fed from the clouds of heaven,  
And wisdom, grace, and skill  
To you be given!

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

**Life.**

BY MARY B. DODGE.

I.  
Life is a rose, brier-burdened, yet sweet,  
Blooming a day;  
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet,  
Wind-blown away!  
II.  
Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,  
Kissed by the sun;  
Deeper-hued growing, as joy makes it fair,  
Love's guerdon won.  
III.  
Leaf after leaf shrivels up from the heart,  
Leaving it bare;  
Color and fragrance and joy all depart,  
None left to care.  
IV.  
Nay, the divine in it lingers there still,  
God's care in all;  
Rose leaves but drop at the beck of his will,  
Fetters which thrall.  
V.  
Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,  
Higher to soar;  
Attar immortal a pure essence flings,  
Sweet, evermore!

—Appleton's Journal.

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## AUCTION SALES.

BY GEORGE A. BOURNE,  
Office No. 27 North Water Street

### House and Lot.

On THURSDAY, May 4th, at 12½ o'clock, on the premises, will be sold 1 two-story and 1 one-story House and lot of about 17 rods, Nos. 12 and 14 Wing street, and within a few rods of the Allen street Church.

### 30-62 Bark Willis.

On SATURDAY, May 4th, at 11¼ o'clock, at office, will be sold 30-62 of good bark Willis, 104 tons burthen, of Mattapoisett, (where she now lies.) She will be sold as per inventory January 1st, 1865. For particulars apply to J. R. & W. L. Taber, Mattapoisett.

### Molasses.

On SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, will be sold, 10 bbls. Sandwich Islands Molasses.

### Carriages.

On SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, in front of office, will be sold, 1 Carryall, 1 Buggy, 1 Buggy Wagon, 1 Jobbing Wagon, 1 Patent Washing Machine. All in good order.

### Family Soap.

SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, will be sold 1 Family Soap.

### Trust.

Should your trusted friend betray you,  
Brother mine,  
Deem not all men false, I pray you,  
Brother mine,  
Ever heed this truth divine,  
That among life's motley crew  
Hearts there are which still are true—  
Hearts to feel for you—for you.

## LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There were the meals to get for the men in the fields,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned  
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was as wet as wet could be;  
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides  
A loaf of cake for tea;  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbbled wearily as she said,  
If maidens but knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed!

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eye half bashfully fell;  
"It was this," he said, and, coming near,  
He smiled—and, stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—"Twas this: that you were the best  
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife  
In a smiling and absent way  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She'd not sung for many a day,  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light, and the butter was sweet  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,  
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had  
As happy a home as we!"  
The night came down, and the good wife smiled  
To herself as she softly said,  
'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,  
It's not strange that maidens will wed!

### Wedded Love.

And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong life discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams,  
Without their thorns, of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sunderance lies  
The secret of true living,  
Love scarce is, that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

John G. Whittier.

### A Child's Questions.

Was he ever a baby, mother,  
That reeking and tattered man,  
With dead eyes out of his purple face,  
Looking only as dead eyes can?  
Did he ever fall on  
That frightful and grimacing mouth?  
Did it use to prattle and say sweet things,  
Like a brook in a summer's drouth?  
Did he lift up white hands, praying  
The Lord his soul to keep,  
Who now goes muttering dreadful words  
As he rolls in the ditch to his sleep?

### Daily Duty.

Each day its duty brings. The undone task  
Of yesterday cannot be now fulfilled  
Without some current work's displacement. "Time  
And tide will wait for none." Then let us act  
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast  
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;  
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,  
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which  
So interwoven grow that he who shirks  
The latter fails the first. Ye cannot pick  
The dainty and refuse the task. To win  
The smile of Him who did his Father's will  
In the great work assigned him, while 'twas day,  
With love self-sacrificing, his high course  
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate;  
And, knowing that one day may bring forth  
Life so that Death, come when he may, shall find  
No not defaulters in arrears with Time—  
Mourning, like Tithus, "I have lost a day!"—  
But busily engaged on something which  
Shall cast a blessing on the world; rebound  
With one to our own breast, and tend to give  
To man some benefit, to God some praise.

## AUCTION SALES.

BY GEORGE A. BOURNE,  
Office No. 27 North Water Street

### Horse, Oxen, Cows, &c.

On THURSDAY, April 2nd, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Wm. H. Cummings, at Russell's Mills, will be sold, without the least reserve—1 Horse—sound, kind and gentle; 1 pair Oxen—3 years old; 3 new milch Cows; with calves; 1 Cow—comes in in July next; 31 Sheep; 2 Turkeys; 30 Hens, &c.

### Stocks.

On SATURDAY, at 11¼ o'clock, at office, will be sold 20 shares National Bank of Commerce, 20 " Mechanics National Bank, \$2000 5-20 Bonds.

### Molasses.

On SATURDAY at 11¼ o'clock, at office, will be sold 10 bbls. Molasses.

### Valuable Store Property on Union St.

On SATURDAY, 22d, at 11¼ o'clock, will be sold on the premises, the lot of land on Union street, Nos. 29 and 31, being about 29 feet on Union street, by about 80 feet deep, together with the building thereon. Sale positive. Ten per cent of the purchase money will be required at the sale.

### Pasturage.

On SATURDAY, 22d inst. at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, will be sold the right to Pasture a lot of 8 acres, belonging to the estate of the late Wm. R. Kitch,

### A DECLAMATION FOR A SMALL BOY.

Keep still! That's what they always say to us boys. Just as if there never had been any noise in the world until we were born. Haven't old folks all been boys and girls once? Didn't some of them drum on the milk pans, or crack nuts with the flat iron, or slam the doors, or come down stairs sliding-down-hill fashion? Everything that is smart goes off with a bang. This would be a dull world if it were not for the racket the boys make. Noisy boys are not always saucy. Some are; but we don't train in that company. We belong to the 'Boys' Rattle-bang Society of Good Manners,' and we invite all our young friends to come and join us.—Young Folks' Rural.

### THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

BY MRS. E. D. GAGE.

What are we going to do, sweet friends,  
For the year that is to come,  
That fearful fiend of death,  
Whose messenger is rum?  
Still we fold our hands and bid him pass,  
As he has passed heretofore,  
Leaving his deadly-poisoned draught  
At every unbarred door!

What are we going to do, sweet friends?  
Still wait for crime and pain,  
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,  
And soothe the woe again?  
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,  
Still poison the coming child,  
Still break the suffering mother's heart,  
Still drive the sister wild!

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,  
Still martyr the brave young soul,  
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,  
O'er the whole great nation roll;  
And poverty take the place of wealth,  
And sin and crime and shame  
Drag down to the very depths of hell  
The highest and proudest name!

Is this our mission on earth, sweet friends,  
In the years that are to come?  
If not, let us rouse and do our work  
Against this spirit of rum.  
There is not a soul so poor and weak,  
In all this godly land,  
But against this evil a word may speak,  
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, sweet friends,  
With a cry for home and hearth,  
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep  
Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth,  
And the weak and wavering shall hear  
And the faint grow brave and strong,  
And the true and good and great true  
Join hands to right this wrong.

### OH, SUMMER SWEET!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Oh, Summer sweet! Oh, Summer rare!  
She clothes the meadows,  
And checkers with the sunshine fair  
The sombre shadows!

She makes the robin hush his song  
With seeming sadness,  
When all his little frame is full  
Of tempered gladness.

She tints the barley and the corn  
With deepest yellows,  
And with the ardor of her fires  
The young fruit mellow.

She bids Spring's darlings stand aside,  
For prouder posies,  
And places on her floral throne  
The sweet June roses.

She hushes all the streams and rills  
To softer flowing,  
And transforms into zephyrs faint  
The south winds blowing.

Oh, Summer sweet! Oh, Summer fair  
With rouser beauty!  
At thy command we cease from care  
And toilsome duty!

### It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl,  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead,  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk,  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the pay,  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,  
And squander pride in show;  
For friends thus won are sure to run,  
In times of want or woe.  
The noblest worth  
Of all the earth,  
Are gems of heart and brain,  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,  
Or cater to a friend,  
To fawn and whine, much less repine,  
To borrow or to lend.  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each rows his own canoe;  
For feuds and debts  
And pampered pets,  
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health,  
In drugging after gain;  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
A humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For station high,  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn the truth,  
That nothing pays that's wrong,  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right,  
In Heaven's sight,  
Is always sure to bless.

X Nov 24 - 1821 James Child, lichen - 37

X Harrison Durham 6 staples - 25

X Richard Mitchell, lost iron - 2

Q Matthew Barker 30 1/2 lbs of both iron 1 82

X James Child, lost iron 1 25

X Lame Calder 5 yds of cloth at 40  
Burl of lunnips 2

X Daniel Jones Lark 10

X J. E. S. Sherman  
0 - 1 - 22 lbs of 1/2 inch Rod at 6.25 - 2 86

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Jonathan Parker Shewing hors 1 12

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Charles Barney 1 58

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1 - 1 Rod of iron at 7 2 45

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Sherman 18 lb of iron at 5 1 01

Freeman Sherman 25 lbs of iron at 5 1 37

Pacific Bank 3 Rods 38 rods 1

James Child 1 Gradiron 1 Pirule 1 58

Oliver C Gardner Hopper in hammer 25

Peter Chase Shewing hors 2

Charles Nichols Set of 3 lines 90

39 88

Nov 23	J. Saint	8 yds 1 book for scale	25
X	James Altman	shewing hors	1 42
X	Pacific Bank	6 Saddle & Broad	2
29	Benjamin Raymond	Mending harness	20
X	Davis Gorham	4 Chinese Pirules	33
X	Reuben Butler	Making pump check	75
X		9 Buffs	25
X	Job Coleman	5 lbs of Rod at 7 <sup>th</sup>	35
X		0 - 1 - 10 of flat Sueded iron at 7 <sup>th</sup>	97
X	Paul Macy	Mending Masson Spring	1 50
X		Mending truck fork	50
X	James Child	Making knife & screw driver	25
Dec 3	Benjamin Knowles	4 1/2 lbs of steel 12 <sup>th</sup>	85
X	Freeman Sherman	19 lbs of 5/8 square iron at 1/4	18
X	Uriah Frolger	shewing hors	
X	Friedman Allen	half Charlton of Coates	
X	James Coffin	2 Drivers	
	Richard North	2 Lamps	
X	John B. Nicholson	2 pair of iron	3
X		Stone frame 2 1/4 lbs	3
any full 5	Barnabas Bunker	25 lbs of iron	1 41
X	Reshet Macy	1 pair of vice jaws	1
X		6 Broad	10
X	John B. Nicholson	4 pair of iron	67
X		3 stone frames 6 3/4 lbs	8
X	Sathorn Hingley	Mending cover	5
X	Benjamin	11 lbs of 2 Rods 2 pair Buffs	92
X		33	41 97
X	Boy 2 Comps		26 101

Dec 6: 1821, Oliver C Gardner shewing how 2 25  
X 7 shewing white horse 50

coach. Finding one of the doors open, he climbed up the iron steps, tugging the bag and umbrella after him, to try a short ride by stage—a stand-still ride, of course. He played that he was papa, going to New York; then that the great hole under the seat was a den full of bears; and then he was a bear himself. He crawled into the den. It was a funny place, with nice straw on the floor, and a funny curtain of leather in front. He lay very still in there, and softly growled to make-believe cubs to look out for that terrible hunter, Tommy.

Now, you know that bears are very sleepy fellows, and it is not strange that this little wild animal by and by fell asleep in his little den.

Meantime grandma had looked out of the front door, and not seeing Tommy anywhere, thought he had gone with grandpa to the field; while grandpa himself had forgotten the young bear hunter altogether and had gone to the field alone.

After a while the stage-driver came, harnessed his four horses to the coach and drove away. He stopped at the store to get the mail-bag and take in several passengers. There was a fat woman with a baby, an Irish servant girl, a one-legged little French peddler, and a stiff old gentleman with a gold-headed cane. With this load the yellow stage started for Ryetown, twelve miles away, and Tommy still asleep under the seat.

When he awoke he couldn't tell where he was, and wondered what made his bed rock and bounce about so. Then he heard the people talking right over his head. He peeped under the leather curtain and saw several pairs of shoes. Too frightened to know what he did, he lifted the curtain and gave one desperate spring, thrusting his curly head, all covered with straw, right between the old gentleman's legs.

If a real bear had jumped out, he could not have made more confusion. The old gentleman sprang to his feet, smashing his hat over his eyes by striking against the top of the coach; the Irish girl screamed 'Murder!' and tried to leap out of the window; the fat woman fainted and dropped her baby; the little Frenchman jumped up and down on his one leg till he lost his balance and tumbled over; and poor Tommy clung with both hands to the old gentleman's pantaloons, and screamed with all his might.

I cannot begin to describe what followed, or record the question with which Tommy was assailed, in English, Irish and French, to all of which he could only say that his grandpa owned Dolly and kept bears, and that he was a bear himself when he went to sleep. Of course there was nothing to do but take the little bear to Ryetown, and send him back by Friday's coach. So he cried himself to sleep that night in the Ryetown hotel, and early the next morning was lifted into the yellow stage again. All the way back the driver wondered what he should do with the boy when he got to Pearfield; but there was no need of worrying about that, for everybody in town knew that he was lost, and dozens of people were looking in every direction. You can guess whether anybody was glad when the lit-

ending names --- 16

Swain Drift

Little Chines

24 little ears

#### Sowing His Wild Oats.

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep  
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,  
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head  
Of the sire who watched his first pulse-throb with  
joy,  
And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for her  
boy.

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke  
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love  
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

#### ONE FOREST FIRE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

It's easy to read it. It's just a few words,  
It's a name amongst others—"Burned out  
the fire in the forest"—not much, but you  
see,

When you read, "Simon Podder," that's me.  
I don't want no great shakes of a shanty, I know,  
but I tell you I hated to see the thing go;  
for one kind o' clings to a ruff he has raised,  
and a cabin built out of the trees he has blazed.  
But the old house is nothin'. I soon let it go.  
Tant that that upsets me and worrits me so;  
But it's 'bout little Bennie. You heard of it?  
Aye.

I can't take it patient to onet, though I try.  
Me and Mary had watched ev'ry evenin' by turn,  
Lookin' out fur the wind, and the chance of a  
burn.

Till the smoke settled down to the ground ev'ry-  
whar,

We couldn't see sunset, nor make out a star.  
The Bennie had gathered a heap on the floor,  
his Sunday jacket he never had wore,  
his bow and arrows, his little old spade;  
as all in a bundle so keefullly laid.

He had tied up her notions with care;  
his picturs an' Bibles, an' dead folks'  
air.

He had in with the spoons Mary's grandmother  
give,  
When we bid her good-bye, and come out here  
to live.

By'm bye, on the edge of the clearin' in sight,  
The smoke it got redder, some sparks seemed to  
light;

Then the wind fanned it up, with a roar like the  
sea,

Until Mary and Bennie looked fearful at me.

"We must fight it!" I took off the coat that I  
wore.

Mary picked up her blanket. We turned from  
the door,

Leavin' Benny a waitin'. We told him he must,  
Till we beat out the fire. Well, he whimpered at  
first;

But when I looked back he was wipin' his eyes  
On his old jacket sleeve. Then he looked at the  
skies,

An' I guessed he was sayin' his Sunday-school  
prayer.

As he used to o' nights, kneelin' down by a chair.

Well, we slapped an' we fought at the fire with a  
will,

But the sneakin' red flames in the grass wasn't  
still,

An' kept creepin' along like a snake. By and by  
Mary dropped her burnt shawl with a terrible  
cry:

Fur there, right between the old shanty and me,  
There was winnows of blazes, so we couldn't see  
Cabin, chimbley, or haystack, or little brown  
door—

An' we never did see 'em, to speak of, no more!

You've laid little children, may be, in the dust,  
And you thought then the Master had treated  
you wust;

But you haven't had trouble like Mary an' me—  
You have'n't got always a pictur to see,

Of a poor little shaver, with tears in his eyes,  
Lookin' up kind o' scart to the fire-reddened  
skies.

That is trouble, I take it, fur Mary an' me,  
Wurs trouble than ever you're likely to see.

#### A Mission.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Small as I am, I've a mission below—  
A mission that widens, and grows as I grow.  
'Tis to let alone cider, and brandy, and gin;  
'Tis to keep well away from those potions of  
sin.

'Tis to make myself noble, and manly, and  
true;

'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke and not  
chew

That unhealthy weed that true women detest,  
And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all, what I say unto you,  
Let these things alone if you would be true.

They are foes to all virtue, they lead down to  
shame—

Shun drink and tobacco, and keep your good  
name.

Cold water that comes from the well is my  
drink.

The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I think.  
It never makes drunkards, it never brings  
woe—

I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.  
—Youth's Temperance Banner.

## TOMMY'S ADVENTURE.

Tommy was standing on a cricket, by the west window, flattening his nose against the pane, and making small tracks all over the glass with his tongue, when grandma drove up with Dolly and the red wagon. Dolly was the horse, and she and grandma had come to take Tommy out to the farm, in Pearfield, you know, where his grandparents lived, to stay two whole days. And he wasn't going as a baby with somebody to take care of him, but as a young gentleman, who could look out for himself.

'Nobody ain't goin' wiv me,' said he to Ellen, triumphantly. 'I'm jes goin' all myself, alone, me'n gamma.'

It was the grandest thing that ever was heard of, to go off as his father did, kissing them all good-by, and perhaps seeing his mother cry a little.

If she felt ever so much like crying, she could only cry with laughter when Tommy came down from the garret, covered with cobwebs and dust, and presented himself in the parlor, dragging an old blue umbrella and carpet-bag bigger than himself.

'There, now, my fings are all ready,' said he.

Grandma laughed heartily too; yet she made no objection to the outfit of the young traveller, but stowed the bag and umbrella into the wagon, while Tommy was lifted into the seat, and Dolly's head was turned towards Pearfield.

The journey was not a long one, and only one thing worth mentioning happened on the way. They were passing a great clover field, just at the edge of the pine woods, when Tommy cried out:

'Oh! gamma, gamma, I see a bear, a-sittin' right up on the end of his tail.'

## DIRGE.

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;  
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;  
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under any churches;  
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,  
Where the whippoorwill will mourn, where the oriole perches;

Make his mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the bee will dine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;  
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over;  
Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often  
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;  
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.

Make L. O. 31. ps.  
Where the willow weeps,  
Where the meadow rears,  
And meadow flowers are seen.

"Captain or Colonel" HORNE  
Suit our hymn to the brave  
On thy grave the mighty nation!

Long as the sun is a shining on Wednesday and Saturday  
Shall the goodly pine up GLASGOW,  
Long as the stars do gleam and mails and passen-  
Shall memory come to and forwarded to and from

The officers of the different branches of the Evangelical Alliance have issued their annual programme of topics for the Week of Prayer, extending from January 5, 1873, to the 12th. The following are the subjects selected:

Sunday, Jan. 5.—Sermons. Subject: The foundation, security, and universal extension of the Christian Church.

Monday, 6.—Devout acknowledgment:

## NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,  
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,  
Where smiles have only a fitful play,  
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul!  
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole.  
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,  
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay  
On the altar of incense day by day;  
There are foes to meet, within and without;  
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach  
The simplest form of Christian speech;  
There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,  
From the grimpest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,  
The precious hope of the Church's need;  
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,  
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" There are heights to attain,  
Where Christ is transfigured yet again;  
Where earth will fade in the vision sweet,  
And the soul press on with winged feet.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,  
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."  
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,  
Lest, faint, we cry, "Too much to do!"

## THE LITTLE ROBE OF WHITE.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

In a rose-wood cradle a baby lay;  
Its mother was stitching, stitching away  
On a little robe of white.  
One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep  
Her frolicsome baby fast asleep,  
To finish her work that night.

Teach  
Pray you  
Pray you  
Open the door  
Of such

Open the door  
Point them to  
Send them to  
Some are so  
Some are so  
Open the door for  
Gather them in

4684

Dec 6: 1821, Oliver C Gardner shearing box, 2 25  
X 7 shearing white horse 50

X Paul Macy Mending barns --- 16

X Franklin Swain Drift  
fitting chisel

**Sowing His Wild Oats.**

"So sing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep  
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,  
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head  
Of the sire who watched his first pulse-throb with  
joy,  
And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for her  
boy.

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke  
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love  
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

X Paul Macy 24 little ears

X J & S Sherman

X 1 = 7 1/4 of 1st Succeeded iron --- 75

10 Ship John Jay 1 Large Thimble 50

X William Hard 8 lbs of Steel at 10 --- 80

11 Benjamin S Gardner

X Making crane --- 1

X Ship Hero 1 Dipper --- 2 50

X J & S Sherman 5 3/4 lbs of Blister steel at 20 15  
12 lbs of tub steel at 10 --- 1 20

X Finckman 18 lbs of tub steel at 10 20

Ship John Jay 18 bar room 18

4 Lances 5

1 Dipper 2 50

2 Hammer 2

12 Drives 5

10 Chisels and punches 4 17

2 Shavers 3 50

X 12 Paul Macy 6 Spits & Secures 2 50

57 08

X Hermon Durham Shewing 75

X Oliver C Gardner Bricking Stud 17  
Shewing hors 25

X Frederick Miltet 1 Barst screw fix 50

X Ship Flere 1 Saddle 4

Daniel Barney Jr

X 1-0-06 1/2 Common Sued iron at 4 25 5 56

X 1-0-13 Bottom at 86 25 7 00

X 1-0-09 line iron at 87 50 5 95

X Walter Lane shunred of Brick 75

X 1 Lot of shingles 1

X 1/4 Ship 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1 50

X George Sindham 14

X Drawing Bricks fitting 2 Sheds

X Freeman Sherman 3/4 lb Blister steel at 10 65

X Hermon Durham Mending Shanty 33

X 1/2 best Coffin 1 25

X 1/2 best Coffin 1 25

X Carlwright Shewing hors 84

X 1/2 & Edward 1/2 of finger 1

X 1/2 Stock 1/2 of finger 1

X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

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X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

X 1/2 1/2 of old Spoke 1/2 of Gudgeon 1

Dec 18: 1821 Benjamin Glover

X Shearing tool 2 25

X Barnabas Bunker paid  
0:1:13 lbs of iron at 4:50 2 02 1/2

X Seth Priskury Shapping Dead Eye 0 87 1/2

X Sywanu Coffin fitting Crane 57

X Ship John Kay shearing pin 50

X on bill Ship Peruvian 1 tunc of Snout 50

X 19 John B. Kicherson 20 Brads 30

X Johnathon Bitts 10 lbs of Brass at 6 60

X James Athran fitting waggon 50

X Isaac Coffin 13 Brads 45

X 2 Gudgeons fitting hinges 25

X Franklin Swain shearing tool 2 25

X Walter Lane ironing Saw 37

X Freeman Sherman

X 26 1/2 of Good old Sable at 9 3 75

X Solomon Folger shearing tool 1 25

X 20 J & B Barnett nailing tool 25

X C C Gardner shearing tool 30

X tending hares 30

X Jonathan Parker li

X By 15 9 lbs of old iron at 40:36 10 36

X Isaac Coffin 30 lbs of iron at 10 3

X Charles Nichols & Brads 12

20<sup>Dec</sup> X Jared Coffin Shaving horn 50

X 21 Isaiah Coleman 0-1-22 of ~~S~~ at 6-25 2 88

21 J & S Sherman

X 0-1-0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch flat at 5-50 1 50

X 0-0-20<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of ~~legget~~ flat at 6-15 1 30

X Jared Coffin 2 Western ~~put~~ 25

X Paul May 3 Long Stone Legs 75

X 22 Jared Coffin Baking Bake Little 50

X Joseph C Melcher fitting iron 12

X David Coleman fitting Bucket Bolt 17

X Daniel Barney

X 0-1-17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of ~~3~~ Sound at 86-15 2 79

X J & S Sherman

X 0-2-08 lbs of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch square at 75

X Freeman Sherman

X 3 lbs of steel at 10 30

X 24 Robert C. Hussey 2 lbs tub steel at 10

Bates & Homer ironing Barron at 10

X 2 Rings 2 pintles 30

X 6 Rings 2 pintles 1 80

X Jared Coffin 1 pair of hinges 1

X 10 Broad 14 1 bar 2 styles 125

Shaving horn 1 67

X Isaac Coffin 2 Gudgeons

25 J & S Sherman

X 0-1-5 of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch square at 5-25 3

X 0-1-3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch flat iron at 5-50 80

0-1-3 of ~~1~~ ~~1~~ ~~1~~ at 6-50 22 79

Dec 25 1821 Greenman Sherman

X O = 1 = 7th of 1/3 ~~flat~~ at 25 1 6

X O. C Gardner Sheving hors 2 25  
2 Shaptes in Saddle 17

X26 Benjamin Raymond Sheving hors 2 25

X Jance Coffin Sheving hors 2 25  
+ 100 pins 25

X Elisha Starbuck Sheving hors 2 25

X Isaac Coffin Sheving hors 2 25

X Cha Pitts Sheving hors 2

X Matthew Myrick Sailing line 25

X Sheving hors 2 25

X P & A Coffin  
70 barpoons 52 50  
20 Lances 20  
7 Shades 10 50

X27 J & Bunnell Sheving hors 1 25

X James Norton Sheving hors 1 25

X O C Gardner Sheving hors 1 50

X Franklin Swain. Fitting Lances 25

X Solomon Folger bay book 12

X Josiah Coleman O = 1 = 2 1/4 lbs of 80 D at 6 1/2 71

X Robert Harey 1th of steel at 10 10

X J & S Sherman  
O = 1 = 23 lbs of of flat iron at 5 2 1/2 42

X Matthew Myrick Mending wheel 37  
109 20

Dec 28 Thomas Folger shearing horns --- 1 75

X Samuel Murood 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of iron at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> --- 75

X 29 Tristram Allen 10 lbs of flat iron at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> --- 55

X Benjamin Whippy shearing horns 1 62

X Uriah Folger shearing horns --- 1 37

X George Pinkham 1 Clar 2 staples --- 30

X George Murphey Bill of Goods --- 6 50

on bill William Brooks Repairing shacklebar --- 2

X Seth Clark Jr By 88 feet of plank at 1/2 ct

X 31 Elisha Green shearing horns 1 33

X Benjamin Macdune 5 shearing horns paid 62  
Short pay for horns shearing at other times 23

paid X William Gurrill 6 lbs of steel at 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Paid 60

X Isaiah Nickerson 3 Stone legs and Binds --- 75

X Peter Chase shearing horns 2 25

X Bates & Homer Bracing wheelbarrow 2

1822 Jan 1 Gilbert Swain shearing horns 1 62

X By use of horns to cart wood 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Cord  
\$1:07

X Daniel Jones shearing horns 2 20

X Isaac Thompson shearing horns 1 62

X Jonathan Barker Repairing feet of gate 3

X 2 Robert Macy fitting saw frame 2 50

X Simeon Macy mending shovel 37

X Benjamin Squidner  
Herring 2 Buttons 37

34 95

Jan 2 - 1822 Charles Nichols  
 Setting 2 times nailing 100  
 Steaming box

70  
 1 50

J & S Sherman  
 Dec 10 - 2 - 2 93 of Rod at 6 1/4 flat and square 3 67  
 5 - 1 - 0 lbs of Sued iron at 5 1/2 3 28 81  
 1 - 1 - 15 of Bott iron Sued at 6 1/4 8 71  
 1 - 3 - 01 of old Sable at 5 1/4 10 11  
 3 - 0 - 04 of 1/2 inch square 1 1/2 flat Rod at 6 1/4 18 91  
 0 - 1 - 18 of 3/8 Rod at 17 2 92

Greenman Sherman

2 - 0 - 20 lbs of old Sable iron at 5 3/4 12 55  
 1 - 1 - 06 of Sued flat and square at 5 1/2 23 61  
 0 - 1 - 09 of Bott iron Sued at 6 1/4 2 06  
 1 - 3 - 14 of 1/2 inch square and 1 1/2 flat Rod at 6 1/4 17 84  
 0 - 1 - 09 of 3/8 Rod at 17 2 25

George Swain Jr

1 46

26 1/2 lbs of iron at 5 1/2

Isaac Coffin 23 1/2 lbs of iron Delivered Mar 1822

46

Henry M. Pinkham Steaming box 1822

2 25

Sathaniel Atwood 0 - 2 - 13 of iron at 17 8 25

11 lbs of tub steel

1 10

5 1/2 lbs of of Blister at 20

44

8 lbs of Rod

William Ringley Steaming box

3 7

Benjamin Raymond fitting feet spere

12

William Gurrill 0 - 3 - 23 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 5 1/4 6 06

John Swain

64

Cutting for Shop

37

3 lbs of Spikes

2 pair of Sings 19 lbs 20 Broad

2 58

Cutting 1 do rod

12

83 feet of plank of Seth Clark at 3

2 49

4 lbs of nails from Paul Hays at 19

50

149 80

1822 Jan 4 100 feet of Boards at 1<sup>st</sup>

X Jonathan Pitts Good from Averills 1 05  
1 half Basket of Corn 58  
X 1 Barrell of Flour 7 50

Eliiza Lash Good to Averills 11 12  
Mending Shoes 25

X Bry Lash and Sabour 8 37

X7 Benjamin Glover sitting Lames 12

X Jonathan Parker shearing horns 80

X Franklin Swain 50 Bricks 17

Jared Loffin shearing horns 2 25

1 Middlepeace staple 25

X 6 Buffs and clutches 25

8 Small Staples 33

2 Bed pins 50

4 Ladder irons 2

Repairing truck 80

Elisha Green 3 pair of hinges at 81 3

X 2 pair of hinges at 83 1 66

46 Brads 69

7 bars 14 Staples 87

X Allen Gibbs Little Bale

X James Adams shearing horns 1

X Grisham Allen 10 lbs of O Sable iron 1 04

X Jonathan Coleworth  
sitting crane 20

X Jared Loffin 12 Brads 16

2 Lins pins sitting staple 56

X 2 Lins pins 50

X Robert May shearing stone

41 52

X John Swan 30 Brad 30  
X fitting 3 pair of hinges 50  
3 staples

X John Cartwright shewing hors 87

X Samuel Alwood 9 lbs of Rod at 6 56

X William Short 1 1/2 lbs of 1/2 inch iron at 5 98

Jan 12 John Meader to 38 1/2 lbs of iron 2 33  
Contra

X By 1 Lifty iron 125

X Daniel Barney 3 lbs of steel at 10 30

Paul 15 Jonathan Briggs fitting hinges & Brad 25

X 2 Gudgeons fitting hammer Paid 30

X John Brock Baling 2 little 45

X Samuel B. Folger 12 lbs of Broth iron at 6 75

X Harrison Dunham fitting wedges 50

X Isaac Folger 8 Ruffs & Clinches 32

X James Macy fitting loopers, arc 33

X John B. Nicholson 1 crane yoke 1 50

X 1 set of books 75

X Hoop Delight

X fitting chain and chain plate 13 Brad 75

X 7 James Child fitting drawing knife Paid 10

X William Parker 1 eel Spere 1 25  
fitting arc 33

X Jonathan Pitt 1 Chopping knife X X

X Jedia Coffin fitting band iron 25

X 1 hatchet 42 1 Peace of iron 25 50

X 1 pair of tongs, eedid 50  
By old iron 25 16 02

Jan 18 - 1822	Jared Coffin 2 Drivers	84
X	facing hammer	50
X	William J Flower Mending shovel	18
X	John Meader Lash	2
X	Jonathan Pitts 7 lbs of Beef at 6 <sup>th</sup>	42
	Chopping knife	45
X 22	Henry M Pinkham Setting tire	1
X	Jared Coffin 1 punch	42
X	Benjamin Whiffey	
	Sharpping 3 picks	25
	Daniel Barney	
X	0:3: 20 lbs of Saggot flat at 6 <sup>th</sup>	5 84
X	0:2: 05 <sup>th</sup> lbs common flat suiced at 5 <sup>th</sup>	2 89
	0:1: 25 lbs of 3/8 Rod at suiced at 8:95	3 00
	Mattheu Myrick 1 pair of last hinges	2
	8 Ruffs and Clinches	50
	2 Rings for Excellence	33
	6 Dogs 12 Brad	75
X	2 Linspins 8 Staples 8	1
	4 Ladder iron	2
	36 Brad 1 joints for wheel suider	2 54
X	Daniel Barney 26 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> lbs of Bolt iron 28	
	at 6 <sup>th</sup> 1/4	1 80
X	Job Coleman 4 Spout iron 81	1
X	Daniel Jones nailing tire	17
Paid X	William Starris Making 3 books Paid	11
X 21	Mattheu Myrick forelocks 8 keas	1
X	2 Bedpins	50
X	Sevall Short Mending tongs	25
X 25	George Murphy for Sylest	
X	Mattheu Myrick Springs for suider	42

Jan 26 1822 Jared Coffin <sup>ironing</sup> Cart tungs . 1  
 40 Brads, lip of Brads . 82  
 X 2 Rings & staples . 1 25  
 2 Binding hooks . 25  
 Paid X Johnathan Baker Mending little lower . 25  
 Mending little Bale X . 25

X Prince Gardner ~~lap~~ s  
 Mending soap spade . 30

X Samuel B Folger  
 0 = 12 2 1/2 lbs & 5/8 Rod at \$6 = 25 . 1 71

X John Meader Lark ~~white~~ . 3 95

Jan 30 Jonathan Parker br  
 X 87 73 lbs of iron at 4<sup>th</sup> \$2.92

Jared Coffin ~~Coffin~~  
 2 Large staples in Cart tungs . 25  
 Mending lurrey corns . 25  
 4 hooks, 2 Rings . 60

Jan 31 1822 Muck fork . 2 25  
 Setting fire repairing Dr . 3 15

X Paul Harney 0 = 3 = 22 1/4 lbs of 3/4 & 7/8 square  
 (iron at 15 1/2) . 5 43

X Jonathan Pitts 27 lbs of Reel at 6<sup>th</sup> . 1 62

Feb 1 Jonathan Hall shearing horn . 75

X Prince Gardner  
 Mending fire poker . 12

X 2 Mathew Myrick shearing hand . 1 81

Paid X William Harris 4 iron for sign . X . 33

X Harrison Dabham  
 1 hatchet, Delivered Coffin . 1 25

27 41

6 Charles Jenkins pair of scabbles 11  
 X Nathan Kingsley 10 steel & iron 79  
 X J & B Buennell shearing horns 1 25  
 X Short & Starbuck fitting Bale 10  
 X Prince Gardner shearing horns 1 25  
 X David Coleman mending pump spare 50  
 X William Folger &  
 By 1 cask of oil whale 194 gallons at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>cts</sup>  
 By 1 do do do 133 do at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>cts</sup> 110-18  
 327  
 X Oliver C Gardner &  
 By 1 Box of candles 33 lbs at 40<sup>cts</sup>. Box 30<sup>cts</sup> \$12-30<sup>cts</sup>

6 Ebenezer Rand Jr  
 X 2 pair of hinges & Brads 2  
 X Gabez Lushman  
 Repairing & setting hoop line 2  
 X Isaiah Nicholson shearing horns &  
 2 Staples 10  
 X Jonathans Hall shearing horns 10  
 8 X Aaron Mitchel shearing horns 1 50  
 X Peter Chase shearing horns 1  
 X Gance Coffin shearing horns 1  
 X Benjamin Glover shearing horns 1 31  
 X Charles Nichols mending lower 25  
 X John Swain booting hard iron 33  
 X Ebenezer Rand Jr  
 2 hawks & staples 33  
 X John Headon 1/2 lb of Butter 31  
 16 77

Feb 11/2 1822

X	Prince Gardner 2 hooks for Gardetown	75
X	Daniel Jones shearing hors — <sup>letting line</sup>	1 28
X	Obed Pitts shearing hors —	1 12 1/2
X	James Norton shearing hors —	1 12 1/2
X	Robert Slaney	
X	$7 = 0 = 3/4$ of $3/4$ square iron at 5 3/4	5 93
Paid	Prince Baker	
X	Doing pump work By Contract	2 <sup>Paid</sup>
X/13	Jared Coffin shearing hors —	1
X	Nicholas Meader 1 Broad axe —	2
X	Davis Gorham	
X	18 Sarge Ruffs & Clinches to B. Nicholson —	1 19
X	Obed Pitts Cr By Carting 1 Load — <sup>to</sup> 12 1/2	
X/14	Benjamin Glover Banding 2 hubs —	2 25
X	Davis Gorham for B. Nicholson	
X	Bandring hubs —	2 25
X	Oliver C Gardner shearing 2 horses —	2
X	Matthew Myrick	
X	Grooving wheels 12 1/2 <sup>th</sup> —	20 75
X	Jonathan Coleworth	
X	Shearing sleigh 25 <sup>th</sup> —	4 25
X	1 tea for Raner 4 83 ad —	33
X	Thomas Harris	17
X	Rosceing pump Brake —	17
X	2 Boxes for pump Cheeks	
X	Matthew Barney shearing hors	84
		50 61

16	James Norton 18 sheet hooks	2 25 4
X	Ebeneszer Rand 6 spout iron	1 50 8
X	Jared Coffin 3 crurs	1 25 0
X	Nathan Kingsley horn nail Rod	12 4 0
	10 mill	50
X	Jonathan Pitts Lot of stuff wood	25 0
X	Joshua Pitts 300 Bricks	1
X	Nathan Kingsley 1 Bushel of coals	50
X	Prince Gardner ironing Skigh 24th	4
	12 Brads	18
X	Thos Delight 2 keas	6
X	Brads & nails	10
X	Nathan Kingsley 1 bush of coals	12 4
X	Goram Macy 2 lbs spikes at 12 <sup>cts</sup>	25 2
	Repairing hinges 10 Brads	33
X	J & B Burnell setting tire on Dunkeels	3
X	Freeman Sherman 3 lbs of cast steel	84
X	John Swain Shewing hors	1 11
	fitting Back Chain	25
X	Gilbert Coffin 50 fitting spikes	20
X	Jonathan Pitts 50 fitting Brads	10
	Jonathan Parker D <sup>r</sup>	
X	To one hook and a fitting chain	20
	To one Shook	12 4
	To fitting Ax	20
X	Simon Macy D <sup>r</sup>	
	To lengthening and a cutting 2 surr for chain	25
X	George Coleman to David Coleman account	20
	To fitting Surp	20
		19 16

1822 Nantucket February

Lucas Hussy Dr  
 X To 6 Staples & 2 small haws 22  
 To 2 pair small hinges 175 75

March John & Samuel Sherman Dr  
 X To ~~2~~ Spike rods: 0 = 1 = 1 = at 6 1/2 1 62

X George Pinkham Dr  
 To fitting brace 10 10

// Prince Gardner To 2 Wrengs in harness 33

Franklin Swain Dr  
 // To Shoring horn 42 42

~~Paul Mearns Dr~~  
~~To shoring horse all round 80~~

XX J & S Sherman To 4 5 lbs of ~~iron~~ ~~rod~~  
 0 = 1 = 18 lbs with grow Rod at 6 1/2 2 60

// Ebenezer Rand Cr  
 To 2 pair crain eyes 42 42

// John B. Nickerson Dr  
 To 8 spout Iron 25 2 00  
 To 4 square spout Iron 25 1 00

// Ebenezer Rand  
 To 28 1/2 Iron for Buck Bars 3 59

// John Meader  
 To 8 & small Flat Iron Rod 50

// Nathan Kingsley Cr  
 To sharpening chisel 6 6

6 X J & S Sherman 2 lbs 3/4 of Brass wire at 4/6 1 64

X William Slant 1 1/4 lbs of Brass wire at 4/6 93

// George Swain Jr 1 3 14 lbs of iron 5 1/2 9 87

X William Bolger 2 2 10 lbs of wire at 3 1/2 62  
 41 67

James Coffin Shewing hors	50
J saint Nicholson $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of iron at 10	35
William Hunt 10-3-15 of fine iron at $5\frac{1}{4}$	90
Nathaniel Myrick 2 Gudgeons	33
Davis Gorham 2 Bedpins for B. Nickerson	50
Nathaniel Myrick 1 lb of Spikes	17
Mattew Lane Lash fine Dollors	50
Nathan Kingsley peck of Coals	12
Ebenezer Brand for 1 stone frame 21 lbs	58
1 pair of Lane eyes	42
Benben Ellis Mending Crank	75
Nathan Kingsley 1 peck of Cole	12
Gilbert Coffin Shewing hors	33
Nathan Kingsley To 1 Peck of Cole	12
To 10 lbs of iron	89
James Short Dr tempering at 16 1/2	10
Nathan Kingsley 1 peck of Coals	12
Shoop Eliza Repairing anchor stock	
5 lbs of meninos 1 kea 1 chain	3
upsetting ax	20
1 old Drawing knife	
Anson Lumber fitting oyster Bake	15
James Altheart 2 lug studs	50
James Coffin 48 bands for hubs	2
John Meader 52 lbs of Broad Iron short & Starlock at 6	3 12
George Swain 10 25 3/4 lbs of fine Iron at 6 1/2	1 61
	29 89

12 March 1822

Short Repairing 2 seals  
& Starbuck

15

P & A Coffin 14<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of iron at 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>¢ 85

Janed Coffin Drawing Bands 33

Richard North Shewing horns 21

X Edmond Macy 0-3-27<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of iron at 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>¢ 5 22

Mathew Myrick 1 pair of hinges 1 25

10 Broad 1 Staple 27

Allen Gibbs cutting sheeting & setting 4 Bands 1

George Swain Jr 0-1-2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> flat iron at 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>¢ 1 27

Mathew Myrick 2 hors 4 Staples 34

13 Ebenezer Rand Jr Mending trawl 33

X J & S Sherman 22<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of iron 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>¢ 1 52

X Frisbam Allen 21<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of iron at 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>¢ 1 18

Janed Coffin 12 large Buffs & Clinches 1 50

Avon Mitchel Shewing horns 50

Ebenezer Rand Jr

3 Stone frames 62<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs 10 37

2 pair of Crane Eyes 84

14 1 pair of Crane eyes 42

on Bill

Obed Macy 2<sup>d</sup> of Bursheys

X paid Sea Coaler fair 4

Job Cofferman Box for Shins 70

Buffing Shins 17

Boiler & Block 50

Ebenezer Rand Jr 200 Bricks 1 50

35 02

George C. Pinkham		
Mending 2 shawls fitting hammer	37	
1/ John Meader 7 1/2 lbs of iron at 5 1/2	45	
1/ Job Coleman 1 pin for undertable block	75	
1/ Charles Jenkins 1 pair of hinges	75	
80 Brads	10	
15/ Richard North 2 Staples	10	
1/ Thomas Dixdale 1 stubbing hoe	1 58	
1/ Franklin Swain shewing horn	50	
16 Allen Gibbs 4 Brads & Chisels	16	
1/ Isaac Coffin short pay in settlement	22	
shewing horn	71	
1/ Jonathan Pitt cod fish	14	
Prince Gardner Ring in hames	25	
X David Little fitting cart pair	62	
18 Jane Coffin 2 Linen pins	50	
1/ 2 Staples 1 hook 1 Back chain	2 37	
2 Binding 4 fore stocks and kear	58	
1/ John Meader 19 1/2 lbs of iron at 5 1/2	1 11	
8 lbs of iron at 6 1/2	58	
X J & S Sherman 16 1/2 lbs of Sweet Brads at 5 1/2	1 11	
1/ Mathew Barney shewing horn	50	
X J & S Sherman 0 = 1 = 2 = 3 1/2 lbs iron at 5 1/2	1 54	
1/ Allen Gibbs 1 pair of cart hinges	1 75	
18 Brads 4 fore stocks & kear	38	
19/ William Hart 12 lbs of Sweet Brads at 6 1/2	78	
1/ Samuel Howard 0 = 2 = 0 = Binding Rod	3 50	
1/ John Meader 0 = 1 = 0 Binding Rod	1 75	
	23 18	

19 William Folger

1 = 0 : 8 of Ottable iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 6 32  
5 = 1 : 2 of  $\frac{3}{4}$  =  $\frac{1}{8}$  & 1 inch square Succeed at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  30 30  
2 = 1 : 24 of Common flat Succeed at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 12 92  
1 = 2 : 16  $\frac{5}{8}$  Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  --- 10 32  
0 : 2 : 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 3 06  
5 = 0 : 24 of 1 inch Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  --- 32 68

Charles Jenkins 6 pair of Anne Eyon 2 17  
5  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Bar 69

Freeman Sherman

26  
4 = 1 : 21 of Ottable iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 26 09  
3 = 1 : 10 of Round of Different iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  18 80  
1 = 3 : 24 of Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  --- 12 36  
3 = 3 : 15 of Square Succeed at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 22 33

Mathew Myrick 1 bar 2 Shaples --- 20

Freeman Sherman

26  
4 = 1 : 9 of Common flat iron  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 22 75  
2 = 1 : 3 Small flat at 6 --- 13 66

Josiah Coleman 0 : 1 : 12  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs Small flat at 86 --- 2 20  
10 lbs of German steel at 17 --- 1 70

1 ~~Shaples~~ & Starbuck Shewing box 1 25

1 James Thompson fitting collar --- 50

John & Samuel Sherman

20  
1 = 2 : 17 lbs of Ottable iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 9 73  
2 = 3 : 16 Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  --- 18 45  
2 = 1 : 12 Round iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 13 32  
0 : 2 : 05  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rods Round & square  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 3 53  
6 = 0 : 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Common square at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 35 92  
2 = 0 : 24 of Small flat at 6 --- 13 30  
3 = 2 : 23 Common flat iron at  $5\frac{1}{8}$  --- 19 52  
0 : 1 : 26 thinble Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  --- 3

Samuel B Folger

1 0 = 1 : 19  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Succeed Round at 86 2 79  
33 0 16

May 20<sup>1822</sup> Nathaniel Alwood 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  of Brass wire at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  85  
 // Robert Hursey 0:3:3 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of inch square iron 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  4 47<sup>8</sup>  
 // S B Folger 19 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of Sued <sup>with</sup> iron 800 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 29<sup>0</sup>  
 // 21 Prince Gardner Mending Shovel 50<sup>0</sup>  
 // Mathew Myrick Mending Crank 50<sup>0</sup>  
 // Ship Atlantic 19 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of Rods at 3 21<sup>0</sup>  
 // Job Coleman 1 eyebolt 1 lb & forelock 29<sup>0</sup>  
 // Gorham Macy 1 clark 2 staples 31<sup>0</sup>  
 // William Hart 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  Rod 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  at 7 49<sup>0</sup>  
 // Benjamin Knowles 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of steel Blended at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  55<sup>0</sup>  
 // James Norton Shewing horn 71<sup>0</sup>  
 // Isaiah Nicholson 1 pair of rare eyes 42<sup>0</sup>  
 // 1 stove frame 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs 3 75<sup>0</sup>  
 // S B Folger 0:1:14 Sued Round 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  2 59<sup>0</sup>  
 // 0:1:7 English Round at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 78<sup>0</sup>  
 // 1:1 of Sued square at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 50<sup>0</sup>  
 // Mathew Barker  
 // 0:3:27 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs 5 $\frac{1}{8}$  Sued Round at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  6 74<sup>0</sup>  
 // 25 Nathaniel Alwood  
 // 0:2: of Riveting Rod at 7 3 50<sup>0</sup>  
 // Richard Worth 1 Ring 10<sup>0</sup>  
 // Davis Gorham 2<sup>d</sup> of rare eyes 1 46<sup>0</sup>  
 // Mathew Barker 14 lbs of 5 $\frac{1}{8}$  Round Sued 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  90<sup>0</sup>  
 // Tristram Allen 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of steel at 17 1 49<sup>0</sup>  
 // 26 Robert Hursey  
 // 1:1:4 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of 7 $\frac{1}{8}$  square Sued at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 42<sup>0</sup>  
 // Johnathan Barker Jr  
 // 67 129 lbs of old iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  5:16  
 45 82<sup>0</sup>

March 27 1822 Jared Coffin 1 08  
 Mending harness & driver  
 Ironing truck wheels 97 and wood 17 17  
 Allen Gibbs ironing cart wheels 83<sup>1/2</sup> lbs and wood 14 92

Davis Gorham  
 Ironing wheels 115<sup>1/2</sup> lbs and wood 19 25  
 Ironing truck wheel for B. Nicholson }  
 96 lbs and wood } 17  
 1 pair of harness Eyes self 42

X28 Edmond Macy 27<sup>1/2</sup> lbs of small flat steel at 6<sup>1/2</sup> 1 64  
 John Meader 27<sup>1/2</sup> lbs of iron at 6<sup>1/2</sup> 1 64  
 So cash 5 25

Richard North Shewing horns 50  
 Mathew Myrick Shewing horns 44

S B Folger 1: 6<sup>1/2</sup> of Rod at 6<sup>1/2</sup> 1 93  
 Davis Gorham fitting Back Bars 20

29 Zenas Coffin 33 lbs of Rod at 7 2 97  
 Thomas Harris mending harness 25

William Slout  
 2: 1 of old Sable iron at 5<sup>1/2</sup> 3 00

Allen Gibbs 2 Bed pins 50

38 Zenas Coffin 3<sup>1/2</sup> lbs of Rod at 7 3 1/2  
 10<sup>3/4</sup> lbs of Rod at 7 97

Franklin Swain fitting plough iron 75

X Isaacman Sherman  
 83 77 Gallons of oil at 68 91 19

Apr 1: 1822 Thomas Sindale  
1 Shubbing toe.

Jemas Coffin 14 lbs of Brads at 1 58 59  
24 fore locks & keas 1 26 8  
48 33

Nathaniel Atwood

0:2:5 of 3/8 Rods at 1/2 3 84 47  
1:2 3/4 of thimble Rods at 6 1/2 1 72 0  
10 lbs of German steel at 17 1 70 22  
10 1/2 lbs of thimble Rods 59 25

Samuel B Folger

1:1:14 lbs of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 1/2 8 72  
1:2:00 of 3/4 Square iron at 5 1/2 1 72

Zackeous Slursey fitting Back Chain 17 50

Jorish Coleman

0:1:26 1/2 of 1/2 inch Rod 6 1/2 3 10

2 X Charles Barney 8 1/2 of 3/8 Rod at 17 60 31

Daniel Barney 8 1/2 lbs of 3/8 Rod at 17 60 62

Smedrick Sloef fitting Dog chain 17

Jemas Coffin 5 1/2 lbs at 9 50

18 forelocks and keas 38 62

Chairs and hooks for Bream 23 1/2 lbs 3 92 25

Shout and Starbuck  
Mending Steel yds 10 51

Prince Gardner ironing tugs 2 75 5

Robert Slursey

0:3:5 1/4 of 1 inch square iron at 15 1/2 4 60 3

Jemas Coffin fitting Laid 29 47  
iron 75 47

Joseph C. Miller putting up eight iron ponds 45 47 32

Apr. 3 Tristram Allen 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  of old sabb 2 02  
iron good at 8

Ship Goldenfarmer 75  
1 Reaming iron

Jenas Coffin 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of Bolt at 9<sup>th</sup> 50  
6 forelocks 12

Valentine Surain Jr  
By 224 lbs of old iron at 6<sup>th</sup>

William Hart Jr  
By 2 Boxes of Candles  
weight 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 35<sup>th</sup> 2 Boxes at 30<sup>th</sup>  
39 $\frac{3}{4}$  \$24 84  
69 $\frac{1}{2}$

Jonah Coleman Jr  
27 $\frac{1}{2}$  of iron at 6 small flat 1 63

Guthert Coffin Mending hammer 37

Jared Coffin 1 Bolt 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs 75  
14

7 forelocks & keas 57

2 Long nails 13 Brad 6 50

Ironing windlar 25

Bricking hook 4 50

Ironing tungs 33

2 Rings for exeltee

Davis Gorham 42

Makeing 1 Bolt 16

8 forelocks and keas 4

Ironing tungs 2 34

Backhair 2 stopper 1 hook 33

2 Rings for exeltee 33

2 Linspins 4 87

2 truckpins chains and slid & Bol 6 50

Ironing windlar 37 21

4/4 Robert Slussey  
 0 = 1 = 17 lbs of 1 inch square iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  2 36  
 Short & Starbuck Mending shovels 50  
 5 Reuben Baxter Mending spade 30  
 William Jenkins 1 pair of hinges 83  
 1 staple & 3 nails

Zenas Coffin 36 lbs of Brads at 7 3 24

Paid Nicholas King Paid  
 ironing hammers Mallet: 1 hoop for another

6 Zenas Coffin 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of Brads at 9 50  
 21 forelock 42

Bates & Homer fitting Button for shutter 16

Benjamin Raymond shewing hors 50

8 Mathew Barney order from  
 Tristram Coffin 1 80  
 one thousand of Rivets 3 33

William Slant 10 lbs of steel at 17 1 70  
 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of English Round iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  69  
 0 = 1 = 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of 98 Brads at 7 2 12

9 Tristram Allen 31 lbs of  
 sorted of sable iron at 8 2 48

William Slant 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of 98 Round since 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  91

Zenas Coffin 16 lbs of Brads at 7

Paid X Samuel G. Traffon hooping Mallet Paid 79

Paid X Leonard Wright hooping Mallet stock Paid

Isaac Averill Making sign iron 2  
 24 Brads putting up sign 83

Thomas Ellis 1 hors

Freeman Pharman 10 lbs of steel at 7 70

29 28

April 9: 1822 Samuel B. Fodger  
20 1/2 lbs of Thimble Rod at 6 1/2 1 28

Jared Coffin 2 Drivers 84  
fitting 2 punches 30

Gilbert Coffin shewing horns 42

Benjamin Whipple fitting hinges 12 1/2

Daniel Jones shewing horns 40

10 Samuel B. Fodger

1:1:21 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 9 30

Prince Gardner shewing horns 1 10

Zenas Coffin 33 lbs of Bolt at 5 1/2 } 3 42  
5 lbs of Bolts at 9 }  
20 fine locks & keys 40

11 Samuel B. Fodger

1:2:2 of Rod at 5 3/8 9 69

Job Cushman spikes 12 1/2

John B. Nicholson  
fitting Staples and ketch 12 1/2

Jonathan Ceterworthey  
Nob rail 10

Jared Coffin 2 Staples 12 1/2

Nathaniel Alwood

25 1/2 lbs of English Round iron 5/8 at 53 1 44

0:3:7 3/4 at 13 1/4 inch flat at 5 1/2 4 50

0:1:20 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch do at 5 3/4 2 48

12 1/2 lbs of Round Smead 6 1/2 78

20 1/2 do of 1 1/4 flat Smead at 6 1 24

15 lbs of iron Round at 7 1 26  
2 1/2 of Steel at 9 36 51 76

Apr 11 - Valentine Swan

// fitting stone frame hane Eye - 1 50

// Tristram Allen 18 B. of Coals - 7

penit Back // Edward Coleman making Boat keel - 1 50

Making stern horn - 25

Goosneck and strap - 37

Clasp 2 staples - 37

1 B. of joint & pulle - 59

// Valentine Swan 6 1/2 lbs iron - 1 08

// Reuben Ellis Repairing Beek iron - 3

// Zenas Coffin 7 lbs of Batts at 9 - 63

8 forelock, & keel - 16

12 Mathew Myrick 8, 1/2 staples - 1

2 knees 2 tip up B. of - 1 33

// Mending Back chain - 4

Ironing tugh - 79

12 B. of - Mending horn

// S B Folger 1:2 = 10 : 9 1/2 inch Rod at 63 - 10 20

// Tristram Allen 7 lbs barpoon stuff at 6 - 56

22 lbs of old saddle at 6 - 32

Samuel Burnell 63 1/2 lbs of Large eight square

iron Borrowed at 8 - 5 48

// Zenas Coffin - 4 50

// Band for Batts 27 lbs

// Samuel Burnell 1 1/2 horn nail Rod - 12

// William Folger 23 1/2 lbs of - 1 41

// sag got flat at 6 1/2

// Jonathan Parker - 91

Mending chain 3 staples

// Zenas Coffin Mending Band 22 1/2 lbs - 32 75

hook and Link and eye Batts 22 1/2 lbs - 32 75

15 Mathew Myrick  
1 new staple fixing 80 25  
Zenar Coffin 8 lbs of Bolt at 7 71  
7 forelocks 14

16 Isaac Myrick 2 Bolt 4 forelocks & keas 50

Ship Goldenfanner 10 thimbles 1 67

16 Zenar Coffin 2 Ballance pins 64 lbs 10 67  
5 lbs of Bolt at 7 4 forelocks 53

John Meader 2 1/4 lbs of iron at 7 10

Gorham May Hoopring Bucket 25

John B. Nicholson  
1 Lock Staple 3 lbs of old Spike 31

John Meader 5 lbs of Steel at 20 1 05

Zenar Coffin 4 forelocks & keas 08

17 Thomas Folger Shewing hors 1 12

Samuel B. Folger  
1 - 3 - 8 of 1/2 ring Rod at 6 1/8 11 65

William Hart  
0 - 1 - 16 3/4 1/2 inch Round at 7 2 87

Elisha Green Shewing hors 1

18 S. B. Folger  
0 - 1 - 8 lbs of 7/8 Round Smead at 6 1/2 2 75

Reuben Myrick  
fitting Stone pane 12

2 hooks for Chimney Back 25

Johnathan Barker  
forelocks and keas 16 Rod 40  
36 54

Apr 18 = 1822 Josiah Godfrey  
Repairing Stone Sledge. 75

19 Zenas Coffin 1 pair of large hinges <sup>the</sup> 3 25  
10 Large Brad 4 Large Cliffs and Clinders 55

Solomon Perry Jr  
1 goosneck for Gaff 4 forelocks & kear 58

Richard Worth Mending Lanes 42  
Mending Back chain 2 Staples 50

Obed Pitt Shewing Lanes 42

By Carting at Different times 1

Charles Barney 14 lbs of 3/8 iron at 7 1 33

Samuel B Folger 24 1/2 lbs of 5/8 <sup>at 52</sup> Round 1 37

Solomon Folger Shewing Lanes 25

Zenas Coffin 8 Brads 12

Robert Huney

1 = 0 = 8 = of 3/4 Square iron at 5 1/2 = 6 17

20 Samuel Burnett 69 lbs of old Sable  
iron good at 8 5 52

Charles Barney 4 1/2 lbs of thin like Rod 29

Samuel B Folger

1 = 1 = 11 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 8 64

Reuben Ellis 1 hammer 1

J & S Sherman 88 1/2 lbs of steel <sup>at 14</sup> 1 47

Barzillia Burditt  
Making 3 uttering stone frame 3 50

Jared Coffin 2 Drivers 84  
36 99

Apr 20 - 1822 Paul May  
1/50 an order from Charles Shute - 1

Prince Gardner, staples & Brads - 56

John Meader 1 lb. of tea & 1 Bales & Lanes  
2 Quarts of cordial - 34

Mathew Barney  
1 order from G. Furtham Loffin - 1 80

Barzillia Burditt & Co  
By 8 lbs of iron at 5 - 40

John Webster, staples to a cannon - 08

Richard North shewing hors 1 staple - 54

Short & Starbuck 3 Large Brads - 08

S & S Solger

1 = 0 = 10 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 - 7 00

13 1/2 lbs of 5/8 Round at 5 3/8 - 91

0 = 1 = 22 3/8 Square, Smead at 6 3/8 - 2 96

Jared Loffin 2 Drivers - 84

1 Linspin - 25

William Solger 6 lbs tub steel at 10 - 60

24 Gilbert Loffin Brads - 12 1/2

shewing hors - 1 20

25 shewing hors - 1

Furtham Allen 12 1/2 lbs of small flat iron at 6 - 78

2 lbs of Rod at 6 1/2 - 56

4 do small flat at 6 1/2 - 25

Henry M Pinkham shewing hors - 33

Davis Gorham 32 Brads - 32

4 Staples - 16

26 Prince Gardner 2 Drivers - 84

Edmond May 10 1/2 = 5/8 Round at 5 3/8 - 62

John B. Nichols fitting Gun - 12 1/2

24 26

1	Jonah Coleman 9 3/4 lbs of steel at 17	1 65
1	Christian Allen Cr	8
1	By Cash	87
1	Job Coleman fitting crane.	33
1	James Norton. Shewing horn	84
1	Jonathan Parker 11 lb 2 staple	50
27	Jared Coffin Shewing horn	1 42
	Mending hank	25
	Straining shance joints	25
1	Prince Gardner Straining candlebourn plates	
1	Franklin Swain	2
1	Repairing plough iron	2
1	Jonathan Parker Repairing plough iron	1 50
1	Reuben Myrick Cr	
1	By 23 lbs of old iron at 4	
1	Reuben Myrick Dr	2 31
	to 1 Band 18 1/2 lbs	2 62
	1 Co 21 lbs	
1	Samuel Atwood Cr	
	By Labour 16 Day at 1 = 150	
	By 20 lb Day	60
1	Reuben Ellis	
	Gudgeon and eye for Gate. Brad	1 62
1	Abisha Paddock 2 Large staples	25
1	Ship Goldenfarmer 3 Large staples	50
30	Samuel B. Folger to 18 1/2 3/4 Bolt Iron	1
1	Lewis Coffin To Shoeing all round	8
1	To 1 new shoe	
1	Reuben Myrick	
	To 4 hooks and 4 eyes for chimney	2 0
	To 4 long staples	10 78
	To putting in and brace for hook and eyes	14
	To attaining band for chimney	40
		22 3

# Nantucket April 29/1822

May 1	Delick Hedge To forging and securing 2 making horns	75
May 1	Zenas Coffin To mending and fitting brace for waggon and cutting small ore for also	40
30	Benjamin Whipple To making pintle for to shaft	75
1	Phob and Starbuck To 2 Staples	1 64
1	Pleg West To making steel ring for his wooden leg	1 62
1	Mathew Parney To shoeing horse	84
1	To fitting one shoe 12 and 1 new one 25	37
1	Samuel B. Folger To <del>4 1/2</del> <sup>4</sup> <del>from his brass</del>	3 12
1	1:26 of 7/8 Bolt iron at 64	
1	William Slant 0:2:1 of 1/2 inch Rod at 64	3 25
1	Reuben Ellis 1 staple	10
1	Samuel B. Folger 0:2:1 7/8 Bolt iron at 64	3 25
1	Jonathan Pitts 2 firrulers	17
1	1 Saw	1 75
1	Paul Flurey 13 1/4 of 3/4 Bolt Rod at 64	86
1	Barzillia Burdit 2 1/2 # of Bolt	42
1	William Slant 0:3:7/8 Bolt iron at 64	1 81
1	17 lbs of 3/8 Spine Rod at 64	1 40
May 1	Zenas Coffin 10 Brad	10
1	Reuben Ellis 2 Drivers 2 wagers	90
1	Nathaniel H. 3 lbs of nail Rod at 7	21
1	0:1:8 of old sapile at 5 1/8	1 92
1	William Folger 0:1:2 lbs of 3/8 Rod at 7	1 89
1	S B Folger 0:1:20 5/8 Rod at 64	2 82
2	12 1/2 of 3/4 Bolt iron at 64	81
1	13 1/2 of 3/4 do do 64	84
1	11 of 5/8 Engster 5 1/2	64
		29 43

May 2<sup>d</sup> Tristram Allen 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of faggot flat at 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 39  
 // William Flatt 0:1:5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>:3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Rod Rod at 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 1 98  
 // Prince Gardner fitting Diner 10  
 // William Gurnill 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of 3/8 Rod at 7 60  
 // Walter Lane 3 staples 12  
 3// Zenas <sup>Coffin</sup> 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Laps 5 Staples 28  
 // John B May Mending Lanes 25  
 // Nathan Kingsley 6 Rod 06  
 // Jonathan Pitt fitting Liane 12  
 // William Flatt 1:0:9:9<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch Rod at 6 98  
 // Isaiah Nicholson Spikes 12  
 5// Sylvanus Coffin Mending Lanes 27  
 O Tristram Tobey  
 Baling iron ware 1 36  
 // Peter Chase Shearing Lanes 84  
 // Benjamin Glover Shearing Lanes 50  
 7// John Meader 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs of iron at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 67  
 // John B Nicholson 1 pair of pincers 1 25  
 // William Flatt 14<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of 3/4 Sued Rod at 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 96  
 // Prince Gardner Baling Liane 25  
 // Tristram Allen 16<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of iron at 6 1 01  
 // Samuel B Folger  
 0 - 1 - 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inch Rod iron at 2 15  
 // William Folger  
 0 - 1 - 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 9<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inch Rod Rod at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 1 73  
 // Ship Golden Farmer 6 67  
 40 lbs of Gavey Soap  
 // William Coffin Mending 2 Shovels 34  
 26 92

7 William Folger  $13\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round steel at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  86

X David Macy fitting hinges paid 58

// Robert Slussey  $22\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  1 29

// Samuel B Folger  
0 - 1 -  $18\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  2 38

// Solomon Folger shewing hors 88

Mending Ring and pitchfork 29

// Richard Worth shewing hors when Lane 1

paid X Shadeous Slussey shewing hors when Lane 2 paid

// Walter Lane so last 19

8 Joniah Coleman

//  $9\frac{3}{4}$  of steel at  $17^{\text{th}}$  1 65

//  $12\frac{1}{4}$  of do at 15 1 84

// William Slard  $20\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of steel at  $17^{\text{th}}$  3 52

// Paul Slussey  $11\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Bolt Rod at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  67

// Samuel B Folger

1 - 0 -  $4\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  6

// J & S Sherman

0 - 2 - 0 of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  2 81

// Jared Coffin 1 Drilled 2 washers 1 staple 62

paid // George Washington Gardner paid

Mending little cover 20

// Paul Slussey  $11\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Bolt iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  65

// Samuel B Folger  $24\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{4}$  Bolt iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  1 37

// Githert Coffin 1 Buff 10

Setting 14 tires on wheels 84 nails 4

// Fritsman Allen  $12\frac{1}{2}$  lbs  $\frac{5}{8}$  Bolt at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  72

0 - 2 - 0 of 1 inch Sph 8 Rod at  $6\frac{3}{8}$  3 19  
48 54

9	J & S Sherman		
	1 = 0 = 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{1}{3}$ inch flat iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	50
	Tristram Allen 23 lbs of $\frac{3}{4}$ Batt Rod at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	33
	William Hart 16 lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ Round at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	12
	William Jenkins handling 1 flat		37
	Mending shovel		12 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Prince Gardner fitting 1 driver		12 $\frac{1}{2}$
	2 Drivers 1 hammer	2	09
	John B. Nicholson 2 hatchets	1	50
10	J B Folger		
	0 = 1 = 0 of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch flat at 56	1	50
	Tristram Allen		
	0 = 1 = 11 of $\frac{1}{4}$ flat common at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	92
	William Gurritt 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Rod at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$		85
	$\frac{7}{16}$ lbs of 2 inch flat at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$		40
	Silvanus Coffin		
	Shewing horns found 1 set 2		50
	William Folger 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs of German select		
	at 17	1	65
	William		
	0 = 2 = 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{4}$ flat at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	76
	John Meader		
	10 Bundles of Stingles at 19	1	25
13	Tristram Allen 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of $\frac{1}{8}$ round Batt Rod at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	53
	Oliver Gardner Shewing horns	1	
	Gorham Macy coffin keg		25
	Benjamin Raymond Shewing horns		5
14	Nathaniel Atwood		
	0 = 2 = 10 of old saddle at 5 $\frac{1}{8}$	3	50
	Tristram Allen		
	0 = 1 = 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Rod at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	3	09
		34	86

May 15 - 1822 Daniel Jones shearing horns 62

J & S Sheenman  
0 - 1 = 24 of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod at  $6\frac{3}{8}$  - 2 94

William  $5\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Bolt Rod at 70c - 40  
Glant  $7\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{3}{8}$  square Rod at 7 - 54

George Swain Jr  
0 - 1 =  $10\frac{3}{4}$  of common flat 2 inch at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  1 84

16 J B Folger 12 lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round at 7 - 84

J Gorham Macy 1 short 4 Staples - 25

Zenas Coffin  
new laying 2 hooks for candlehouse chains - 1 50

Jared Coffin shearing horns 2

17 Trisham Allen  $18\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Rod at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  - 1 16

Paul Hume  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Bolt at  $5\frac{5}{8}$  - 79

Reuben Ellis 1 Driver - 42

Shant & Starbuck shearing horns 88

J B Folger 8 lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Bolt at 7 - 56

Franklin Swain shearing horns 84

O James Barker shearing anchors 1 50

Ship Goldenfarmer  
1 cafoor iron 41 lbs 6 83

18 Trisham Allen  
0 - 2 = 26  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod 1 at  $6\frac{3}{8}$  - 4 68

Ship Goldenfarmer strap iron  
shaping cut Block 8

Chadpitts for Byrme of horns to 16 lbs 1 36 89  
By casting at different times  $\frac{1}{2}$

May 18 1822 Obedt Bitt,

To 1 plank 22 feet at 3

2 hundred of bay from J. Swain

J. Smeaton sherrman  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rod at 7

William Allen  $23\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rod at 7

Shut & Starbuck 1 bark 2 staples

2 Gyngers

J. B. Folger  $25\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of 1 inch flat at  $5\frac{1}{2}$

H. M. Pinkham sherrman

William Folger

O 21 =  $19\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of 1 inch square iron at 2

Barzillia Bureat 4 stout iron  
attening 8

John Sailor 2 staples

Isaiah Nickerson 2 pair of braceeyes

Mathew Myrick 2 pair of hinges

Ship Goldenformer

13 harpoons

fitting 4 Sances

1 hammer

1 Steering pin

2 punches

1 Casteel Spade

4 Gaffs

• Ruffs and Clinches

Samuel B. Folger

O 2 =  $19\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round at 8

Wm Folger  $25\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of

Small flat iron at 6

J. B. Folger  $5\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rod at 7

42 69

May 21. 1822 John & Samuel Sherman  
6th of 3/8 Bolt Rod at 7 42

// S B Folger 26 1/2 lbs of small  
flat iron at 6 1 50

// O C Gardner shewing horn 50

// Thomas Sindale  
shewing horn mending Ring 1 48

// William Coffin  
1 anchor for Baker house 14th 2 34

22 S B Folger  
O = 1 = 14 1/2 of 1 inch Round at 5/8 2 16

// Prince Gardner mending hames 25

// Ship Maro 1 pair Buffing shoe 33

// Jonathan Hall shewing horn 1 33

// S B Folger  
1 = 2 = 16 = of 1/2 inch Rods at 6 3/8 10 52

23 S S <sup>m</sup> Hart 18 1/2 lbs of 3/4 Bolt Rod at 5 1 03

24 O = 2 = 11 1/2 lbs of 7/8 Bolt at 5 3 40

// Short & Starbuck 2 staples 08

// S S <sup>m</sup> Coffin shewing horn 42

// John B. Nichols 2 hoers at 50 1

// John B. Saylor  
2 Casted Chisels at 50 2 20

// Making 1 Common steel Da 20

// William Hart 7 3/4 lbs of 3/8 square iron at 7 54

// William Folger O = 1 = 10 1/2 of 1 1/2 at 1 82

May 24 1822	Irishman Mter.		
11 1/2 lbs of steel at 15		1	95
Ship Goldenfarmer shaping top Block		3	
25 Wm Hunt			
0 - 2 - 26 3/4 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8		4	70
S B Folger 0 - 1 - 4 1/2 of 1/8 Round 5 3/8		1	63
Ship Maro 50 lbs of spikes		8	33
11 3/4 lbs of Reaming irons		1	96
S B Folger 0 - 2 - 2 of 1/8 Bolt iron at 5 3/8		2	92
Sylvanus Coffin mending frying pan			25
Samuel Moore 29 1/2 lbs of candles at 35			
By 1 Box at 30			
Jane Coffin 2 Staples			10
Abner Pitts shearing horns			42
Job Coleman 1 Sock Staple			12
Jared Coffin mending trucks			50
Mending Back Chain			25
Benjamin Glover shearing horns		1	
Gilbert Coffin shearing horns		1	12
J & S Sherman 12 3/4 of steel at 15		1	94
Ship Goldenfarmer			
2 pair of handkerchiefs		2	50
Wm Hunt			
0 - 1 - 3 of 3/4 Bolt iron at 5 3/8		1	50
S B Folger			
0 - 1 - 23 - 4 1/8 turned Bolt at 6 1/2		2	70
Nathan Kingsley Making towel			90
S B Folger 21 lbs of Sarsaparilla Bolt at 6 1/2		1	97
Ship Goldenfarmer 1 Sarge Box			75

May 28 - 1822 Ship Maro

//	2 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs of Spikes at	3	71
//	Daniel Jones Steaming horn		75
//	Wm Hart 6 lbs of $\frac{3}{8}$ Bolt Rod at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$		42
//	S B Folger 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ Bolt Rod at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	72
//	Ship Maro 14 lbs of Spikes	2	33
//	Ship Goldenfarmer stuffing thire 1 pin		50
//	Nathan Kingsley Making house		75
//	Robert Huxey 14 lbs of inch iron at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$		78
//	S B Folger 16 lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Round at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	16
//	John Meader 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of inch iron at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$		63
//	Wm Gurrill 13 lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Rod at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$		82
//	12 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs of common flat at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$		67
//	Alret Gardner iron work for Scale		214
//	S B Folger 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of Sweet $\frac{3}{8}$ Bolt at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	1	34
//	Ship Goldenfarmer pair of tong		50
//	John B May work on Lane tor		50
//	Benjamin Knowles		
//	10 lbs of German Steel at 17 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	70
//	6 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs of English Blister at 20	1	35
//	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of $\frac{3}{8}$ Round Rod at 7		82
//	Nathan Kingsley 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of 2 inch flat iron at 6		69
//	S B Folger		
//	1 - 2 - 0 of $\frac{3}{8}$ Round Bolt at 5 $\frac{5}{8}$	8	43
//	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Round at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	70
//	Robert Huxey 11 lbs $\frac{1}{4}$ inch iron at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$		62
//	John Meader 5 yds of cloth at 26	1	30
//	2 yds of Brooking at 42		84
//	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds of Sallinnett 6/	2	15

May 31 1822) S B Folger

22 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch Round at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 57  
0-1-20 of  $\frac{1}{8}$  Sward Bolt at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 2 87  
0-2-2 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Bolt at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 3 06

// William Folger 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  of 2 inch Square at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 25

// O C Gardner Shearing horn 50

// Benjamin Raymond Shearing horn 50

// Freeman Sherman & Ansell 158 lbs at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 14 22

// J & S Sherman & Ansell 136 lbs at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 14 56

// S B Folger 25 lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Sward iron at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 60  
18 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  Flat iron at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 08

// John Cartwright Shearing horn 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

// Fritham Allen 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Rod at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 69

3 S B Folger

5-0-24 of  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch Rod at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 33 23  
23 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{8}$  Bolt at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 36

// Paul Hussey 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 42

// Franklin Swain Shearing horn 1

// Thomas Lisdale nailing line 10

// Davis Gortam 4 Stout iron 1

// Gilbert Coffin fitting truck, 50  
2 Lvs pins 33

4 Isaac Coffin Shearing horns 83

Setting bar off stage wheel 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Mending bands 2

Setting last tire mending wheel 50

Mending Back Charr 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

// S B Folger 25 lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch square iron at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 25  
0-2-14 of  $\frac{1}{8}$  Sward Round at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ 1 54

// Daniel Jones fitting hinges & gudgeons 50

Matthew Barney Steaming hors	44
Wm Hunt 19th of 3/8 Rod at 6 1/4	1 18
Robert May	
Shanking auger for J Child	25
S B Folger	
0 - 1 - 17 1/2 of 3/4 Round Bolt at 6 1/4	2 68
19 1/2 lbs of 1/2 inch flat at 6	1 17
Franklin Surin Steaming hors	58
Ship Bangor	
0 - 1 - 11 3/4 of Rod at 6 3/8	2 30
12 1/2 lbs of 3/4 Round Succeed at 6 1/4	81
22 1/2 of 1 inch square Succeed at 5 1/2	1 28
13 3/4 of 1 1/2 inch flat at 6	82
6 1/2 of German Steel at 17	1 10
Wm Jenkins 13 1/2 lbs of old spikes at 6	81
S B Folger 24 1/2 lbs of 1 1/2 inch square iron at 5 1/2	1 41
18 1/2 lbs of 1 1/2 inch square iron at 5	1 09
Ship Maro 1 Box for shine 1 pin	87
S B Folger 15 lbs of 3/4 Succeed Bolt at 6	97
0 - 1 - 8 lbs of 1 inch Bolt at 5 5/8	1 84
Matthew Barney Setting tire	34
Schooner Volusia of Sandwich on Bill Catwin Banker fitting anchor	83
Reuben Ellis 2 Drivers	84
Freeman Sherman	
0 - 1 - 5 1/4 of 1 inch Bolt at 5 5/8	1 11
S B Folger	
13 1/2 lbs of Small flat at 6	82

// Janned Coffins  
 // 1 Chisel 1 Drive fitting vice 96  
 // Thomas Tindale Yroning 2 Brick Moulds 2  
 // Tristram Allen 11 1/4 lbs of 1 inch square iron at 5 1/2 65  
 // J & S Sherman 5 1/2 lbs of 1/2 inch Battal 7 37  
 // 4 1/2 lbs of Sward 3/4 Battal at 6 1/2 29  
 // Ship. Maro 2 Bobs 1 25  
 // Daniel Jones 1 1/2 lbs of 1/2 inch Battal at 8 15  
 // John Sailor Sharpening 4 1/2 lbs of 1/2 inch Battal at 6 68  
 // 10 Ship Maro 4 Bobs 2 50  
 // Buffing 3 Shives 1 pin 30  
 // 80 4 80 4 20 1 34  
 // William Folger  
 // 0 - 2 - 12 of 1 1/2 inch Sward flat at 6 3 69  
 // Peter Myrick 1 Ring 06  
 // Nathan Kingsley 1 Drill for stock 16  
 // J & S Sherman 8 1/2 lbs of Shave Mould 71  
 // Reuben Ellis 1 Sniver 52  
 // S B Folger  
 // 1 - 1 - 12 of tire iron at 5 1/2 7 84  
 // Nathan Barney Shewing horns 92  
 // Daniel Jones fitting stove frame  
 // James Thompson Shewing horns 1  
 // 12 William Folger  
 // 0 - 2 - 2 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch flat at 6 4 20  
 // 8 - 2 - 1 1/2 of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 3 07  
 // Freeman Sherman  
 // 10 3/4 lbs of German flat at 17 1 83

1	Matthew Barney fitting jigthe 12 medges	25
2	J & S Sherman 22 1/4 of 1 1/2 inch iron <sup>Square</sup> at 5 1/2	1 29
3	John Swain Shewing horns	12 1/2
13	John Cantwright Shewing horns	42
4	Benjamin Baynard 2 staples, hook, fitting Back Chain	52
5	Lot Shinkley Shewing horns	2
6	J B Folger 27 lbs of iron at 6	1 62
7	John Meader 4 harpoons	3 33
8	Matthew Barney 4 thousand of Bricks at 4	13 33
14	Ship Mow 1 pin Ruffing 2 shoes	42
9	Thomas Indale Ironwork of Chair grinder	1 37
10	Robert May 1 pair of Chick 1 hatchet	75
11	Davis Gorham 1 hatchet	50
12	William Coffin took for Santhor. foot	121
13	Robert Shurey 93 lbs of 1 1/2 iron square at 5 1/2	55
14	J & S Sherman 21 lbs of thimble Rod at 6 1/2	1 31
15	Hackeaus Shurey 6 Brads Buff	12
16	Isairh Nicholson Shewing horns	1 08
17	Jared Coffin Shewing horns	1 41
18	Ship Kingston	
19	2 Saddle at 4 2 Dippers at 2 1/2	13 50
20	2 Scoops at 2 50 3 turned Brads 75	7 25
21	3 pumps at 86	18

June 17 J B Tully

0 2 3 1 of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  11 55  
1 1 0 of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round at  $5\frac{3}{4}$   
45 lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod at  $7\frac{1}{4}$  3 15  
 $5\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rod at 8 36

// William Hart 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Rod at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  66

// John Meader 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of square iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  44

// Daniel Jones 2 lbs 25

// James Norton shearing horn 1 30

// Jonathan Platt fastener 20

// Samuel Moore

1 0 0 of Rail Rods at  $7\frac{1}{4}$  7 25  
0 1 11 of 2 inch flat iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 97

14 // William Hart 13 lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch squares at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  74

// Joseph Eliza 1 Gudgeon 12

// J & S Sherman 10 lbs of steel at 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 54  
10 lbs of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch 7 70

// Zenas Coffin 2 Copper Bigger 2 7

// John Norton shearing horn 1

// J B Tully 19 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of small flat at 6 1 18

// Freeman Sherman

0 1 0 of thin flat Rod at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 62

20 // Robert Flaney

0 1 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{3}{4}$  square iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  1 67  
0 1 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  of small flat at 6 2 81

// J & S Sherman ~~25 lbs of small flat at 6~~  
0 1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  of 2 inch flat iron at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  1 87

// Zenas Coffin 4 hammers 4

// Daniel Jones 2 Screws for Hair Rail 67

June 21<sup>st</sup> Frithman Allen 23<sup>th</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> inch Broad at 6<sup>th</sup> 1 40

// Benjamin Glover Ruffing shins 17

// William Folger

// 0 - 1 - 4 of 3/8 square iron at 6<sup>th</sup> 1 81

// May 10 Matthew Myrick 1

// James Charles Bar

// 1 pair of hinges with 2 1 50

// Ship Mar 2 1

// 22 Zenas Coffin 2 84

// S B Folger

// 1:0:0 of 1/2 inch iron at 6<sup>th</sup> 6 37

// Ebenezer Bone Jr

// 1 pair of hinges 16 Broad 92

// Matthew Barr

// sitting Chair 2 25

// 1 Staple 10

// Matthew Myrick 75

// James Coffin Capehorn lat 2

// Robert Hurst

// 25 1/4 lbs of 3/8 square iron at 5<sup>th</sup> 1 44

// J S S Sherman

// 0 - 1 - 3 1/2 lbs of 1 1/2 inch square iron at 6<sup>th</sup> 89

// 4 1/2 of 3/8 Broad at 8 36

// S B Folger - 19 1/4 lbs 1 1/2 inch square iron at 5<sup>th</sup> 1 11

// William Folger

// 2 1/2 lbs of 3/8 square iron at 6<sup>th</sup> 1 51

June 1st John Weaver 3 1/4 of steel at 14	64
2 1/4 lbs of China Marshall 18 cross little 4 lbs at 75	3 00
// Robert Hussey 26 1/2 lbs of small flat at 6	1 50
// Richard Worth shearing hors	1
// Freeman	
// 0-1-15 6 3/8	2 51
// J & S Sherman 4 inch Board at 11	63
// S. M. M. 1 3/8 500 at 6	7 09
// John Sawyer	42
// 25	25
// 67	67
// S. B. 4 1/2 lbs of 3/8 Board at 8	38
// J. S. S. Sherman	
// 0-2-6 of 1/4 inch square at 5 3/4	3 18
// Ebenezer B. for Mending long hooks	29
// Isaac 1/2 lb of pins 2 line pins	8 5
// Jared 1/2 lb of shearing hors	1 10
// 2 // Matthew Myrick shearing hors 1	
// Wm. Flint	
// 1-0-17 1/2 of oh value at 5 7/8	6 85
// 3-2-4 1/2 of 3 inch flat at 5 1/4	3 09
// J. S. S. Sherman 18 lbs of 1/2 inch Board at 11	1 26
// 1 1/2 lbs of square 6 1/2	93
Carried over	
Mary's account James Child sitting Gungeon 108 made	
// Benjamin Enopules 6 1/2 lbs of Ench	1 25
// 7 lbs of 1/2 inch Board at 11	78

June 27 - Wm. Hunt

0 - 1 - 7 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch iron at 5 1/4 1 82

// John Swain grating tire 1 Linpin 50

// Tristram Foley Baking 2 small little 34

// James Norton Shaving horns 2

// J & S Sherrin 10 lbs of steel at 15 1 91

// S B Hoag 0 - 2 - 1 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch iron Bolt at 5 3/4 2 91

// J & S Sherrin 26 lbs of 1 1/2 inch square at 5 3/4 1 49

// Freeman Sherman

1 - 0 - 0 of 1 1/2 & 2 inch flat at 5 1/4 5 25

// Wm. Hunt 0 - 2 - 2 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch flat iron at 5 1/4 3 73

Matthew Barney

// Setting tire on wagon wheel 62 1/2

1 plate on each tree 12 small 62 1/2

1 Linpin 12 1/2

// Sloop Maria fitting anchor & hauling do 2 1/2

1 anchor - Stock 66 lbs 1 1/2

// S B Hoag

0 - 2 - 10 of 1 1/2 & 1 inch 4 Bolt iron at 5 3/4 3 33

// Obed Pitts 2 Linpin 50

// James Child 1 Linpin carried to  
& May's account 8

// Richard Worth 1 Linpin fitting do 3 7 1/2

// William Hunt

26 1/2 lbs of small flat at 6 1 57

Freeman Sherman

26 1/2 lbs of 1 1/2 inch square iron at 5 3/4 1 53

Ship Maro 1 large Box 1

Prince Gardner  
2 Drives facing hammer for shop 1 34

Robert May fitting chisel 17  
1 bar 2 staple 2 dog for chimney back 25

~~Galvanized pipe work~~ 2

2 J & S Sherman

0 = 1 = 17 of 1 inch square iron at 53% 2 31  
9th of thumb Rod at 6% 56

George & Beley May shearing horn 1 58

Freeman Sherman

0 = 1 = 17 of 1 1/4 inch square iron at 53% 2 31

3 J & S Sherman

26 1/2 of 1/8 square iron at 53% 1 51

Wm. Hall

0 = 2 = 45 of small flat at 86 3 88

Jonathan Hall fitting scraper 12

Wm. Dodge 5 1/2 lbs of steel at 17 89

Freeman Sherman

0 = 1 = 18 1/2 of 1 inch square iron at 53% 2 41

John B. Richardson 1 crane 10 lbs 1 67

1 over 2 Boiler door 10 1/2 lbs 3 50

Robert Baxter 1 pitch fork 50

Peter Chase shearing horn 88

Robert Hursey

0 = 2 = 21 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 53% 3 97

July 4 / 2 Charles Jenkins  
2 Gudgeons fitting hinges — 87

Ship Maro 8 Brads — 12

putting pump Box — 25

Branding pump 18 lb of new iron } 4  
fitted & set 2 old Bands —

Samuel Large steering horns — 50

5<sup>th</sup> S B Folger

0 = 1 = 5 lb of 3/8 Rods at 6<sup>th</sup> — 1 90

Med Macy steering horns — 1

Mending Bricking and Back Chain — 37

Mending harness — 25

Freemantle Sherman  
18 lb of 1/2 Rod iron at 7<sup>th</sup> — 1 26

James B Coleman  
25 lb of small flat iron 6<sup>th</sup> — 1 50

Ship Maro stapling 2 Lower Boxes — 67  
putting on pump Box — 25

Scratch Book Lydia Band fitting pump Green — 25

Charles G Stiles 1 Spit & Seamer — 50

Shont & Starbuck  
Making keel — 50

6 Ship Maro 4 Large Ruffs & Clinches — 33

2 iron for Boat 5<sup>th</sup> — 87  
2 Boxes 2 pins Ruffing 2 Stines — 1 92

Wm. Slart

0 = 1 = 12 lb of 1/2 inch Rod at 6<sup>th</sup> 2 36

J & S Sherman 4 lb of 3/8 Rods at 8<sup>th</sup> } 68  
4 lb of 1/2 Rod at 8<sup>th</sup> }

Recd. John Brock  
2 Gudgeons, 1 bush, 1 staple

37

// Joniah Lefeman  
20 lbs of 1 1/8 Square iron at 5 3/4

1 35

// Wm. Flant

0 = 1 = 19 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 2 75

8 Nathaniel Atwood

6 = 1 = 1 1/2 W of Square iron at 5 3/4 --- 3 60

3 = 2 = 2 of oil Sable at 5 7/8 --- 2 06

1 = 0 = 21 of Small flat at 8 6 --- 7 20

1 = 0 = 7 of tire iron at 5 3/4 --- 6 12

4 = 1 = 12 of common flat at 5 1/4 --- 2 29

1 = 0 = 2 7/4 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 7 96

1 = 0 = 8 of Paggot flat at 6 1/4 --- 6 73

1 = 0 = 8 of Ball iron at 5 1/4 --- 8 35

1 = 2 = 2 of Bolt iron at 5 3/4 --- 4 15

0 = 2 = 25 of 3/8 Bolt at 5 3/4 --- 12 96

// Robert Flumey

26 W of Small flat at 6 --- 1 56

// Ship Mard 2 Boxes

1 25

// Elisha Green 1 Scraper

50

// Freeman Sherman

32 lbs of 1/2 inch Round at 7 --- 2 24

15 W of 3/8 Round at 8 --- 1 15

0 = 2 = 4 of 28 square at 7 --- 3 76

// Ship Mard 1 Spin Ruffing 2 Shues

42

Labour Straining anchor

2

// Jonee Woffin 2 Irons fitting pinch --- 1

// Start & Starbuck Shewing horns

21

// Wm. Flant

0 = 1 = 16 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 2 56

July 1st	Sloop Hunter		
	1 Chair 6th sitting Chair Butt	1	33
	Bates & Homer 4 boxes 4 staples		50
	Reuben Ellis 2 Drivers 4 staples	1	04
	J. & S. Sherman 20th of 3/8 Rod at 7	1	40
	Freeman Sherman		
	0:2:12th of 1/2 inch Rod at 6	3	09
	Robert May		
	0:1:10th of 3/8 square iron at 5 1/4	1	85
	Reuben Baxter		
	Setting of Shakes & astine	1	75
	Lot Hinkley		
	Making 2 lock stone Doors		
	8 1/4 lbs of new	2	06
	Wm. Hart 10th of 1/2 inch Rod at 7		10
	J B Folger		
	0:2:6th of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 1/8	3	36
10	Ship Mard		
	7 Boxes	4	37
	24 Reef & 8 common thin lbs	7	33
	Bates & Homer 2 books		17
	Wm. Hart		
	0:1:17 1/2 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8	2	66
	0:1:4 English flat at 5 1/4	1	51
	17th of 3/8 Rod at 7	1	19
11	Robert May 1 box 2 staples		17

Judge Benjamin Glover	shewing horn	50
Sloop Delight	shakes	12
Ship Maro	Boxes for pump. Cheek & Board	42
Edward Folger		
0 1 = 2 1/2	of English flat iron at 5 1/4	2 31
Ship Maro	Bolting Block	50
	Strapping to Block	3
1 Large	pin Ruffling & Spikes	75
6 pins	Ruffling & Spikes	2 16
15 J & S Sherman		48
2 1/2	of small flat	86
25	of English flat	5 1/4
Richard Worth	shewing horn	75
Robert Macy	1 bar & 2 staples	17
Daniel Jones	shewing horn	2
Joseph C Melcher		
iron for signs	2 ft	3 50
29	Board putting for sign	79
Benjamin	Whiffey	
	shewing horn	21
16 Gilbert Swain	shewing horn	54
S B Folger		
2 1/2	of small flat at 6	1 1/4
Jane	Coffin fitting Flag Dog	12
17 Tristram	Coffin	
0 = 3 = 4	of common flat iron at 5 1/4	4 15
18 1/2	of 1 1/2 square iron at 5 3/4	1 06

July 17: Levi Webster  
1 Box tea from Bates & Homer. 1

18 Jonathan Pitts half Deck of Beem 3 cucumbers — 15

Oliver Chandler  
Shewing hors Ring in hames — 1 12

Mathew Myrick Ring in hames — 12

S B Folger 113 of sagget flat at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  — 72

J & S Sherman  
O = 1 = 12 of common flat at  $5\frac{1}{4}$  — 1 91  
16 1/2 lbs of nail Rod at  $7\frac{1}{4}$  — 1 16

John B May 2 Gudgeons — 25

Daniel Jones fitting hook, for Gade & Staples — 50

Wm Hart  
O = 1 = 7 of Square iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  — 1 81

Painted Coffin facing hammer — 50  
Daniel trot — 50

Wm Folger 6 Box steel at  $17\frac{1}{4}$  — 1 122  
3 3/4 of steel at  $15\frac{1}{2}$  — 57

Levi Webster Codfish from B & H 1

Paid David May hanger & C — Paid 3 24

Ship Maro 1 pump Bolt — 20

2 pump Spere 1 1/2 lb — 2 33

Stapling 2 Louer Boxes — 66

Ironing 2 pump Brakes — 75

J & B Burnett Shewing hors — 1

19 S B Folger  
O = 1 = 22 of 1/8 inch iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  — 2 59

July 20<sup>th</sup> Peter Chase ————— 50  
 2 Linpins —————  
 // Wm Slant 19<sup>th</sup> of  $\frac{7}{8}$  iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  ——— 1 11  
 // Jared Coffin Sheaving horn ————— 21  
 // Tristram Allen 15<sup>th</sup> of English flat at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  ——— 86  
 Paid // George Chase Sheaving horn // ————— 42  
 // Ship Mar & cutting 8 lobes iron ————— 2  
 // Repairing Buckhorn ————— 2  
 // Wm Slant  
 0 = 2 = 10 of  $\frac{7}{8}$  square iron at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  ——— 3 40  
 // Tristram Allen 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$  ——— 38  
 // Wm Coffin 2 Gudgeons ————— 25  
 // Ship Maro 47<sup>th</sup> of English flat at  $\frac{1}{2}$  70  
 // Lot Hinkley Sheaving horn ————— 21  
 // James B. Coleman  
 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of shank Mould at 9<sup>th</sup> ——— 92  
 // Levi Webster  
 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of pork at 7<sup>th</sup> from 8 Elkins ——— 85  
 // Reuben Baxter  
 fitting Spout iron ————— 12  
 // Sylvanus Coffin  
 setting shauze line ————— 58  
 Daniel Macy Making salt Beem 34  
 // Daniel Alwood  
 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of English flat at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  ——— 55  
 // Obed Pitts Sheaving horn ————— 1  
 By taking credit  
 1 Good // ————— 17

July 22: Jonathan Pitt, peck of peas — 25

23/ Janed Coffin shewing horns — 42

Levi Webster

Carting 3 loads of wood By Obed Macy 1 50

Carting flour — do do 12

Franklin Swain shewing horns — 84

J & S Sherman

0:2:15 of  $\frac{1}{8}$  Square iron at  $5\frac{1}{4}$  — 3 37

S B Folger

1:2:8 of old stalle at \$6 — 9 44

Robert Huneey

0:1:5 of Square iron at  $5\frac{3}{4}$  — 1 72

24/ Obed Macy shewing horns — 1

J B Coleman

0:2:9 of common stat at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  — 3 20

10 lb of thimble Rod at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  62

Levi Webster

3 half pecks of Beans and one of Beans } = 55  
5 cucumbers

Elisha Green shewing — 90

Franklin Swain shewing horns — 54

Mathew Barney

30 harpoons at 83

Ship Maro 1 cune Stake Box — 1 25

1 Large pin for do — 50

Strapping Snatch Block — 8

July 25 Ship Mero

36 harpoons & lances 2 spades — 49 50  
2 hammers & Drivers — 5 34  
4 1/4 of German Steel — 72

26 Richard Worth

1 plate on cloth tong (Broad) — 33

Sloop Maria 1 large kea and chain  
for anchor stock — 75

William Coffin shewing horns — 1

Ship Mero 1 pitch fork — 1 25

2 crobars 36 lb — 6 08

1 1/4 of English blister steel at 2 — 1 52

0 = 2 = 26 of flat Bar iron at 5 1/2 — 4 02

1 = 1 = 01 of 7/8 inch square at 6 — 7 56

S B Folger

22 of 3/4 Bolt at 5 1/2 — 1 21

Obed Macy small Ring in harness — 12 1/2

2 Gudgeons for hinges — 34

Ship Mero 3 hammers — 3

2 Dog Buss, and clips — 1

1 Boarding knife — 2 50

Obed Macy 2 1/2 Broad — 24

1 pair of hinges 12 1/4 lb at 1 1/2 — 2 04

Gibbert Coffin shewing 2 horses 3  
fitting harness — 12 1/2

Greenman Sherman

0 = 1 = 1 1/4 of tinew 2 1/2 flat at 5 1/2 — 2 10

0 = 1 = 8 of 7/8 square at 5 3/4 — 1 88

1 1/4 of Saggot flat at 6 1/2 — 90

July 29 James Thrice 1 hammer ——— 1 25

S B Folger

// 0:2:16 1/2 of 1/2 square iron at 5 3/4 ——— 3 73

0:1:11 of 1/2 do good at 6 1/2 ——— 2 29

// Jared Coffin 1 staple ——— 6

// Zenas Coffin 6 hammers ——— 6

// Robert Huxey  
0:1:3 3/4 of small flat at 5 1/2 ——— 1 68

// James Althorn shearing horns ——— 1 75

// A C Myrick shearing horns ——— 84

// J S Sherman 1 1/2 W of steel at 15 ——— 2 22

// Wm Folger 3 1/4 W of steel at 15 ——— 56

1 1/2 W of 1/2 square iron at 5 1/2 ———

// George Pinthorn mending shovel ——— 42

// S B Folger 9 W of 1/2 round at 8 ——— 72

31 // Samuel Davis 6 mid twitches Chain ——— 24

// Benjamin Glover shearing horns ——— 1

// O C Gardner 2 rings in harness ——— 33

// Zacheus Huxey 2 gudgeons 20 Brods ——— 63

5 brace eyes ——— 1 04

// John Cartwright shearing horns ——— 1

// David Chadwick's filing stone contract ——— 1

on Bill // Mathew Myrick shearing horns ——— 1

Aug 1 // Prince Gardner filing punch ——— 12 1/2

// Jonathan Glau shearing horns ——— 71

// Matthew Barney shearing horns ——— 71

// Levi Webster 2 gals of molasses ——— 90

// George Myrick Jr shearing horns ——— 1

August 3 Doctor Chase farrening shoes	25
Elisha green 7 Brods punching 7 holes	20
Short & Starbuck Shearing horns	1 42
Whe Mary 1 thousand of Rewith	3 33
Isaiah Nickelson Shearing horns	84
Franklen Swane 2 staples	12 1/2
Daniel Wergate Shearing horns	2
Jared Coffin Shearing horns	2
Benjamin Whippley 1 hook for Pick Band	1 7/8
O C Gardner Shearing horns	1
Levi Webster Cash	28
George Myrick Jr Shearing horns <del>twice</del>	1 13
S B Golger	
0 = 1 = 2 1/2 of 3/4 square at 5 3/4	1 57
0 = 1 = 9 1/2 of small flat at 6	2 04
0 = 1 = 1 of 1 1/2 square at 5 3/4	1 50
5 1/4 of old salter at 8 good	4 38
James B Laleman 10 1/2 lbs of 5/8 Bott at 6 1/4	60
0 = 1 = 18 1/2 of 5/8 Ground Bott at 5 3/4	2 44
12 lb of 5/8 Bott at 5 3/4	64
J & S Sherman	
0 = 1 = 15 of 2 1/2 flat at 5 1/2	2 17
10 1/2 of faggot flat at 6 1/2	64
0 = 1 = 2 1/2 of 1 inch square at 5 3/4	2 60
10 1/2 of faggot flat at 6 1/2	64
Freeman Sherman	
17 1/2 of 1 inch Bott at 5 1/2	96
2 lb of tub steel at 10	20
21 lb of faggot flat at 6 1/2	1 31

Aug 6 - Jackson Hursey  
42 $\frac{3}{4}$  W of 2 inch flat at 8<sup>th</sup> 3 42

Edward Folger  
0 - 1 - 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  W of flat common at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 50

Robert Hursey  
0 - 1 - 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  of  $\frac{1}{8}$  square at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  1 98

Wm Folger  
23 $\frac{1}{4}$  W of English flat 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 21  
0 - 9 of small flat at 6 6 50  
0 - 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  of tie iron at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  1 94

Wm Garrill  
11 W of small at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  69  
10 $\frac{1}{4}$  of pins Roll at 7 72

Benjamin Sherman  
11 W of steel at 17 1 87

Robert Hursey  
0 - 1 - 9 of  $\frac{1}{8}$  square at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  1 91

David Brig Urcin  
17 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of  $\frac{1}{8}$  square at 8<sup>th</sup> 1 40

J & S Sherman  
0 - 1 - 25 of 1 inch square iron at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  2 72

Wm - Flint  
15 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of  $\frac{1}{8}$  square filled with iron at 6<sup>th</sup> 92

James B Coleman  
25 W of 1 inch Roll at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  1 37

Thomas Lindale shearing hors 71

James Coffin shearing hors 29

Daniel Jones 1 large Judgcon 34

Thomas Lindale shearing hors 21

Aug 8 Tristram Tobey Baling little 17 17

Robert Fluney  
1 = 1 = 14 of 1 inch square at 5 3/4 7 94

Benjamin Knowles  
1 = 0 = 20 of 1/2 inch Rod. at 6 3/8 7 58  
0 = 2 = 19 of small flat at 86 4 09  
0 = 1 = 10 1/2 of 5/8 square at 6 1/4 2 17  
100 of lagged flat at 6 1/4 62  
4 W of 3/8 Rod at 8 32  
10 3/4 W of 1/2 inch Rod at 7 76

Freeman Sherman  
0 = 1 = 15 of 3/4 Rod iron at 5 1/4 2 15

George Peleg May  
Shipping horn 21

Sylvanus Laffin  
Mending pitchfork 10

10 Obed May Shipping horn 50

Ship Ocean  
0 = 2 = 14 1/2 of flat iron at 86 3 80  
12 3/4 W of 3/8 Rod at 6 76  
0 = 1 = 19 1/2 of square iron at 6 2 55  
6 3/4 W of German steel at 17 1 15

Daniel Jones 1 Staple 08

Robert Fluney  
11 1/2 W of 1/2 inch square at 5 3/4 65

Wm Hart  
46 1/2 W of 3/8 Round at 8 3 75

Zackous Fluney 2 torps 4 Staples 33

S B Salger 10 1/4 of 1/2 inch Round at 7 72  
Making 28 barpoons at 40 11 20

August 10 - Samuel Davis  
1 Staple

08

J & S Sherman 14 1/2 of 3/4 square at 5 1/2 83  
20 1/2 of 1/2 inch Round at 7 1 44

12 Bates & Homer mending under Brace 25

Short & Starbuck Mending tung 75

Lot Hinkley Shewing hors 84

13 Benjamin Glover to shewing hors 1 00

11 Capt Wisely to 100th for topmast  
sett. to staple 9.5  
1 0

Obad Smith to shewing hors 2 5

to mnd cart 1 Ring in harness 2 5  
1 12

James Thompson passing shoes & Boards 17

13 Reuben Backster 1 long in ring in harness 25

James Coffin Shewing hors 21

John B. Macy 1 link in chain 12 1/2

John Coffin 2 drivers 8 1/2

14 Script. Philip & Folger Shewing hors 50

Book

16 John B. Richardson mending hatchet 50

Mathew Banney 1 link in chain 05

Walter Cure 1 Staple 06

Benjamin Whipple mending with 60

Sharpening 6 Quicks 52

Obad Macy 1 thousand of nails 3 33

James Chute mending wheelbarrow 1 34

Samuel Jones Shewing hors 42

Alexander C. Myrick Shewing hors 2

Leas Coffin & hundred 2 67

James Thompson Shewing hors 7 1/2

Nathaniel Hatheway Shewing hors 1 1/4

August 24<sup>th</sup> O. C. Gardner Shewing Irons

1 50

J & J Coleman

0 - 1 - 4 1/2 of English flat at 5 1/2 --- 1 43  
6 1/2 of 5/8 Round at 6 1/2 --- 41

J & S Sherman

15 3/4 of 5/8 Round at 6 1/2 --- 98  
9 1/2 of 3/4 Batt at 5 1/2 --- 52  
19 1/2 of 1/2 inch Round at 7 --- 1 37  
24 of 5/8 Batt at 5 3/4 --- 1 37  
0 - 1 - 13 1/2 of 1 1/2 inch square at 8 3/4 --- 2 14  
11 of 7/8 square at 5 3/4 --- 58

Freeman Sherman

19 1/2 of thinble Rods at 6 1/2 --- 1 22  
25 3/4 of 3/4 square iron at 5 3/4 --- 1 46  
0 - 1 - 18 of 1 inch square iron at 5 3/4 --- 2 39  
25 of 5/8 Batt at 5 3/4 --- 1 44

S B Folger

6 of 1/2 inch Round iron at 7 --- 42  
21 of 1 1/2 inch square flat at 5 1/2 --- 1 15  
11 of 5/8 Batt at 5 3/4 --- 43  
20 of 3/4 Batt at 5 1/2 --- 1 10

Benjamin Rhoades

0 - 2 - 2 of 3/4 square iron at 5 3/4 --- 2 98  
0 - 1 - 12 of 1/2 inch flat at 5 1/2 --- 2

Wm. Hunt

0 - 2 - 4 1/2 of common flat at 5 1/2 --- 2 97

Nathaniel Atwood

11 of German steel at 1 1/4 --- 1 27

Wm. Foster 10 lbs of 7/8 square at 5 3/4 --- 57

Robert Flaney

3 - 3 - 22 of old Sable at 6 --- 23 15

21

Levi Webster

50 last six dollars thirty

fine etc

6 95

John Swain shearing hors

2

Matthew Barney

shearing hors

90

James Coffin punch

42

George C Chase

shearing hors

1

Freeman Sherman

10 1/4 lbs of German steel at 17

1 75

Matthew Barney 1 shaker etc

1

22/ Jonathan Pitts 1 peck of potatoes

12 1/2

S B Folger

0 = 2 = 2 3/4 of small flat at 6

4 28

Hoop Maria filing etc

12 1/2

James Coffin shearing hors

63

Wm Folger 16 1/2 D. of 5/8 square at 6 1/4

1 03

0 = 1 = 6 1/2 of small flat at 6

1 37

0 = 1 = 8 3/4 of iron

at 8 5/4

1 91

Reuben Baxter

2 irons for pump checks 12 Brad, --- 1

Robert Macy for J Child

2 Spout irons

50

James Coffin

fitting 2 Gudgeons Making 1

33

Mending hinge 6 Brad

17

fitting Crank

42

Franklin Swain shearing hors

48

Zackours Slussey 2 D of Spikes

34

Aug 23 - 1822

gained coffin 1/4 D of spikes — 21

Reuben Baxter Stapling Lower Box — 38

Peter Chase Shewing Hors — 1 50

Robert Macy 1 Sock Staple — 06

Zenas Coffin

36 harpoon — 36

6 Lances — 7 50

24 Drivers — 10

2 hammers — 2

6 Gaffs — 1

1 Sulfur — 1 25

2 tumbling snouts — 1 50

Prince Gardner for Bartlett coffin

1 Band for pump 5 3/4 — 96

2 pump checks — 50

Wm. Slant

Elkanah Labour 2/3 of a Month — 4

Saved Coffin & drawers — 81

Zenas Coffin 1 Dipper Coffin — 2 75

Mon. Solger 7 1/2 D of 5/8 Bolt at 5 3/4 — 43

14 1/2 D of Small flat — 56

19 1/2 D of Saggot flat — at 6 1/4 — 1 22

27 — 9 1/2 Do do do — 6 1/4 — 56

27 — 2 1/2 D of 3/4 Bolt at 5 1/2 — 1 19

27

John Meader

9 3/4 D of 7/8 Square at 5 3/4 — 62

10 D of Saggot flat 6 1/4 — 70

Benjamin Glower 7 staples — 70

Bates & Homer

Mending Ruder Joint — 42

27 Nathan Myrick shewing horns — 62

Franklin Swain 2 Ring in hames — 33

Joseph Sinter of Luckernuck  
fitting crane — 17

Zachous Fluney John Chase — 75  
1 pair of hinges — 62  
1 do do — 16  
16 Brads

James Sinton shewing horns — 58

Robert Fluney 15 3/4 W of 1 3/4 square iron at 9 1/2  
5 3/4

28 Daniel Jones  
4 Buffs & Chiches 2 Rings — 50

Richard Morth shewing horns — 67

Obed Macy & flat staples — 80

Davis & Gorham fitting crane — 17

Obed Macy & Dogs — 75  
12 Brads, pair of Ladder joints 2 62

29 S B Folger  
0-1-20 1/2 of English iron at 5 1/2 — 2 31  
24 1/2 W of small flat at 6 — 1 47  
10 3/4 of thimble Rod at 6 1/2 — 67

Wm Folger  
19 1/2 W of times iron at 5 3/4 — 1 12

Bates & Homer to Strapping Dead eyes — 84

Gilbert Coffin  
1-0-15 of common flat at 5 1/2 — 6 29  
1-0-0 3/4 & 1 1/4 square at 5 3/4 — 5 75  
10 W of thimble Rod at 6 1/2 — 62  
10 3/4 of steel at 17 1/2 — 1 83  
2 W of steel at 30 — 60  
2 turn ell snouts at 7 1/2 — 1 50  
Ladder Dipper 87: 50 — 7 50

30 August

Prince Gardner & Driver fitting 1 Dead 48

Obed Macy

1 Back Chain, hook 2 Staples — 2 37

2 Rings 2 Washers — 58

4 Saddle iron 12 Brads — 2 12

3 Flat Staples 2 Steel Springs — 55

2 Bricking Studs 2 tipup Brads — 75

Freeman Sherman

4 1/2 # of steel at 15 — 78

0 = 1 = 18 of 1 inch square at 5 1/2 — 2 41

George Swain Jr

0 = 1 = 9 of common flat at 5 1/2 — 1 82

Obed May ironing cart tungs — 3

Mathew Barney

Mending waggon - ex three washers 1 Simpson 58

James Thompson Shearing hors Show

84

Getent Coffin

8 1/2 # of English Blister steel at 2 1/2 — 1 79

0 = 1 = 16 of old sable at 6 — 2 37

1 # 1/2 of Brass wire at 75 — 80

1 Hammer 1 Rivet tool — 1 75

Robert Hursey

2 19

0 = 1 = 14 of 1 1/2 square iron at 5 3/4

Paul May for Smyth's Horsfield

4 # of spikes — 67

J & S Sherman

0 = 3 = 21 of English flat at 5 1/2 — 3 52

0 = 2 = 6 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/4 — 4 02

Paul Coffin 2 for Betsey Cary

1 pair of hinges 14 Brads — 1 39

1 hors 2 Staples — 17

Sept 2 Yorkham Macy Shewing hors ————— 67

George Myrick Jr  
Shewing hors Mending harness ————— 58

Elisha Green  
Cutting shawze exeltrac ————— 2 50

Repairing work on shawze ————— 50

241

Freeman Sherman  
0 = 1 = 18 of 1 inch square at 5 3/4

Jackeom Shurey fitting 2 cranes ————— 25

Robert Macy  
3 pump cheeks 12 Nails ————— 87

Jared Coffin  
Labour & fitting scrapers ————— 1  
fitting 200 lb. of iron nail & Ring ————— 37

Sept 4 Franklen Swane Shewing hors ————— 50

Elisha Green 1 set for chaise ————— 12 1/2

5 Prince Gardner  
fitting shawze exeltrac ————— 3

Wheed Macy Nailing her ————— 06

Franklin Swane 2 Rings in harness ————— 50

Lewi Webster 1 gallon of oil B & H Harren ————— 80

Benny Wherry ————— 06

Jared Coffin Shewing hors ————— 84

Joseph C Melcher mending pliers 1 shock 1 forelock ————— 33

Robert Shurey  
15 1/2 lb of barpoon stuff at 8 ————— 1 20

0 = 1 = 11 3/4 of ad Sable at 86 ————— 2 14

6 William Golder  
14 lb of english flat at 5 1/2 ————— 63

5 B Golder  
0 = 2 = 6 1/2 of ad Sable at 6 ————— 3 36

Sept 6	James Atwood Baling little	17
//	George C Chase shearing horns	54
//	Mathew Barney fitting Wagon	42
//	Robert May 1 Staffe	08
//	P & B May 2 Bitching hooks	33
//	Robert Hussey 18 1/2 D of Oak Saddle at 6	1 11
//	Devonport & Edwards ironing wheels	5 75
//	1 pair of hinges 1 hook & thumb	1
//	Obad May shearing horns	23
9	George Swain Jr	
0 = 1 = 14 3/4	of English flat iron at 5 1/4	2 01
	25 1/2 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8	1 53
	19 1/2 of English flat iron at 5 1/4	1
//	Robert May Baling iron venet	1 33
//	Benjamin Raymond shearing horns	1 75
//	John Sailor sharpening 161 tools	2 42
56 1/2	Nathaniel Atwood	27 3/4
33	By 2 Boxes of candles W at 33	28 1/2 818 3/4 60
168	By 2 Boxes at 33	56 1/2 1916
169		
1346		
60		
1416		
32 1/2	Charles Barney	
33 1/2	By 1 Box of candles W at 33 1/2	Box at 30 1/2 11-10
96		
968		
18		
1110		
//	Shont & Starbuck Peel	10
//	Shewing Horn	33
on Scratch	Delig West 4 lbs of spikes	50
Brood		
//	Sylvanus Coffin shearing horns	42
//	George Swain Jr	57
	9 1/2 D of Smead flat at 5 1/4	77
	12 D of 1/2 inch Rod 6 3/8	
//	Shont	2 08
0 = 1 = 10 1/2	of small flat at 6	
//	Thomas Gidale shearing horns	42

Robert Hussey or By Box 30<sup>th</sup> at 35<sup>th</sup> 100

By Box of candles 30<sup>th</sup> with the Deduction 3 Months interest

Benjamin Braiment 1 hook in Chain 12<sup>th</sup>

Prince Gardner Shewing hors hasp 2 Staples 8<sup>th</sup>

George Myrick Jr Shewing hors 58

Robert May 1 brass mapnael & ring 1 Sewle 100

Franklin Shewing hors 42

James Thompson to making 1 washer 17

Alexander C Myrick Shewing hors 21

John Cartwright Shewing hors No Dc To 12

Isaac Coffin Shewing hors 21

Richard North Shewing hors 17

Levi Webster 1 Reet at 4<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> from Mr hall 26

James Norton 1 ling 12 tiers 72 nails 6<sup>th</sup> 1/2 lbs of new tin 3 84

Robert May 1 Stavel handle 10

Richard North 1 10

James Norton Shewing hors 100

Isaac Coffin 1 drivers Repairing Hoels 17

Marion dunbar Shewing hors 200

Nathan Kingsley 1/2 Old adds 33

Benjamin Glover Shewing hors 240

Short & Starbuck Shewing hors 21

Robert May 1 thumbles & Staples 75

Peter Chase Shewing hors 21

Sloop Factor Meneing Stone 75

Brown & Chase 3 large Reef thumbles 150

Robert May 1 axe 51 1/2 1 Chopping knife 58 225

Mathew Napier making Crank 17

Brown & Chase 3 Reef thumbles 75

Sept 22: 1822 Samuel B. Solger

19 1/2 lb of faggot flat at 6 1/2	1	22
0-1-15 of 1/8 square at 5 3/4	2	22
0-1-2 of 3/4 do at 5 3/4	1	55
19 1/2 lb of tice iron at 5 3/4	1	14

William Slant 9 1/2 lb of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 60

Solomon Perry jr

4 Ring Bolts 9 lb	1	50
1 Band 1 fishhook 1 thimble 13 lb	2	53
1 pair of lambocks 4 hooks 1 large staple	1	72
4 hanks & staples		50
Shaping 2 Boat like Blocks	3	

By 9 lb of Bolt at 5 --- 45

on Bill Lath. Cashman

25 3/4 lb of Large sweet flat at 5 1/2	1	48
23 3/4 lb of English flat at 5 1/2	1	32

J & S Sherman  
5 lb of thimble Rod at 6 1/2 --- 31

George Swain jr  
11 lb of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 73

Daniel Westgate  
3 nuts 1 Screw --- 25

Daniel Jones Shewing hors --- 47

Samuel B. Solger  
181 lb of Spikes at 10 --- 18 10

Sloop Maria making Crank --- 72

Sloop atinga filing Caen done --- 122

Alexander C. Myrick Shewing hors --- 1 50

James Norton Shewing hors --- 1

Wm Hart 23 1/4 lb 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 --- 1 47

J & S Sherman 0-1-11 of 1 1/2 flat at 86 --- 2 15

Shewing hors 1 1/2 lb of steel at 15 --- 90

Sept 15 Wm Slant  
 0-1-19 of 2 inch flat at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  --- 2 43  
 26 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of English flat at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  --- 1 31

// Short & Starbuck Shewing hors --- 50

// O=C: Gardner Shewing hors --- 84

Sept 16 Robert Hursey  
 on Bill 202-0-3-6 of old sable iron at \$6 --- 2 44 83  
 10 Bars

// Wm Slant 23 W of 1 inch Rods at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$  --- 1 46

Sept 26 Freeman Sherman  
 2-3-15 of old sable at \$6 --- 17 31

0-2-5 of Suced flat at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  --- 3 14

// S B Folger hors Barp --- 58

5-1-27 of Sable at \$6 --- 32 45

Wm Slant hors Barp --- 58

4-0-4 of Suced flat square at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  --- 23 5

2-1-19 $\frac{1}{2}$  of small flat lined at \$6 --- 14 55

1-2-23 of English flat at \$5 $\frac{1}{4}$  --- 9 39

1-0-00 of 1 inch Round Rod at \$7 --- 7

1-2-4 $\frac{1}{2}$  of old sable at \$6 --- 9 25

2 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of German steel at \$7 --- 3 61

0-1-2 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of 2 inch English Rods at \$6 --- 1 63

// Robert Hursey --- 4 75

0-3-8 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of 2 inch flat lined at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  --- 4 75

// Giltbert Coffin 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  Clincher --- 26

// Zackeour Hursey 2 staples --- 11

1 pair of hinges & sharp 2 staples --- 1

// Wm Folger --- 94

10 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of small thimble Rod at \$7 --- 94

// Prince Gardner fly pump Green --- 20

// J. & S. Coleman 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of thimble Rod at \$7 --- 81

// J. & S. Burnell 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  W of line --- 83

Oct-1-1822 // John Swanwick & partner for pinner 8 Brads 2 Staples 111

// Wm Macy Shewing hors 42

// John Meader 20 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron 1 17

// Stephen Eller Shewing hors 69

// Matthew Myrick Shewing hors 75

// J. B. Puernel making 1 shingle brace mending 50

// Elisha Marshall keeping cattle 42

// Benjamin G. to S. to M. in pin. 25

// George S. to S. to M. in pin. 25

1 0 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 6 49

// Samuel B. to S. to M. in pin. 1 96

2 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 60

10 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 60

// J. & J. Coleman 1 32

2 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 51

// John Taylor sharpening 54 turks at 1 1/2 85

George & Charles 1 6

8 2 3 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 1 6

// J. S. Sherman 1 07

20 1/2 lbs of English flat at 5 1/2 35

5 1/2 lbs of faggot flat at 1 1/2 28

4 1/2 lbs of 1/8 square iron at 5 1/2 1 14

1 7 1/2 lbs of 1 square at 5 1/2 11

7 1/2 lbs of 3/4 square at 5 1/2 9

11 1/2 lbs of 1/2 flat since cut 6 1/2 12

// Wm. Hart 1 54

22 1/2 lbs of faggot flat at 1 1/2 12

// J. S. Sherman 1 12

11	Robert Macy 2 Gudgeons iron for Door	25 1 50
11	Ebenzer Rand Jr handling 2 howels	50
4	<del>Prince Gardner to shewing horns</del>	1 00
11	Isaac Coffin to 4 wheel loads	16
11	Henry M. Hickham to setting 2 tire & 13 loads	62
11	Seleg West. to 2 gluege loads	33
11	James Thompson to shudg	50
11	Prince Gardner to 1 drive for candle house	42
11	Robert Macy to 2 shiv pins	50
5	Elisha Green to shewing horns	50
	Repairing irons for lash	17
11	B. & A. Coffin to 1 lb of English stat at 5 <sup>th</sup>	60
11	Sloop Maria to shaping de eye 15 <sup>th</sup> 1 lb of bolt 3 forelocks & kear	2 50 23
7	Pieben Ellis to 1 harmer to 2 Drivers	1 84
11	Widow Anthea to md shovel	25
11	Levi & Webster to 18 lbs of sugar	2 00
	to 1 lb of tea at 10 <sup>th</sup>	1 00
8	schooner Hunkern to 3 large welded thimbles	1 50
11	Franklin Swain to shewing horns to ironing cart tangs 20 Brads	25 1 20
11	Matthew Barney to shewing horns	1 00
10	Levi I. Webster to 2 lb of leaf stake	20
11	Franklin Swain to shewing horns	1 75

// Schnathan & Barker Burnel		
to Shuing hors		1
11 // Schanen Thutness to 22 of hinger		2 75
to 38 brads		58
O Joseph Fisher to 5 <sup>th</sup> of Cant squibbles & keys & rings		92
of Luckenec		
// George C Chase to shewing hors.		25
// Jonathan & Barker Burnel to 1 staple		25
// Obed Macy to shewing hors		25
// Matthew to 6 <sup>th</sup> of iron		75
// Reuben Ellis mending shovle		25
// Wm Hart		
12 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> W of 3/8 Round at 8 <sup>th</sup>		1 02
9 <sup>th</sup> W of thimble Rod at 7 <sup>th</sup>		66
// John Meader 12 <sup>th</sup> W of thimble Rod at 7 <sup>th</sup>		84
J & S Sherman		
5 <sup>th</sup> W of 1/8 square at 6		31
<del>5<sup>th</sup> W of 1/8 Round Rod at 8</del>		<del>46</del>
22 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> W of 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> square at 5 <sup>th</sup>		1 30
O = 3 = 19 of fine iron delivered chik at 5 <sup>th</sup>		5 40
7 <sup>th</sup> W of 1 inch square at 5 <sup>th</sup>		42
// Freeman Sherman		
O = 1 = 2 <sup>th</sup> of 3/4 square at 5 <sup>th</sup>		1 58
O = 1 = 3 <sup>th</sup> of small flat at 86		1 68
// S B Folger		
O = 2 = 22 <sup>th</sup> of 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> flat tin at 86		4 21
// J & J Coleman 5 <sup>th</sup> W of 3/8 Round at 8 <sup>th</sup>		46
// John Meader half Chariton of coals 6		
// Harrison & Durum to 1 cdx		72

Oct 14	Joseph Davis to putting spear to pump box	21
	Paul Shussey Jr	
	By 1 Box of candles 30 1/2 lb at 34 1/2 } 2 Box put 30 1/2	22 53
	By 1 Box of DO 34 1/2 lb - 34 1/2	
	Robert <del>W</del> May to me 2 screws	34
	Peter Chase to sheering hore	42
	Levi Webster 2 lb of Meets out 10 lb from Flats	20
	to 2 1/2 lb of meet at sets from Junum	18
	J S Sherman	58
	11 lb of English flat	
15	Benjamin Knowles	47
	2 lb of Paggot at 4	
	S B Folger 20 lb of 10 ft	33
	11 1/2 lb of Band iron	82
	19 1/4 lb of Spall flat at 6	15
	Freeman Sherman	90
	0 - 1 - 8 3/4 of square at 5 3/4	19
	0 - 1 - 14 1/2 of inch square 5 3/4	89
	John Meader 15 1/2 lb of inch square at 5 3/4	33
	Joseph Davis to stapling Box	25
	Franklin Swain Lengthning auger	8
	Sloop Delite to 2 staples	33
	Benjamin Raymond to iron for Flath	44
16	Reuben Baxter 3 haps 6 staples 4 nails	
	James Thompson	
	Setting & Repairing line 5 lb new	60
	20 new nails	
	Daniel May fitting hook	6
	Sloop Delight	
	Fitting Grinder work	50
	Sloop Birza Mending anchor	2
	<del>Strengthening</del> Carting	25
	on Bill Making Chair 12 lb	1
	Matthieu Myrick Bill of Cordage	70
	Robert May Bill of Blockmaking	53
	1 Ring in anchor 10 lb	67

Oct 18 Paul Huxey  
 1-0-00 of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 3/8 — 6 37  
 0 2 0 3/4 of 1/2 8 do at 6 3/8 — 3 24  
 Reuben Ellis 2 Drivers — 84  
 Sloop Maria, Cracker — 1 75  
 fitting tack hook and Bolt — 12  
 19 S B Folger  
 0-1-13 of 5/8 Bolts at 5 3/4 — 2 11  
 John Meader  
 2 Boxes of Candles, 6 1/4 lb at 35 — } — 23 17  
 2 Boxes at 70 — }  
 James Thompson & Co  
 By 1 Doz of punkers at 75 — 75  
 2 Bunches of Ears of Corn at 50 — 100  
 175  
 Barzillia Davidson  
 Hooping Ballance — 1  
 Sloop Maria 5 1/2 lb of Bolt — 92  
 4 forelocks fitting Bolts and Cracker — 34  
 Jonathan Calverton they  
 2 iron an shair — 1 25  
 21 Levi I Webster order an Baker & Bonet 25  
 Ship Thomas, Clack — 25  
 Mathew Barney shewing horn — 25  
 Benjamin Brown  
 11 1/2 lb of steel at 15 — 1 73  
 0-1-11 of faggot flat at 4 — 2 46  
 Barzillia Davidson  
 Makeing irons for Sather — 75  
 Prince Gardner, Chisel — 42  
 Facing hammer — 50  
 Ship Thomas fitting Crift Bolt — 50  
 S B Folger  
 0-2-6 1/4 of 5/8 Round at 5 3/4 — 3 22  
 0-1-2 1/4 of 1/8 Round at 5 1/4 — 1 56

22 Levi Webster 1 punkin squack --- 6  
 // Job Colman 2 punkin squacks --- 12 1/2  
 // J & S Sherman 13 1/4 Waf Street at 15 2 07

Scratch Sloop Packet Delia  
 Body fitting work for grinder 4 forelocks 4 Brads 1-12

S. Williams Coffin Eng  
 Making 2 Door frames 72 1/2 W --- 12 08  
 Making 2 Doors 32 1/2 W --- 8  
 16 3/4 W of Mantle Bars at 11 --- 1 84  
 Sharpening 2 Chisels --- 25

23 Almond Pearce  
 Baking 1 Large Baker & the --- 50  
 // 1 Do 1 Do Griddle --- 34  
 1 Set of 2 Hooks and Tumbrel --- 75

// Prince Gardner Making Chisel --- 20

// Robert Macy ironing pump Brakes --- 25

Nathaniel Hathaway fitting hinges --- 12 1/2  
 Shewing hors --- 42

Gorham Macy 2 bars 4 Staples --- 25  
 2 pair of hinges 16 Brads --- 1 66

Scratch Book Elihu Marshall 1 teacettle Brak --- 25

Grisham Allen in  
 By Cash paid \$30

// Daniel Jones to Shewing hors --- 33

// Silas Gardner Baking pot --- 25

24 Peter Chase Shewing hors --- 21

Harrison Dunham  
 1 Clever upsetting hatchet --- 1 50

Grisham Coffin  
 22 1/2 feet of Board at 1 --- 2 24

Oct 24 S B Folger

1 = 0 = 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  of English flat at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  --- 5 72  
0 = 1 = 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  of Small flat at 86 --- 2 66

Levi L Webster

5 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  --- 40  
7 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb of Small flat at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  --- 47  
half Bushel of coals --- 25

25 William Folger

1 = 0 = 0 of  $\frac{1}{2}$  English Rods at 6 --- 6

Mathew Myrick 2 Gudgeons, Eye --- 1

1 Cast 2 staples --- 33

Short & Starbuck Mending Bread cart --- 1

Prince Gardner

Making Jamper for stone --- 1

Small Book Sloop Packet Gelia

1 Ruff & Clinch 1 Chisel --- 50

James Eldridge

Cutting and Shetting 4 Bands --- 67

Levi Webster 1 bbl of lard --- 2 50

S B Folger

0 = 1 = 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Rods at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  --- 2 01

John Swain

Mending Chimney 50 new Bricks --- 1 50

12 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb of iron at 6 --- 72

28 S B Folger

0 = 1 = 9 = 9 of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Round at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  --- 1 94

Levi L Webster

2 lb of coffee at 2 strong colennans --- 67

Tristram Allen

22 lb of Small flat at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  --- 1 32

11 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch square at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$  --- 71

John Meader  
5 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{3}{8}$  Round at 8<sup>th</sup> 46

S B Folger  
23 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Rod at 6 $\frac{3}{8}$  1 48

J & S Sherman  
1-0-14 of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  Square at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  6 48

29 Robert Hiney  
15 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Round at 7<sup>th</sup> 1 09

Shont & Starbuck  
Shewing box 2 25

Barrillia Davison 42

Making 2 nuts cutting 2 screws 75

Making 2 Brackets 25

Longing 1 Stand

Robert Macy

Shap for vice

1 $\frac{1}{2}$  of Spikes at 9 fitting firm 50

Job Coleman iron for scale 20

Freeman Sherman 1 62

9 $\frac{1}{2}$  of Steel at 17

Barrillia Davison

5 $\frac{1}{4}$  Band iron at 8 46

30 Robert Hiney

5-1-11 of  $\frac{3}{4}$  &  $\frac{7}{8}$  square at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  30 70

J & S Sherman 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  of Small flat at 6<sup>th</sup> 42

10 $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 inch flat at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  63

Robert Macy Stapling box 33

Mathew Myrick to 1 gudgeon 26

Shed Macy Shewing box 54

Oct 31 Levi Webster half Bushel of onions - 25  
 6 Bushels of apples at 45 - 2 70  
 Sloop Maria handle for Board - 42  
 Francis Brown 400 Rowits - 1 34  
 Parzilia Davison 1 Large Steel Reamer 1  
 Prime Gardner  
 2 Drivers, 1 punch sandstone 1 25  
 J. Smith & Nicholson  
 2 pair of hinges 12 Broad - 1 87  
 J & S Sherman  
 0:1:6 1/2 of 13" flat at 4 1 78  
 2 1/2 W of small flat at 6 1 29  
 Matthew Myrick Shining horn - 1  
 Thomas Garrison fitting Bakeville Bale - 17  
 J & S Sherman 15 1/2 lb of thimble Red at 7 1 07  
 19 1/2 lb of small flat at 6 1 20  
 Matthew Barker  
 By 4 Boxes of candles 12 1/2 lb at 3 1/2 }  
 4 Boxes at 30 - 44 46  
 Matthew Barker  
 6:1:13 1/2 of oil salt at \$6 - 88 23  
 James Thompson mending cart brace - 17  
 Parzilia Davison 1 Small Bolt - 06  
 1 Steel Sirens tap - 122  
 4 Clover & Bartlett  
 Repairing stuling hoe & nailing tire - 42  
 Daniel Jones Nop nail & Ring - 20  
 S B Folger  
 0:2:15 1/2 of Bandiron at 6 3/4 - 4 32  
 Freeman Sherman  
 0:2:12 of 1 1/2 square at 5 3/4 - 3 53

Nov 4/ Banzillia Davison

Makeing iron work for Engine — 5

Gilbert Coffin shewing hors — 58

Benjamin Raymond shewing hors — 50

Sloop Delight 1 barp 2 Staples — 17

Banzillia Davison — 18

Makeing lastest Chisel — 1 00

5/ Makeing 2 Chisels 2 Springs — 12 1/2

Forgeing 2 Axes for Buffs — 25

J. Sairh. Nicholson 2 barps 4 Staples — 25

J & S Sherman 6 W of 3/8 Round at 8 — 48

John Meader  
0 = 2 = 1 3/4 of 1 1/8 flat at 5 1/2 — 2 99

Tristram Allen 2 W of 1/2 inch square at 5 1/2 — 20

Flarrinson Denhorn shewing hors — 21

Robert Shewey

1 = 1 = 2 of 1/8 Round at 5 1/2 — 6 98

J & S Sherman

2 3/4 W of 1/2 inch & 3/8 square at 6 3/8 — 1 50

0 = 1 = 9 1/2 of 2 inch flat at 5 1/2 — 1 86

11 W of German steel at 17 — 1 87

6 Isaac Coffin Eng — 2 29

2 pair of hinges 1 3/4 W at 11 — 20

20 Brad at 1 —

John Swain shewing hors — 1 18

John Fayton 2 Champs — 2 1/2

Mathew Barney shewing hors — 1 15

William Lidger

1 = 0 3 1/2 of 2 inch beir at 17 1/2 — 5 68

B Davison	23 $\frac{1}{2}$ # of iron at 6	1	41
	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ # of Band iron at 8		36
	Drilling 8 holes in Burr iron		32
	Drilling 2 holes 2 screws, nut		66
	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ # of Band iron at 8		60
	1 # of Band iron at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$		08
7	Georgeann Sherman		
	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ # of lard at 25	2	13
B	Davison Making & setting 5 screws		50
	1 thumb nut & setting screw		25
O C	Bantle Shewing horns		42
8	John B. Dickerson Making punch		10
	Nathaniel Stetway		
	fitting Matt. Mill & Shovel		42
	Nathan Kingsley Lath & iron		31
	1 pair of hinges & Brads		93
	John B. Dickerson		
	hook & eye & Brass Brackets		1
	Reuben Ellis		42
B	Davison		
	1 Spring for under Large head Bolt	1	
	Mending tongs		12 $\frac{1}{2}$
	John meader 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ # of flat at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		28
	Richard Worth setting in hammer		25
	Franklin Swain Shewing horns		4
	James Thompson Shewing horns		25
	Daniel Jones Shewing horns		50
B	Davison Making 1 Drill		06
	1 hammer	1	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Levi L. Webster		
	1 pair of all iron & Barneys		80

10 Nov) B Davison #  
 1 1/2 H of 3/8 Round at 8 --- 10  
 3 1/2 H of Reamer handle --- 44  
 Making, Reamer your steel --- 25  
 2 Bolts 2 Small do --- 35  
 1 Reamer --- 50

Thomas Tisdale  
 Letting and Repairing tire --- 1 25  
 Mending Back Chaise --- 16  
 Mending harness iron --- 62

Samuel Alvord Jr  
 Buy 1 Day Labourer in September  
 Capt Perry's Tobacco \$1  
 Buy 1/2 Day Labourer --- 50

12 Zenas Coffin  
 2 9/16 H of Large hinges --- 4 80

Nathan Singler #  
 7 1/2 H of iron at 5 1/2 --- 41

Jonathan Pitts Jr H of coal at 1 1/2 --- 65  
 B Davison, Bolt & nut --- 14  
 2 1/2 H of iron at 6 --- 144

13 J & J Coleman #  
 22 3/4 H of iron at 6 --- 1 37

Jas Coffin 3 bags 6 Shingles --- 5.0

S B Folger  
 0-3 = 11 1/2 of 2 inch line iron --- 4 93

John Mead Jr 1 1/2 H of English  
 flat iron at 5 1/2 --- 80

James Thompson fitting hatchet --- 17

Robert May Mending Gimlet --- 8

B Davison 18 Bolt cutting screw --- 16

10  
11 Isaac Laffin 1 bar 2 Staptors sitting on 20

12 S B Folger

13 0 - 2 - 21 of 1 inch round at 5¢ 3 78

14 J & S Sherman

0 - 1 - 11 of 2 inch common flat at 5¢ 1 94

15 Freeman Sherman

0 - 1 - 10 of 2 inch common flat at 5¢ - 1 92

16 J & S Sherman

0 - 1 - 9 of 2 inch common flat at 5¢ 1 84

17 B Davison 1 Drill

1 Bolt 12 20

18 J & S Sherman

0 - 2 - 4 of 2 inch flat at 5¢ 2 95

19 Alexander Myrick shewing hors 42

20 Syvanus Coffin Clerk for Mast 20

21 Genas Coffin for town

1 Large Sledge 6 Broad Long 40

22 Joseph C Melcher sitting fire 25

23 John Taylor Making Drill 12

24 Charles Mine 1 hatchet & Edward the Hall 25

25 J & S Sherman 9th of faggot flat at 6¢ - 57

26 J & B Burrell shewing hors 42

27 Charles Mine shewing hors 67

28 Franklin Swain shewing hors 2 00

29 Tristram Mers 15 of 5 square at 6¢ 97

22 of of small flat at 6¢ - 1 32

30 S B Folger 25 3/4 of 6 inch flat at 4¢ 2 50

31 B Davison 14 Bolts with nuts 2 33

1 Large Lathe Screw 3 plates 2

32 Nathan Ringley Sharpain hors 16

Nov 19	Jabez Cushmen Shewing hors	1 17
	Joseph C Melcher 10 Staples at 4 <sup>th</sup>	40
	B: Davison 5 <sup>th</sup> of Bolt	
	span drill for poppit head	1 52 <sup>th</sup>
	Bolt with thumb nut for poppit head	1 12 <sup>th</sup>
	forgering 2 lastest cutters	62 <sup>th</sup>
	2 plates small Bolt	29
	1 thick iron cutter	37 <sup>th</sup>
	Nathaniel Atwood	
	15 3/4 W of 1/2 inch English Rods at 6	1
	Gittbert Coffin	
	2 22 1/2 W of Birch flat at 5 1/2	4 38
	1 00 1/4 of Bandirons at 7	1 79
	Wm Folger 15 W of 1/2 inch English Rods	90
	Elisha Green Shewing hors	75
	Genas Coffin 6 W of hinges 10 Rods	1 18
21	Samuel Mitchell	
	Sofence for 25 <sup>th</sup> as per contract	35
	Benjamin Snouder	
	3 1 20 of ad. s. file at 6	20 57
	0 1 10 of Bandirons at 6 3/4	2 32
	Gillbert Folger Shewing hors	67
	Charles Folger Shewing sugar	12
	B: B: Davison thumb nut for rest & plate	58
	Benjamin Raymond 1 large ring in harness	15
22	Irishman Allen	
	0 1 14 of 1/2 inch Rods at 6 3/8	2 39
	J: S: S: Sherman 13 1/2 lbs of 1 1/2 Square at 5 1/4	1 33
	Freeman Sherman	
	15 1/2 D of 1 1/2 Square iron at 5 3/4	88
	Richard North setting tie	33
	Benjamin Glover Shewing hors	12

23 B Davison

~~forging~~ 1 Year of engine  
3 Screws

// Wm Folger 1 1/4 lbs of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 44

// B Davison Order for 1 index 45  
23

// Samuel Davis 1 staples 16

// Benjamin Raymond Shevington 1

25 // Freeman Shevington 35  
5 lb of wide iron at 7

// B Davison forging 3 best finions 1 50

// 1 thick letter 50

// 1 steel thumb screw for best 37

// J W Folger 18 lb of 3/8 square at 6 1/2 1 17

// B Davison 3 iron letters 1/2 inch thick 1

// Robert Flusser 2 25  
0 - 1 - 15 lbs of 1/2 inch square iron at 5 1/2

// B Davison 4 screws and nuts 50

// 1 screw and nut 12

// Burbanks & Wiggins fitting whiffletree 12

// Prince fitting 2 pairs of hames 37

26 // J & S Folger 3 19  
0 - 2 - 6 lbs of 1/2 inch square iron at 5 1/2

// B Davison 20 20

// O C Bartlett fitting 1 50  
fitting 2 pair of hames

// Alexander C Mayrick Shevington 46

// Edward Folger 12 1/4 lbs of 1/2 inch Rod at 6 74

// Wm Folger 10 1/2 lb of 1 1/4 inch square at 5 1/2 60

// Robert Flusser 1 69  
0 - 1 - 3 1/2 of 1/8 square Philadelphia iron at 6

Richard Worth 6 long nails	30
John Saylor sharp ring 88 tools	1 32
Making pantaloons & Jacket	1 42
13 weeks Board of Self and wife at 3 per week	39 43
14 weeks Board of Self at 2:50 per week	35 71
Freeman Sherman 15 1/2 lb of 1/4 inch square at 5 1/2	88
Frisman Allen	
0212: 11 1/2 of 1 1/2 flat at 5 1/2	2 07
Joseph Davis labor skin	52
Ship scales in Long firm for shipment 50	
B Davison, Sincer with bark	50
Making 1 Sanger Cutton	1
Joseph Edwards	
1 pair of hogs and Brood	75
Frisman Allen	
242 Wash in small at 16	1 40
Obel in mining horn	12 1/2
Samuel Davis 1 pair of hogs	33
James Coffin fair of haw Eys	67
A B Homer 1 pair of haw Eys	17
J & S Sherman 1 pair of haw Eys	48
B Davison 1 pair of haw Eys	1 50
1 Mandrill 50	72
Jared Coffin	
By 60 gallons of oil 60 at 36	
Peter Chase steering horn	42
Wm Folger	
0112 of 1 1/2 flat at 5 1/2	2 06
Mary & Field 8 3/4 lb of sheet at 15	1 32
Ship Starnas	
2 Cartons of Coals at 14	28
Robert Mary Stapleing Box	33
B Davison 1 small Chick and Roll	16

Sept Mary & field 1 Dinner handle 10 Buff - 1

James Thompson Thewing hors <sup>ch</sup> <sup>dash</sup> 21

Freeman Sherman  
29th of 1 ind. Square at 4 3/4

J. O. C. Gardner Thewing brass. 153

Matthew Barney, filing names — 128

Johnathan Parker, 75

Nathaniel Hastings  
47<sup>th</sup> W. of 1000. Received from John Colman 2 68

By last paid 30 40

11 A. C. (Myself, with in hand,)  
bles — } ————— 58

1/ Richard Worth. Drawing Room. 372

Jonathan's flat boat iron 50

Wm. No. 1. 1811. 37

✓✓ Zacheus giving up putting sack to shovel 25

P O Barillet Pick nails 17  
Pick nails 1

1. Job Robinson to John Taylor, Bill 7  
 2. Nathan Kingsley to John Taylor, Bill 7

11 B. Laisson forging 4 Brandt bar Venks - 1 83

<i>To Fair sale Longing 48 barrels per Jakes</i>	7 85
<i>To 1/2 barrel of oil</i>	75

✓ Syllabus Coffin Shewing box 75  
✓ Robert Nass 80 in wrapping vices 3 50

Robert May 00 in Swapping out	3
A Rob Coleman last	2

George Myrick, Shemung town 1

Zenas Coffin & Slates	25
<i>The Little Prince</i>	12

Elizabeth. Same handwriting long.

Dec 29 - S - B - Bolger	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ flat	at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	53
//	19 $\frac{1}{2}$ of small flat	at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	122
	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ Round	at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	65

Dec 10 Benjamin Sinclair Ac<sup>t</sup>  
By 217<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> of landles at 32<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>  
7 Boxes at 30<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

/// Ebenezer Rand fr 1 Scaper 42

# 1st = S. Sherman 2.2 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of small pt at 42

— Elisha Starbuck p<sup>th</sup> 17

/// B. Davison 4<sup>th</sup> of Nov. 1844 52  
Drawing Sheet 23

Banker Burr

12 George M. ... 25

St. George's, 1791

13 Jarco Caffin 47

1 Shrapnel for Bullam. Capt. Burnett 6/11 1 0 8

Labour Self and  
Chauncing Plate

John Mead &

$0.21 = 103\% \text{ of } 1\frac{1}{8} \text{ plat at } 5\frac{3}{4} \text{ --- } 2.01$   
 $42 \text{ ft. } 1 \text{ lb } 1\frac{1}{2} \text{ --- } 47$

J & S. Sherman #  
154 Dal Street at 15 — 229

2. 1. 30

63	Jawson 2 pions started	12
	1st & 2nd	12

11. 1/2 lb. <sup>uprising</sup> ~~Steel~~ <sup>Sensu</sup> ~~Sensu~~ <sup>lape</sup> ~~Sensu~~ <sup>lape</sup> 42

2.3½ lbs of  $\frac{1}{4}$  flat — at  $\frac{1}{4}$  143

3 cutters	1 tape	2
1	1	17

foraging from the ram. in 1 mill

Robert Huskey of  
173, Halimor & 173

*[Faint handwritten text at the bottom edge of the page]*



3	Sept 15	B Davison punching 18 holes in plates	25
2		Samuel Davis 30 loffer Ruff 1 better punch	22
5		Jacobson & Emard 11 lb of spikes	1 80
		William Holger 15 lb of kind English	98
		Tristram Allen 11 lb of 1/2 in. Sued at 6 3/8	74
2		Benjamin Glover Shewing bars	2 25
2		AC Myrick	
7		1 Marling Spike 1/2 in. & chisel joint	58
		B Prince	
		James White 10 lb of spikes	88
35		Jacobson & Emard 10 lb of spikes	1 00
5		Stacy 10 lb of spikes for Anchor	50
		B. Davis 10 lb of spikes for cutting screw	50
		Leah 10 lb of spikes for joint	25
		Ebenezer 10 lb of spikes for nail & Ring	17
7	December	Hugh 10 lb of spikes for baking little iron	25
5		Stacy 10 lb of spikes for 1/2 in. Rod at 8 1/4	37
		B Davison 10 lb of spikes with nuts	80
		Franklin Swane Shewing bars	2 80
		B Davison forging 2 small pinions	66
		punching holes in plates	06
		upsetting 2 cutters	25
0		Wm. Folger 10 lb of tubs Steel at 10	1
2		Mintie Slagden	
2	on Bill	Repairing pinion and shaft for mill	3
0		B Davison fitting plates	122
7		Tristram Allen	
		1-1 22 of old Salter at 6	869
		1-07 of 5/8 square at 6 1/4	198
		21 lb of 1/2 in. plate at 6 1/4	131

Dec 9 Irishman Men

0 = 1 = 18 = 1 inch square at 5 3/4 — 238  
1 = 1 = 6 of 1 7/8 flat at 5 3/4 — 177  
2 = 13 of 2 3/8 flat at 5 3/4 — 355

Ship Galcon Stapleing Box — 33  
2 punn Batts — 50

R & A C Myrick 2 Marling Spikes — 1

Robert May fitting punch books — 33

Ship Galcon Rusting Shive — 10

20 Gideon Golger By Cash \$5

B Davison 1 thick bar — 75

Irishman Men 8 at 20 — 160

Ship Galcon 2 Boxes — 1 25

Shackles for Chain 50 — 8 08

Labour 1 — 50

Ship Galcon 1 Shive — 33

Benjamin Rainey Shewing Bars — 33

Jan 3<sup>rd</sup> 1/2 Demanded 30 — 34

Mr. Mores fitting Lock & Chain — 34

Ship Galcon 4 Boxes \$1.50 — 250

Daniel Westgate Shewing Bars — 21

B Davison peace of iron — 124

Davenport & Edwards fitting Bolt 2 forelocks — 124

Jonathan Parker — 15 58

James Stormon Jr — 34

By 236 lb of old iron 34 per lb — 8064

Jonathan Parker Jr — 34

Daniel Westgate Shewing Bars — 21

John Pearson 1 old Bar — 17

38  
77  
55  
33  
50  
33  
10  
75  
50  
25  
08  
50  
3  
33  
34  
34  
1  
24  
24  
8  
7

Jan 1 - 1823 Frisbarn Allen  
 0 - 2 - 00 of spike Rod, at 6%  
 L L Webster 1 turkey 6% W at 1/2  
 Jabez Lushman shewing loth - Sarah Brook 75  
 Eliza Greep shewing hors - 1 75  
 Robert Macy  
 Lengthening pump shere - 5 42  
 1 Saw frame  
 Ship Balcon - 1 91  
 0 - 1 - 8K of 1 inch. Batt at 5% - 1 81  
 0 - 1 - 6 of 2 inch. flat at 5% - 2 30  
 1 1/2 of steel at 20%  
 2 Leno 1 of steel at 17% - 46  
 1 of steel at 17% - 58  
 Shop of Bar. Crank - 75  
 3. B. Garrison 6 of iron at 5% - 48  
 Thomas Garrison 1 shere - 1 50  
 Joseph C. Garrison - 1  
 B. Garrison 1 of loab - 31  
 Isaac C. Garrison 3 of iron - 50  
 Making 3 hooks  
 Franklin Swain 1 of iron - 75  
 Sharpening & Repairing 24 harrow teeth - 75  
 Frisbarn Allen 3 1/2 of 1/8 square - 2 62  
 iron Extra quality at 1/2  
 Thomas H Swain 14 1/2 of steel at 15% } 2 13  
 Deliverance Bay Flusay }  
 S B Gidger 15 of 2 inch good iron 6 - 90  
 Prince Gardner fitting punch - 120  
 B. Garrison 1/2 of iron at 1/2 - 51  
 S B Gidger 19 1/2 of paggat flat at 6% 1 20  
 L L Webster 3 1/2 of iron at 5% - 20  
 Thomas Garrison 25 Broad  
 fitting Batt. and sockets - 25  
 16

Jan 6<sup>1822</sup> James Child growing sheigh as per contract 10 25  
 Samuel Davis 2 Staples 25  
 Matthew Bonney fitting hay hooks 16  
 S B Folsger 250 of 58 Bratt at 5 1/4 1 19  
 Matthew Myrick Mending harness 25  
 Daniel Westgate shewing bar 25  
 7 Gilbert Coffin 50 Brads 50  
 4 pair of hinges 34 10 5 64  
 1 small do at 75 75  
 6 bars 12 staples at 1/4 Bratt 12 1 12 1/2  
 Jared Coffin  
 1 strap 1 Band for shaft 12 2  
 Lengthening frame 58  
 Mending Band 35  
 Joseph C. Meehan Baking little 20  
 2 frames 1 hook 75  
 J. G. May Mending harness 17  
 L L Meehan 0:2:0 of bars nail Brads 3 50  
 John B. Nickerson 1 bush 2 staples 16  
 Peter Chase  
 ironing wheels 9 1/2 11 3 7 1/2  
 By 65 1/2 of oil line at 4 2 60  
 Daniel Westgate handle to reel 33  
 S B Folsger  
 0:1:4 1/4 of Band iron at 7 2 03  
 Davis Yerham 1 Eel Spere 1 25  
 Jared Coffin 2 1/2 of hatch nails 40  
 2 Small Brads 2 forelock 33  
 Benjamin G. Minter 8 36  
 1:7:16 of oil line at 7 3 3 1/4  
 2:20 of oil line at 7 3 3 1/4

January 18<sup>th</sup> Jarvis Coffin fitting Plates 12 Brad. 1 3/4 lbs of spikes 2 5

Wm. Sjolger 5 = 1 = 18 lb of old sabb at 56 32 48

J. S. Sherman 23 lbs of 1/8 Ball at 5 1/2 = 1 31

Frederick Allen 0 = 2 = 0 of 3/4 square \$16 = 3

Joseph C. Melcher fitting Wakeville Bats 20

John Swains to 1 Anwill 162 lb at 11 = 17 82

By ad anvil 14 lb at 4 1/2 6 = 48

S. B. Sjolger 1 = 27 of 1/8 Ball at 5 1/2 = 2 70

Nathaniel Alwood

18 lb of Band iron at 7 = 1 26

James Coffin fitting 2 Sythes 50

2 Rings 2 wedges

John B. Nicholson 2 hors 14 staples 34

James Coffin tempering ax 17

B. G. Davenport half bushel of oats 08

2 1/2 lbs of good iron at 12 = 27

S. B. Sjolger

5 = 3 = 8 of old sabb at 6 = 34 94

Frederick Gardner cutting screws 2 each 37

George Myrick Jr Steaming horns 1 62

Daniel Westgate Mending pot Bats 08

Samuel Davis fitting harness 37

1 Staple for saddle

Nathaniel Alwood

0 = 1 = 17 of Band at 6 1/2 = 2 72

S. B. Sjolger fitting 2 Breaching hoops 1

20 B Davison 48 Small Butts — 1 25  
 4 Long — — — — — 50

Charged  
to Nathan  
Kingsley  
account

Prince Baker  
1 pair of long hooks — 45

Charged  
to Prince  
Baker

Nathan Kingsley ~~charging~~  
 Making Stone frame for Baker

Macy & Field  
33 lb of iron at 8 — 2 64  
 1 cupaloe — — — — — 70

Benjamin Beaulieu  
85 lb of iron at 11 — 5 95

B Davison 48 Small Butts at 6 — 1 44

28 lb of iron at 11 — 1 99

20 lb of iron at 11 — 1 23

6 lb of iron at 11 — 48

1 lb of nail flat at 11 — 79

14 lb of nail flat at 11 — 98

S B Sledge  
 1 - 21 of 58 at 5/4 — 2 52

2 ad of 110 — 1 21

2 ad of 110 — — — — —

Matthew Myrick 3 Screws & Nuts — 25

Sloop Gaken 13 lb — 2 17

1 tranche for for J. G. — 8 91

8 lb of iron at 11 — 88

2 keas — — — — —

Prince Gardner  
 1 old churel — 42

23 S B Sledge  
 1 - 22 of English flat at 5/4 — 2 31

Baker & Bunge Old Lock — 25

Jan 1st Paid Macey 1 Ring in harness filing do 25  
 Paid S H Jenks Mending crane 17  
 Paid Griffin Bartney Mending Rod 25  
 Reuben Ellis 37  
 2 Long harts 4 Sables  
 Wm. Glantz 29 of horn nail Rod 3 50  
 B Davison 1 Bushell of Coals 3 75  
 Wm. Sullivan 3 94  
 6 of 2 inch flat at 5 1/2  
 Nathan 1 Ring 70  
 1 pair of tongs 40 per P Baker 70  
 B Davison 1 Bushell of sea Coals 50  
 27 Jared Collier 4 bags 5 1/2 70 9 1/2  
 Peter M. Mending Spit 10  
 Sloop Galen 608 Rod 75  
 2 plates for Quarters 19 1/2 70 3 25  
 Lengthening 2 Ring Bolts 25  
 4 Forelock Snuffing Bolts 25  
 John Meader for N Meader  
 0-3 = 15 1/2 of tire iron at 5 1/2 5 09  
 28 B Davison 24 Small Bolts 62  
 Benjamin Knowles 1 01  
 10 3/4 of Steel at 15 85  
 5 do at 11 50  
 12 ounces of Bragg wine at 46  
 Nathaniel Alwood 1 42  
 17 1/2 of horn nail Rod at 8 1 67  
 6 of 2 inch flat at 5 2 51  
 By an exchange in Brit 2 51

Jan 26: Obed Macy 1 Ring in harness --- 25

John Meade 2 3/4 # of Steel at 14 47  
16 1/2 # of iron at 5 3/4 = 2 # of do do at 2 1/2 12

29 Sloop galen 1 funnel Stone --- 2 00

Wm Garrill 10 # of kind of flat at 6 60

30 Barzilia 12 Bras --- 12 1/2  
for 10 # of Delight

John B. Macy cycling 100 # of Spongers --- 25

B. Dawson 8 # of 1/2 square at 5 3/4 48

31 Smack Obed 10 # of 1/2 nails 4 25

Wm Garrill 14 # of 1/2 flat at 6 84

0 - 1 = 15 # of 1/2 flat at 6 2 25

A C Myrick 10 # of 1/2 --- 56

B. Dawson Making 10 # of 1/2 --- 1 25

Nathaniel Atwood

By 3 1/2 # of lander at 30 112 1/2

By 11 Boxes at 30 330  
115 1/2

S B Folger 69

0 - 1 = 1/2 of 2 inch squares at 5 3/4 1 50

0 - 1 = 100 of that of made at 6 31

John Meade  
By 9 3/4 # of iron Returned at 5 3/4

John Thwait  
1 Large Shade for Coffin Mary --- 3

Feb 3: Tristram Allen 14 # of steel at 15 --- 2 10

0 - 2 - 0 of spike Pins --- 3 38

Feb 5: 1823 Robert Hume

// 12 12 14 of 7/8 & 1 inch square at 5% 8 22

~~Jonathan Bitts sitting crane~~ 50

Benjamin Knowles

// 12 W of 3/8 Rods at 8 96

// 0 - 2 - 00 of Spike Rods 3 38

// B Davison

5 pivots for pulleys 1

// Richard North riding tire 17

B Davison 1/2 lb of Bar Iron at 4 1 01

16 Small Steel Bolts at 1 1 08

// 1 Hammer handle 1 08

// 8 putting 8 Bolts to pulleys at 30 2 40

last sent 1 1

1 Barnett double 37

// John M. 75

// 1/2 Sledge 1 11

// 1/2 Sledge 2 48

// 0 - 1 - 18 of 1/2 inch square at 6

// B Davison putting Eyes to weights 1

// Robert May 1 Mo. nail 8

// 1/2 Sledge 60

// 1/2 Sledge 120

// 1/2 Sledge 50

// 1/2 Sledge 50

// 1/2 Sledge 2 81

// 1/2 Sledge 62

// 1/2 Sledge 3 48

// 1/2 Sledge 50

// 1/2 Sledge 8 62

// 1/2 Sledge 8 62

February 12 1823.

John Savin Banding hules	1
B Davison Makeing 2 Both	10
2 hooks for Weights	25
1 Gudgeon 2 eyes for hammer	42
Wm. Folger	
1-0-23 of of the iron at 5%.	6 92
Samuel Davis	
fitting vice screw & shaft	81
Prince Garrison Banding 2 both	50
Thomas Davis Banding Bolt	25
Wm. Glant	
0-2-12 of of the iron at 5%	3 50
B. Davison Banding 2 both	20
Makeing 2 both	25
Irishman 10th of the iron at 5%	50
Wm. Folger 18th of the iron at 5%	1 13
Wm. Folger 18th of the iron at 5%	120
Macy & Field 2 thumb screws	120
B. Davison hammered for deck 14th	3-25
Shelton Bolt	10
Macy & Field 1 Copulensank	120
4 plates	25
2 Pcs of Sherman 10th of the iron at 5%	1-11
Wm. Folger 10th of 78 square	1 55
John Coffin to Work on Irons horn	50
Robert A. Folger 22th of the iron at 5%	1 29

Feb 21 1823	Nathan Myrick shearing horn	1
	John Altering Brand	50
	2 1/2 lb of spikes	31
	B Davison Altering hammer handle	33
	2 Eyes for Gaugeon	37
	John 1 Strap for Bell yoke 2 1/2 lb	4 38
		10
	Irishman Allen	
	3 1/2 lb of Bariron at 7	2 43
	Nathan Ring	
	9 1/2 lb of iron at 5 1/2	51
	George Charles 2 Brads 12 keas	10
	John 1 lb of nails	50
	Irishman 1 lb of Spike Rods	3 37
	John 1 lb of iron plate	37
	O C 1 lb of iron	50
	2 1/2 Elms 1 lb of iron (1 lb of Mill 1 lb of hook)	33
	George (Charles) Shearing horn	1 50
	Irishman Allen 1 lb of 1/2 square at 5 1/2	1 10
	O C Bartlett 1 lb of Gaugeon	12
	George C Charles 1 lb of staples 4 lb of iron	25
	12 Brads & Clinches 1 Middle piece staple	75
	John Swain fitting plough share	1
	Benjamin Sadger 1 ax	1 75
	John Swain fitting eye for	25
	B Davison forging iron	33
	Benjamin 1 lb of iron	
	1 1/2 lb of steel at 15	

March: Peter Chas Shewing hors - 1 00

// Tristan (Weld) = 1-0-0 lbs of Spike Rods = 75  
0-1-8 lbs of flat iron at 5 1/4

// B Davison Dr  
By 2 = 13 of flat iron at 5 =

Nathan Kingley  
10 W of English flat at 5 1/4 55  
15 W of iron 1

// B Davison Dr  
By 1 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 16

// J & J Coleman Dr 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 2 00

// George C Chas Dr 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 67

March John P. Chas Dr 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 20

// John P. Chas Dr 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 8

// John P. Chas Dr 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 8 00

// J & J Coleman Dr 3 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15 2 26

// O C Bartlett Shewing hors 3 7 1/2

Perez Jenkins  
// 7-2 = 16 1/2 of iron at 5 3/4 43 98

March Robert Hussey Dr  
// By 32 W of land at 18 & 0 M 97 10  
at 24 and Box at 30

March J & B Burrall Shewing hors 84

// J & B Burrall Dr 2 8 1/2 lbs of flat iron at 15

Barth. y. Franklen Seamer, fiting Sept. 10.

J & S Sherman City of English (Wat 52)

Mathan Shingley  
7th of iron at 5¢

7<sup>th</sup> of iron at 5<sup>th</sup>

39

ms B. - Dawson.

Thomas Fair's filing - Bolts 0.33

John Swane Mendungoneukpak 17

2 Mustangs 11/1 lbs of 3/4 Belt

George C. Clark 2 Staples for <sup>Russ</sup> ~~up~~  
10 Bolts with nuts & screws 120

12 *Sylvaenus* Caffin *Mendocino* - 10

25 up: Folger 3<sup>th</sup> of steel at 17<sup>th</sup> = 51

James for Binding up Clock 10th 167

Mar 17

John Meader

18	to 38 1/2 at 1 7/8 flat at 5 1/2	2	11
19	to 25 1/2 at 1 1/2 flat at 6	1	52
20	to 22 at 1 3/4 flat at 5 3/4	1	26

18/ E. C. Chare Back Band hook 2 Staples 42  
 19/ 1 harp 2 Staples 11  
 India Band 1 Pair of scull hanger 8

20/ Robert Macy 1 Large Staple = 12

19/ 2 1/2 m Hart. 2 - 2 1/2 lbs of deck naut. 3 37

20/ John Seane Mending Wheel 13 33

21/ Peter Jekins 24 lbs Sarg flat - 1 38

22/ Samuel Davis iron for Shave 17

23/ John Seane Mending plow 38

24/ X David Starbuck 8 lbs of iron at 60

25/ S. B. Folger 2 23 of 58 Bolt 1 06

26/ A. C. Maynick Shewing hors 1 13

27/ Zenas Coffin Mending Sether 37

28/ Sera Coffin To driver and sitting punch 50

29/ Nathaniel Pinkam mending lens pin 10

30/ Richard Worth Shewing hors 00 63

31/ S. B. Folger 1 1/2 Brass wire

32/ O. C. Bastlet Shewing hors 1 21

33/ Thomas Geris Drawing Bolt 12

34/ Sera Webster 1 1/2 lbs of pole driver at 8

George C Chare proring tung 3

Perez Jenkins  
O = 1 = 10% of flat iron at 5 3/4 2 01

Mathew Myrick sling in harness 17

Perez Jenkins  
O = 2 = 22 of iron at 5 3/4 4 00

Mathew Brannev shewing hors 1 08

Reuben Braxton  
Mending Stovel 12

B. Cannon plate & Brads 33

John Meader  
20% of small flat at 6 1 25  
O = 2 = 10% of small flat at 5 3/4 3 90

John Swain  
1 1/2 of small flat at 6 4 00

Bryant  
amin shewing hors 90

Perez  
O = 1 = 16% of small flat at 6 2 27

Joseph Davis ironing wheels 66 at 1 1/2 9 2 1/2  
wood to heat fire 66

Writ Lucinda Jorgah  
Shanker Chief 1

Cash 2 1/2  
Cash 50

Providence April 29: 1823

James Lewis 19 1/2 gallons of oil at 45<sup>th</sup> --- 8 77 1/2  
 May 1 10 of Sperm candles --- 30

John Miller 2 gallons of oil at 50<sup>th</sup> --- 1

Olney Dyer and Co

7 1/2 Boxes of candles 2405<sup>th</sup> at 24 1/4 (595) 595 70  
 124 lb of Copper at 19<sup>th</sup> --- 23 56  
 212 lb of Cordage at 10<sup>th</sup> --- 21 20

Olney Dyer & Co. Dr

By 3 per cent Deduction on the amount  
 of candles and Boxes 595 70 --- 17 85

6 Olney Dyer & Co. Dr

20 2620:1 of iron at 86 per ton --- 111 83  
 141 lb of Spikes at 8<sup>th</sup> --- 11 28

James Lewis 1 pair of iron at 2/3 --- 37

Samuel Lewis 1 pair of iron at 5<sup>th</sup> --- 10

Jacob C. G. 1 pair of iron at 1<sup>th</sup> --- 1

6 books 12 staples 8<sup>th</sup> --- 45

Shedding 2 Bars of iron --- 12 1/2

May 20 Benjamin Dyer Pair 50

Setting 4 hors shoes --- 75

2 new setting 2 hors shoes --- 18 1/2

1 knee 9 inches By 7 --- 30

1 large 1 middle size staple 1 hook for hinge --- 30

Olney Dyer Co

Making 47 1/2 lb of Spikes at 3<sup>th</sup> --- 1 42

John Miller 1 printer's Chace 18 1/4 --- 3 04

Benjamin Allen 58 gallons of oil at 47 1/2 24 22

Mr X Menon 1 gallon of oil at 50<sup>th</sup> pair 50

John Miller 2 gallon of Sperm oil at 3 --- 1 00

1 Chace 14 1/2 lb at 11 --- 3 25

Providence May 22 - 1823

X Jacob C Gould ironing wheel Barrow } 1 42  
as per contract 122

X 2 Staples Extra 37

23 James Lewis Mending Bunglark 25

X Jacob C Gould fitting gudgeons for hinges 06

X Benjamin Dyer  
18 Staples 10 hors 0 92

X Roman & Co 1 doz Shuttle Springs 50

Making 1 Reamer fitting do 08

27 - 1 doz Shuttle Springs 50

X Wheaton & Frendel 2 gudgeons for hinges 17

X 1 Rod with nut fail 33

X 1 pair of joint hinges fail 1 08

X Pottery Stapling Lower Box fail 25

X putting on pump. Spence & new Sails 122

X Benjamin Dyer bon tail chain fail 50

29 James Lewis & Co of gudgeons, kelch 25

30 Stephen Warterman #

25 1/2 doz hinges at 14: Buffs at 12 3 54

Olney Dyer & Co

Baking 2 Brass little at 81 2

do 4 do do at 51 3 33

do 8 Small do at 34 2 72

X Roman & Co 1/2 doz of Shuttle Springs 75

31 1/2 doz of Shuttle Springs at 3 75

X Charles Dyer 1 gudgeon 122

X John Miller 2 gallons of oil 1

X Stephen Warterman staple for lock 122

June Joseph Tucker paid  
 2 Brace to pump snout 75  
 X fitting in pump Box 17  
 X fitting pump Brake & Bolt 31

Stephen Martenman  
 1 Bolt with nut and Washer 37  
 2 Staples to Screw on for door fastening 33  
 2 Large Staples to go in wall  $3\frac{3}{4}$  lb 53  
 1 Ketch of Brick 12

3/ Obney Dyer Baking and lot of hollow ware 1 50

Jonathan Nichols  
 forging 24 lbs Springs at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs  
 forging 18 Springs at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs

John L Winslow  
 By 44 lb of Butter at 2.80  
 By 2 fine Bricks at 3.00  
 By 1 pair of Shovels at 2.00

June Potter & Wain  
 5 hooping & Baking 45 more at 6.4  
 Baking 2 50  
 Do 2 at 1/6 50

Lucinda Jnyals Cash 50 50

Providence Dying & Bleaching Co  
 1 Strap for crane  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb at 9' 56  
 1 kea 1 Ring for Bolt 04

Jonathan Nichols forging 19 Springs at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

John L Winslow  $2\frac{1}{4}$  lb of iron at 18

Charles Dyer Repairing hinges 17

Obney Dyer & Co fitting 2 Chirch 12  
 1 Large Oak Chirch  $13\frac{1}{2}$  lb at 1/6 44

June 6 1823

Jonathan Nichols

Forging 2 Large Springs at 7 14  
 Ironwork for pump 14 3/4 lb of iron 1 83  
 Ruffing upper Box 10 nails 16  
 Forging 2 Large Springs at 7 14

Charles Oyer 1 hinge gudgeon, ketch 19  
 fitting hinges 12 1/2

John S Jackson  
 1 handle for tailors Machine 50

Providence Dying Bleaching & Calendering Co  
 1 Damp 79

James Lewis 1 Stone 62 1/2

John S Jackson Repairing and putting  
 tung to Bell 75  
 1 Bell hung and fitted 1 50

Providence Dying Bleaching & Calendering Co  
 Repair for Sump 1  
 Drabber 8

10 Churn of H & Co 1 50  
 Balchins 3 pike 60  
 Do 3 pike 20 37  
 Do 1 pike at 2/3 40  
 Do 2 tea tittles at 20 25  
 Do 2 Joe's at 1/4

Stephen Warburton  
 Making anchor for Brickwork 40 Brads 35

John S Jackson 1 new bell tung 1 50

Charles Oyer 2 Small knees 16

12 Providence Dying & Bleaching & Calender Co 75  
 1 Gage for punching holes 12  
 fitting set 50

50 Rivets Large

Chase Lewis putting handle to hand 25

Solomon Chase Making paving hammer 38  
 paid

Providence June 14 1823

Olney Dyer & Co

Baking 3 Bake cutters at  $\frac{1}{3}$  — 1 50

Do 2 fats at 20 — 40

Do 3 litters at 20 — 60

Do 3 sea litters at 20 — 60

Do 3 fryers at  $\frac{1}{2}$  — 37 $\frac{1}{2}$

Do 2 gridles at  $\frac{2}{3}$  — 75

James Lewis 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  Hay iron at 6 — 47

X. Boston Company to Shuttle Springs at  $\frac{1}{2}$  — 16

James Lewis a thing from Oth & A. 34

1 Bar of iron at  $\frac{1}{2}$  — 36

5 Baskets of — at — 1

X Charles Dyer a thing from Oth & A. 25

Benjamin Dyer a thing from Oth & A. 3 paid

X Cutting & setting 3 of — at — 25

Setting 2 hors shoes — 08

Mending wheels —

John L. Winstone

To 64 Gallons of Sperm oil at 50 — 32 00

James Lewis 1 pair of tong hooks 75

16 Stephen Martenman 10 Rivets — 10

5 pair of hinges 44 $\frac{1}{4}$  — 6 20

17 Providence Dying Bleaching & Calendering Co

12 H of hinge — 2

18 Wm. Blodget 4 straps for Exethen — 50

2 iron on Stone waggon 33 — paid 4 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

18 June: 6 Bolts with nuts 75  
 8 Bolts without nuts paid 50  
 4 Large Nails 04

19 Witham Belodget 1/19 4 12  
 2 Straps of 4 wheeled carriage 33 50  
 4 Straps for Exetree of do 75  
 6 Bolts with nuts paid 66  
 4 do without do 04  
 4 Nails  
 putting nose to reach 20 at 1/9 2 66  
 4 Bolts with nuts 50  
 3 do without nuts 25  
 2 Straps for Exetree 50  
 8 nails 06  
 2 Bolts for Standard 17

Stephen Winterman  
 2 pair of Bolt 6 at 14 5 04  
 4 Buffs Lignum 06  
 2 hooks 25  
 20 1 pair of Bolt 11 at 14 1 54

21 Providence D. B. & Co  
 fitting iron Bar 25

John S Jackson  
 holpping & Balcing 8 Brass Litter at 5 6 67

22 Polly Fisher 2 1/2 Waf Butter at 20 45

23 Rosson Company  
 fitting Machine for turning Shuttle tips 50

James Lewis fitting hoe 08

24 B & C Oyer and Co  
 sending Cotton hooks 25

Providence B & C Company  
 4 Bolts with Long hooked heads 80

June<sup>23</sup> B & C Dyer and Co

fitting strap hinges	25
43 Long nails at 1 <sup>st</sup> per piece	43
4 Buss 1 Staple	12

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Providence D B & C Co

fitting iron for Spooling machine	12
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B & C Dyer

1 pair of joint hinges	1	33
60 Long nails 2 Rivits		62
<del>200 do</del> 200 do	12	12
7 Nails Mending hinges		25
1 Large Staple & Ring		17

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25 ~~Providence~~ B & C Co

4 Bolts for Stems	80
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Stephen Warton

fitting iron for walk on roof	25
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Charles Dyer fitting 4 hors Shaws

1 Shew	8
	40

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Benjamin Dyer mending coffee roaster

	17
--	----

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John T Jackson 150 Rivits

	75	
1 Capaloe 4 <sup>th</sup> at 1	7	33

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Olney Dyer Co

Braking grille	37	
2 howell Knives	3	00
1 lub knife	1	50

June 26 - 1823

Providence D B & C Co

2 pivots 2 Ring flap pole — 30

straitning 9 Ring stone shaft — 08

Stephen Winterman

1 pair of hinges 7 1/2 W at 14 — 1 05

6 flat staples at 9 — 75

1 iron for door sill 2 Rivits — 30

27 Providence D B & C Co fitting pick — 12

Carry Dun 16 Rivits — 16

4 straps for scale 11 W — 2 12

Stephen Winterman

1 pair of D & S hinges at 14 — 1 12

6 flat staples at 9 — 75

2 irons for Ring 5 1/2 W at 14 — 74

John B. Jackson son

2 pieces of iron 1/4 W — at 10 — 2 20

Potter & Adams

hoopping & Baking 2 Brass Cutters — 2

John B. Jackson

1 staple fitting one for 2 Bell. — 25

July 1 Providence D B & C Co

2 pointers — 17

8 Bands 5 9 W 64 wedge 33 1/2 W at 9 1/2 — 44

Olney Tyer & Co 1 9 1/2 W hinge at 9 1/2 — 2 44

Making & putting up Lightning Rod 5 00

Providence D B & C Co 1 1/2 Rivits — 12

3 Castles turning Chisels at — 75

1 pattern + turning gauge 2 Small Bolts — 1

July 3 Providence D B & C Co  
 1823 12 firrals ——— 66  
 pease of iron for Rest ——— 08

John T Jackson  
 Bale for Lupa loe  $12\frac{3}{4}$  at 9 ——— 1 59  
 fitting handle for Lupa loe ——— 10  
 4 Rods with nuts & screws ——— 67  
 5<sup>th</sup> 1 Bar of iron  $11\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 ——— 1 10  
 1 Bar of iron  $4\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 ——— 42

Providence D B & C Co  
 Mending wheel & 2 corn wheel ——— 25  
 ——— 50

7 2 pinters ———

John T Jackson & Co  
 Making to Providence ——— 25

James Lewis & Co iron at 6 ——— 50

Potter & Adams  
 hooping & Baking 4 Brass little 4

O: Dyer & Co Baking, Bake little ——— 70

D: B: & C: Co 14 Revots ——— 12

Rafson Company 4 Staples ——— 25

10 Olney Dyer & Co  
 $26\frac{1}{4}$  lb of hinges at 9 ——— 3 28

Providence D B & C Co  
 fitting 2 iron of Spooling machine ——— 50  
 1 iron for Spooling machine ——— 50  
 Charles Dyer setting 2 Shoes ——— 25  
 1 staple for gate ——— 12

July 12 Jonathan Nichols &  
By 3<sup>rd</sup> of German street 50  
James Lewis 8<sup>th</sup> of Mantle tree (by) at 6 58

Potter & Adams  
hoopping & Baking 8 Bron little at 4/6 6

14 John T Jackson  
hoopping & Baking 3 Bron little at 5 2 50  
Do Do 1 Do at 5/6 92  
Do Do 1 Do at 6/ 1  
Do Do 1 Do at 9/ 1 50

Providence T. B. & Co  
Drilling last iron 25  
18 Rivets 18

15 Providence T. B. & Co  
Length last hook for lub. lever 43<sup>rd</sup> 7 17  
4 Guckham Rings for latender rolls 66

James Lewis Sharpening iron Bar 08

Joseph Benson and Co  
fitting mill twice 12

John T Jackson Shetung Rod 12

Olney Dyer & Co  
1 Shovel 5 1/4<sup>th</sup> at 1/ 87  
6 Baking little Baked at 3/ 3  
2 gae. B. 2 small no 19 little at 1/ 50  
1 cold chisel at 1/ 34

17 John T Jackson  
2 tung for Bells 22<sup>th</sup> 5 50  
Repairing Bar 37

James Lewis 5 crane Eyes to shovel 50  
putting handle to shovel 25

Benjamin Dyer  
pair 2 new shoes setting 2 on horse pair 75

July 17-1823: Olney Dyer & Co  
13 H of hinges at 1/9 1 62  
James Lewis 2 Manilla Bars 14 Wat 6<sup>#</sup> 84

18 Olney Dyer & Co  
hoopping & Baling 1 small Brass little 42

Jonathan Nichols Drawing & Spring at 6: 48

Min L Field

do 1 H of sperm oil summer strained

126 gal. out at 41

1 Do Do Do Do 115 gal out at 41

1 Pearce Do Do Do 60 gal out at 41

1 Pierce Do winter do 61 gal out 48

19 James Lewis 3 manilla bars 20 1/4 Wat 6 1 22

John S Jackson mending Bars 12

Olney Dyer & Co Buffs 08

1 Set of Store Door 2

22 Labb Chase  
hoopping & Baling 1 Brass little 1

Benjamin Dyer 1 staple for lock 17  
2 new shoes on hors paid 50

Lucinda Jugs & lake 2

John S Jackson  
3 Baskets of ~~toats~~ Char Coals 75

Furnace 1 Basket of Char Coals 25

Providence D B & Co

shortning and cutting 2 Rods 17

1 Chisel for turning 1

Peckham & Barker  
Baling 4 teacattle 80

23 Olney Dyer & Co  
1 Baling 1 large pot cover to do

July 23: Providence O B & C Co  
2 Belts with Sats 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long — 50

2 $\frac{1}{2}$  Jonathan Nichols forging 9 Springs at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

John S Jackson 1 Basket of Char loads — 25

Olney Dyers & Co

hoopring and Raleing 1 Bramette — 75

25 14 $\frac{1}{4}$  W of hinges at 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  — 1 78

46 W of Spikes at 10 — 4 60

O B & C Company (workers)  
altering standard fastening screw & nut — 33

2 irons for warping machine — 50

1 Small Rod 2 holes punched in it — 10

Jonathan Nichols forging 11 Springs at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Bred it  
By cash two Dollars \$2

Peckham & Barker

hoopring & Raleing 6 Bramettes at \$1:6

Do Do 4 Do Do at 5 $\frac{1}{6}$  = 3 67

Do Do 1 Do at 5 — 83

Do Do 1 Do at 4 $\frac{1}{6}$  — 75

Do Do 1

Jonathan Nichols forging 8 Springs

Providence iron foundery fitting & straining } Bar of iron 12

Benjamin Dyer 1 Clasp 3 Staples paid — 28

Henry Batly 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  W of 7 $\frac{1}{8}$  square iron — 26

30 John S Jackson — 17

2 Staples for 40 W belts — 3

2 tungs for 40 W belts at 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  — 18

1 yoke for 40 W Belt 2 Belts with nuts 2 50

Making 8 copper belts with nuts — 1

July 30 - 1823 - Benjamin Dyer paid  
to 2 Band, for Log 50

Olney Dyer & Co  
1 plate of iron for threshold 25 1/4 Dat 10 - 2 53

31 Charles Dyer Shewing hors \$1 - - - 1 00

Aug, Olney Dyer & Co  
fitting ironwork for Scale 1 =

2 Stephen Hartmann 1 staple 1 cetch 00 30

4 Olney Dyer & Co  
Sending Scale that was borrowed 1

George S Rathbone paid  
X Ironing stone carriage 3 75  
~~paint for do~~ 12

5 Olney Dyer & Co  
73 1/2 lb of hinges at 1/2  
fitting 4 cotchisels 37

John S Jackson  
handle for labor machine 50

Aug George S Rathbone paid  
1 plate for stone carriage 5 at 1/2 62

late Chace to 3/4 lb of paint 12

I Lady 4 pair of boot heels at 1/2 - 66  
1 pair do at 20 20

9 Potter & Adams  
iron work for Sather 1 chisel 1 08  
making chisel 1

Callender 1 1/2 lb of Bands at 1/2 1 44

August 9 = 1823

- Potter & Adams, shaft for lathe ---- 42
- 11 Stephen Martenman 5 W<sup>d</sup> of iron at 5<sup>th</sup> ---- 15
- Providence D. B. & C. Co:  
8 Bolts with nuts & screws -- 1 00
- Obney Dyer & Co  
2 shafts for window paring ---- 17
- 12 Callender  
2 Springs for looms ---- 20  
~~4 Large with nuts~~  
4 Large bolts with nuts ---- 1 33
- Samuel Lewis  
Baking bake little ---- 25
- 13 Polly Fisher 2 gal of oil at 3/ ---- 1
- Callender Co  
making 6 Band for Saws at 1/ ---- 1
- Stephen Martenman 1 lb of wages -- 21
- Potter & Adams mending crank -- 12
- Peckham & Parker baking Bake little -- 50
- Furnace, to Pratt  
2 Eye bolts ---- 25
- 15 Callender Co - Bosworth  
1 lot Chisel Sharpening, &c ---- 33
- John Miller  
6 hooks putting up sign ---- 1 75
- Callender Co  
By Cloth from the Stone 5 17
- 18 fitting Rod for loom, Springs for &c ---- 37
- Charles Dyer setting 1 shoe ---- 12
- Benjamin Dyer setting 8 hors shoes ---- 1

August 19 = 1823

Olney Dyer & Co 100 ring & staple — 00 08

20/ Callender Bosworth  
18 1/2 W of hoops for logs at 4 2 34

Simcon Brat  
& pair of cranes Eyes — 1 25

John S Jackson  
Mending scale beam — 12

21/ Callender Co  
29 1/4 W Bands mending sugar 3 88

John Miller 5 books putting up sugar 7 1/2

Potter & Adams  
1 crank for lathe — 50

22/ Peckham & Barker

Bakeing 2 small litters at 12 25

Do 1 Large pot at 20 20

Do 1 Bakeing little at 3 50

Do 1 tea little at 20 20

Callender Co 13 1/2 W of medges 22

6 Large Bolts with nuts 1 50

Olney Dyer & Co

Bakeing 1 Bakeing little 50

hoopring & Bakeing 1 Bran little 75

23/ Callender Co 4th of Bands & ewages 58

Olney Dyer & Co

66 W of spikes at 10 6 65

Bakeing cake little at 3 50

Stimson 4 sign iron 30

August 25 - 1823

Charles Dyer setting 3 shoes 37

Calender Co  
Mending Shuttle 10

26 ~~Mr Potter Charles Dyer~~

Mr Potter pair  
Stapling Lower Box 25

Ring on pump snout 12

1 Band for long 3/4 at 1/4 44

1 pump spere 6d at 1/9 75

27 John T Jackson

2 pistons for Bellows 6d 80

J = Lady 3 pair of boot heels at 1/ 50

Calender Co: 2 3/4 lbs of wages merrymall 46

1 plate for shaft 2 inch square hole 75

6 Small Bratts at 4 37

Mr Potter ironing pump Brakes 25

1 pump Bolt pair 12

27 John T Jackson

Yoking bell for Providence Court

house 70 1/2 d at 20 14 10

Yoking bell for Greenwich Court

house 70 d at 20 14 00

28 Dyer  
Obney & Co 2 7/4 d of spikes at 10 2 72

X Benymiro Dyer mending Shoes pair 16

Calender Co 7 lbs of Bands at 1/9 87

30 B & C Dyer Sharpening wedge 8

X 1 new Ring fitting and setting 10 d one pair 33

on beetle

Calender Co 2 1/2 lbs of Sharpening pump Box 25

2 lbs of spikes with square heads 33

Sept John T Jackson

1 Bar of iron for bellows 11 1/4 at 9 1 03

2 Copper & Brass with eight  
Square nuts for Suction hose 75

Calender Co 2 large Bolts with nuts 3 50

Ring on pump Snout 15

John T Jackson 2 Staples for Bells 20

6 Calender Co  
4 Small wedges  
Sharpening 2 Chisels } 12

James Lewis  
Sharpening 3 Chisels 0

Joseph Rosson & Son  
Making Screw to  
Machine of turning Shuttle spindle 25

John T Jackson putting in Bell hanging 50

8 Calender Co 6 Rivets 6  
1 Driven 50

Providence iron foundry  
2 eyes 2 1/2

X Benj mino Dyer 41 gudgeons pair 0  
2 hooks 41 Staples 20

Orley Dyer & Co 140 1/2 lbs hinges set  
hoopring & Baling 1 Brass collar 8

9 John T Jackson  
Drawing 2 Copper Bolt 25

Charles Dyer & Son 33

10 Callender Co

2 Batts with nuts & plate 3 50  
Making 6 Bands your iron 50

Olney Dyer & Co  
hoopring & Baking 1 Brass little 1 34

James Pewee 5 1/2 lb of lard 1 horse 2 Glapton 97  
12 Birds 11

Callender Co

Lengthening & Reaming Leavers 79  
4 Large Batts with nuts and washers 1 50  
4 Large washers 25  
1 Long Goldsmith's steel 42  
1 Riveting hammer 50

Henry Thornton  
forging 3 pieces for seal tools 1 62 1/2

S Furnace Co

1 wheelbarrow eye 12  
13 Making 10 straps 60 Large nails 2 20

P Callender Co

4 Square plates 40  
10 Bands 10  
2 Ruffs in 2 pieces of wood 12  
2 Clamps for 2 do 42

Peter Grinnell & Sons

Baking 1 Bake little 50  
Do 1 Griddle 37 1/2  
Do 1 tea little 20  
Do 2 pots at 15 30  
Do 1 little 15  
Do 1 Barson 12 1/2  
Do 1 taper little 12 1/2

Sept 13 1823

Brigg Antelope  
Lengthning & Repairing Boath 14  
2 forelock 2 kear 06  
8 W of Spikes at 10<sup>th</sup> 80  
3 W of Spikes at 10<sup>th</sup> 30  
Strapping, Dead eye and  
making chain 14 W at 10<sup>th</sup> } 1 40

10 Smith Bowworth Repairing wagon 0 50

S Callender Co.

12 Small hooks for rollers 1 50

Brigg Antelope 3 kear 06  
1 hinge for Dead Light 50  
Lengthning bott 6 Broad 17

15 William Butler

1 anchor stock 50% W at 9 6 31

Brigg Antelope  
1 hook & welded thumbble 42  
2 Large Staples 16

16 Josiah Eddy

1 Shaft & Crank for machines 34

Siimeon Pratt  
1 pair of hinges and nails 87

17 John F Jackson

Making 4 pair of of copper hinges  
24 W at 10 W per lb 2 40

the Town  
Making 1 pump Brake 1  
1 Steel pump bolt 2 steel bushin 42  
fittin & Repairing pump spence 25  
washer 1 08

Sept 18 - 1825  
P Callender Co  
Sharpening Bar 06

19 Brigg Antelope  $4\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of hatch nails at 11 71  
3  $\frac{3}{4}$  Railing Dogs 8 pds 54  
2 fashion plates 23  $\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 2 35

Charles Dyer selling 1 shoe 122

Parson Miller  
1 punt Brake 1 hook - 18  $\frac{1}{2}$  at 17  $\frac{1}{2}$  2 48  
Slapping Lower Box 25  
hooping punt snout 20  
~~3  $\frac{1}{2}$  of hatch nails~~ 50  
~~4  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Ruffs & Clinches~~

Brigg Antelope 50  
3  $\frac{1}{2}$  of hatch nails

P Callender Co  
10 Bands for Logs 2 00

Brigg Antelope 54  
3  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Larger Bands at 11 77  
5  $\frac{1}{2}$  of hatch Rings at 14 50  
4 Railing Dogs at 9 42  
14 Ruffs & Clinches 08  
12 Bands 58  
20 6 thumbles one large spike

Sift  
So 1 pair of shoes from Wm. Spier 25  
So 1 last fine Gallon 5  
So 1 weed & 5 day Board at 15  $\frac{1}{2}$  4 31

Credit  
By ten & quarter days labour at 8  
By 11  $\frac{3}{4}$  days Labour at 8  $\frac{1}{6}$

Sept 22 = 1823

Thomas Clark

Making knees 10 Brads — 17

the Sower

Making pump Brake — 1

1 Steel Bolt 2 Steel bushes — 42

Repairing pump Spere — 25

Lucinda Jengals 50 lark — 50

50 lark fine Dollars — 500

23 Peter Grinnell & Son

1 Bolt 1 Bolt for window bar — 25

Glalender Co Making 3 plates for drum head — 25

Brig Antelope 32 Staples for yards, 1 00

Glalender Co = 1 Shaft 6 W at 9 — 81

24 Peter Grinnell & Son

Baling 6 = no 19 Disk little at 14 = 84

Do 8 = no 14 little at 9 = 75

Do 4 Barons at 14 = 56

~~Do 1 = no 14 at 15 = 15~~

Do 6 tea little at 20 = 120

Henry Thornton

1 lark plate — 30

Glalender Co

1 pump Spere 6 W — 92

2 bolts with nuts — 25

1 Band for Log — 20

Olney Dyer & Co.

Baling 1 brake little at 3 = 50

Do 1 tea little — 20

hoopping & Baling 1 small little — 33

Sept 24. 1823

John T Jackson  
Repairing Engine nos 10

P Lattender Co

2 Eyes 2 Gudgeons (mending Ring)  
for wheel barrow 50

25 Harry Thornton 62

2 Stamp forged

Olney Dyer & Co

hoop in & Baling 1 Bron little 1 08  
Do Do 1 Do Do 92

John T Jackson

1 tators Seam stitch 50  
Mending tangs 17

Calender Co fitting plates Sharpening  
2 Chisels 22

26 Brig Antelope 4 thimbles 1 Staple 50

John Jenks ~~wheel wrights Labour~~ 12

Fitting & Setting 4 hoop tires 3 00

Extra work Repairing wheel & C 50

cutting screw on mine and cutting mine 12

Benjamin Dyer Paid

Fitting & Setting 2 Large hoop tires 2 50

Do Do 1 Small Do 50

12 Ruffs & Clinches Large 83

wheel wrights Labour 37

P Lattender Co

2 Gudgeons fitting 2 eyes 87

4 Small plates 16

27 Sineon Prat 1 hook 2 staples 10

1 Staple of out side door 17

Sept 27: 1823

X Benjamin Dyer Jail 34  
X Reming wheel — 34

John Jenks 2 Rivets 6 nails — 08

1 pair of hinges 52¢ at 15 — 77

Thomas Clark fitting window pane 15

29 Brigg Antelope 20  
4 hooks 3 staples — 20

Thomas B Milbourn

4 Straps for Scale 16¢ — 2 24

16 Ruff — 33

4 Rings fitting chains —

John J Jackson

new Sizing — tongs — 33

Olney Dyer & Co

Bakeing 1 fry pan — 13

2 tea little at 20 — 40

1 pot. at 15¢ — 15

1 Do. at 20 — 20

1 little at 14 = 1 taper little at 15 — 29

1 Large Dish little at 20 — 20

1 Bake little at 3 — 50

Lucinda Ingals last two dollars 2 00

S Lutter Der Co. 1 08  
15 Rivets

Olney Dyer & Co

hooping & Bakeing 1 Bran little at 15 — 75

Oct 1 - 1823

Brigg Antelope fitting hardware 25

P Callender Co 4 44  
4 Band 35 1/2 H at 1/9 60  
1 Rest for Lathe

2 John S Jackson  
Lengthening bar 34 Datio 35

P Callender Co 1 40  
11 1/4 of wedges at 1/9 06  
4 Large Nails

Chew Engine 0 75  
1 Band and Eye for tung

3 Ebenezer Willington  
To last \$3 3

Buy 7 Day Labour at 8/7 per month 4 75

Olney Oyer & Co  
Hooping & Baling 4 Iron little 1 35  
at 1/8  
Do Do 1 Do at 5/6 92  
55 H of hinges at 1/9 6 88

4 Peter Grinnel & Son  
Baling: 4 H of Bats at 1/9 61  
Do Do 3 H of Bats at 1/9 42

in John Watson 7 lbs of Quinor Spices paid 87  
Stapling Saw Hooping precept & more 37

John Jenks & Crankles at 1/10 08 80  
Stephen Winterman 1/4  
1 pair of hinges 14 H at 1/4 12  
Lengthening Gauge

Oct 6 - 1823

Stephen Wartermann

4 irons for to support fence — 80

Brigg Anklope 48 Small Brads — 30

4 Chafing plates for anchor  $7\frac{3}{4}$  Wat 1. 20

in ~~Mr~~ Potter paid  
ironing pump Brake 1 pump bott — 42

John T Jackson

hoopring 1 Old Brass little — 67

Stephen Wartermann

6 pair of hinges  $4\frac{7}{8}$  Wat 14 6 65

10 Rivets — 10

S Callender & Co

1 Belt and — 10

Sharpening Bar — 08

to parts  
Mr Potter to Starbhorn

stapleing Lower Box — 25

Lengthning pump Spere — 33

putting on pump Box Ruffing do 14

ironing pump Brake paid 25

1 pump Bott Ring on snout — 25

Olney Dyer & Co

hoopring & Brakeing 2 Brass little at  $\frac{4}{6}$  1 50

do 2 Small do at  $\frac{2}{3}$  — 75

Mr Potter paid

stapleing Lower Box — 25

1 pump Spere 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  at  $\frac{1}{9}$  — 1 12

Oct 8 = 1823

Stephen Martenman  
4 iron, for fence

80

60

34

12

43

25

35

75

33

08

25

17

25

75

50

08

### The Daughter.

The daughter has much in her power. She has youth, vivacity, generally the grace of form, always the charm inseparable from youth, often the irresistible attraction of beauty, and she may have the still more enduring endowment of amiable temper and mental accomplishment. And she may move in the sacred sphere of home as a ministering spirit of peace, and love, and joy.

But it may likewise be otherwise. Because the path of duty to her is comparatively easy, is dictated to her by her affections, is demonstrated to her by every day's experience, it does not follow that she will walk in it. She may prove false to her obligations. And what a desolation does she make in the domestic circle. How can she wring the hearts of those she is bound by every obligation to love and cherish! Instead of acquiescing with cheerfulness in whatever her lot may be, she may annoy her parents

by perpetual reflections and complaints. Instead of taking her share of the cares and toils which are inseparable from a family, she may refuse them all, and choose to spend her time in idleness, or dress, or company, and consider herself born for a higher lot than ordinary mortals. By the indulgence of a bad temper, instead of being the delight and pride of the domestic circle, she may keep her home in a perpetual broil. Alas! for that house that is under the tyranny of a termagant. There is no dagger so sharp as the tongue of an insolent, disobedient, ungrateful daughter. If any eyes could weep tears of blood, it would be the eyes of parents, who have brought up a daughter to be their terror, their torment and their scourge. — Burnap.

### On the Death of G. W. H.

Death's potent voice has reached our ears,  
The presage of our fate;  
The mournful dirge the stranger hears,  
As it tells of one of youthful years,  
Who has passed this mortal state.

He stood among us, fresh and fair,  
As the vernal bloom of spring;  
We turn to his place, but he is not there;  
He has soared far beyond these bounds of care,  
The praise of his Saviour to sing.

He speaks to us now from the gaping tomb,  
He tells us he rests in peace;  
For a halo lights the ebony room,  
And removes far away death's midnight gloom,  
And bids terror and darkness cease.

His body now rests with its kindred clay,  
But where has his spirit flown?  
Whose merit will plead at the judgment day?  
As the Saviour on the throne of his glory will say,  
Thou who loved me on earth, I now own.

That Saviour he trusted, and Him will he plead,  
Who with blood has ransomed his soul;  
By faith, he saw Him on Calvary bleed,  
Who rescued his soul in the time of his need,  
Who forgave, and the sin-sick made whole.

Then heed the deep tone of the Spirit e-day,  
And prepare Him a place in thy breast;  
And let be infused the Spirit's bright ray,  
That, when released from this breathing clay,  
Thou shalt soar and be forever at rest.

4. 1843.

### The Day of Rest.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

The Sabbath is hallowed, the calm day of rest,  
And nature seems robed in her holiday vest;  
Bright hues to the flowers are given;  
The birds seem to wake with devotional lays,  
To welcome the best and the brightest of days,  
And the skylark sings nearer to heaven.

There's a voice in the breeze that comes over the hills,  
And mingles with music of murmuring rills,  
As if man a new paradise trod;  
The universe smiles on its Maker's own day,  
And creation awakens, its homage to pay,  
With nature's own hymn to her God.

The passions are hushed that had ruffled the breast,  
And we seem to be gathered along with the blessed,  
Where religion has sainted the shrine;  
The heart is the altar, and piety there  
Pours forth the pure incense of praise and of prayer,  
From man to his Maker Divine.

And when from yon tower I hear the bells chime,  
And mingle along with the pilgrims of time,  
As if called from the vain world to sever;  
When I hear to our God sacred anthems arise,  
My spirit seems winged for its own native skies,  
To dwell in its temples for ever. London Tem

### THE TEMPTATION.

He might have reared a palace at a word,  
Who sometimes had not where to lay his head;  
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with bread  
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.

Twelve legions, girded with angelic sword,  
Were at His beck, the scorned and buffeted;  
He healed another's scratch. His own side bled,  
Side, feet, and hands, with cruel piercings gored.

O, wonderful the wonders left undone!  
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought;  
O, self-restraint, passing all human thought,  
To have all power, and be as having none!

O, self-denying love, which felt alone  
For needs of others, never for its own! TRENCH.

Providence October 11 - 1823

	Caleb Chase fitting 2 Exaltrees	13
	hoopling 6 Small wheel at 3/	3 00
	6 Small hoops on hubs at	37
	<hr/>	
	Mr. Left 50 Cash ten dollars	10 00
	<hr/>	
	By ten & one <sup>for</sup> <del>practical</del> days work at 9/6	
	<hr/>	
13	Henry Thornton 8 small screens in the mill	67
	8 iron of to set in castings	1 86
	<del>1 large square iron for press</del>	<del>7 27</del>
	<hr/>	
	Peter Grinnell & Sons	13
	Mending whiffletree	
	<hr/>	
14	S. Callender do	69
	Lightning pump Spere 1 Bolt & nut	75
	1 Crooked iron for loom	
	<hr/>	
	Potter & Adams	33
	Mending shovel for Mr Potter	
	<hr/>	
	Sours	
	Repairing Engine no 3	3 75
	<hr/>	
15	John T Jackson	
	Drawing Copper bolts 2 Copper thimbles	42
	<hr/>	
	Henry Thornton	
	1 Slide for press 10 1/2 W at 1/	1 75
	<hr/>	
	Benjamin Dyer 2 1/2 W of nails at 1/9	31
	8 1/2 W of hinges at 1/9	10 87
	<hr/>	
	Repairing wheel Letting hoop true	75
	<hr/>	
18	1 thumb Lathe	62
	3 new gudgeons 15 Brad Repairing hinges	50
	<hr/>	
	S. Callender do	
	1 Eye for wheel Barrow	17
	<hr/>	
	John T Jackson	
	hoopling & Balcing 1 Bron little	92

Providence October 18 = 1823

Polly Fisher 2 1/2 Gallon, of oil at 3/6 — 1 1/2

Ebenezer Willington

By 6 Days Labour at 1/7 per month

20 Josiah Eddy 1 turning kea — 25

Lucinda Jugal, back to buy bonbragette — 08

Mr Eames  
1 machine to turn tin over — 3

Wm. Smith putting 2 pair of hand irons 1

Give Isaac 1 oven stove — 87

21 Benjamin Dyer took 2 staples — 10

6 flat staples for Shairze house doors — 75

7/8 of hinges at 1/9 — 91

Putting plates punching holes — 10

22 Olney Dyer & Co

Repairing & sharpening 3 axes — 20

Potter & Adams

hooping & baking 3 Brass bottles — 3

Benjamin Dyer

2 irons for slides for Shairze house doors — 12

mending Shairze shaft and stops — 66

2 bars 4 Staples — 25

Mending pitch fork — 12

2 Lincoln Pratt 2 cranes 10 1/2 Wat 14 — 1 47

Calender Co 1 burning iron — 10

Thomas Clark 1 pair of hinges — 38

2 pair of small hinges — 50

1 do no gudgeons — 17

Polly Fisher

Sharpening & repairing coffee mill — 32

Providence Oct 26 - 1823

Franklin Cooley

Sharpening 125<sup>th</sup> Chisel at 12<sup>th</sup> 1 87<sup>th</sup>  
mending machines to Rub Stone 13<sup>th</sup>  
Repairs on tools 1 21  
1 twel 50

Josiah Eddy 2 Gudgeons & Ring 17

Charles Dyer shearing hors 88

John S Jackson

2 punches for Copper Repairing one 33  
hoopring 3 Brass Cylinders at 5/6 2 50

Peter Grinnell & Son

hoopring & Baling 2 Brass Cylinders at 7/6 2 50  
do do 1 do at 5/ 84  
Repairing Endless 30

Olney Dyer & Co

Baling tea little 20

27<sup>th</sup> Botter making 3 Bolts pair 20

Olney Dyer & Co

3 Shaps for Stone pipe 25  
1 Brace for Stone pipe 30

29 P Callender & Co

1 Ring mending loach Ring 75

Thomas Lark 1/4<sup>th</sup> of Spikes at 8<sup>th</sup> 10

Plotter & Adams 4 Rims 4

30 1 hark 2 Staples 1 plates 20

31 Henry Thornton

ironing press and C 11 00  
1 Small Steel pin 10

Providence Oct 31 - 1823

Ship Loeza 3 punches for copper

John S Jackson  
Repairing punch for copper 12

E Osborn 1 small bell tung  
making coal shovel 12  
6

Navy E Wittington 50 last \$2 2

By 11 1/2 days labour at \$17 per month

Olney Dyer & Co  
2 oven doors 29 1/2 Hat 19 - 3 69

D Callender Co  
Attending & Repairing pump gears 1 50  
12 Batts with nuts 1 50

Solly Fisher  
Goods from the Callender 3 12

Samuel Teft  
1 pair shoes from Wm S Teft at \$1 34  
1 Do Do Do at 7/6 1 25

3 Callender Co  
putting in Bell tung 12  
1 Schem driver 17  
1 Schem 1 minute 1 gudgeon 25

4 growing washing rocker \$2 25  
1 Spring 88

fitting Schem 4 Bands for leg 39  
1 lot Chisel 1 looking chine 10 units

E Osborn 3 Baskets of laster at 15 45

Charles Potter 2 Shine pins 17

Josiah Eddy 1 Bar for chimney 17  
1 tuning Okea 20

John S Jackson  
handeling Sayers machine 50

6 Stephen Wardenman  
11 pins 2 Champs for portico stones 50

Butter Grinnell & Sons  
mercing sand pin

In this town on Sunday morning last, by Philip H. Folger Esq. Charles K. Whitman Esq. to Miss Eliza Morselander, both of this town.  
In Yarmouth, Charles Thacher to Miss Hannah Thacher.

Nov 8 - 1823

Olney Dyer & Co

1 barrel 3 hooks

50

Baking 3 Bake litters at  $3\frac{1}{4}$

1 50

Do 2 tea litters at 20

40

Do 1 fry 12 do high pan 15

27

Do 1 25 litter at 14

14

Thomas Hartshorn

do Repairing pump yeener

72

Joseph Dor

1 pump sphere 1 Brake 14 1/2 D at 9

1 81

Shapting Lower Box

25

1 pump Rod  
working pump snout

12 1/2

John S Jackson

Cutting and Shortening hand iron

25

12 Stephen Wardman

8 pins for portico posts

16

John S Jackson

making 1 copper primeingune

50

Olney Dyer & Co

Baking 3 dish litters high pan at 15

50

Do 4 pots at 15

60

Do 1 goe v

13

Do 2 Baking litters at 3

1

252 D of hinges at 19

31 50

Peter Grimmett & Sons

hooping & Baking 2 Brass litters at 3 1/2

1 61

Do do 1 do at 4/6

75

Do do 2 do at 2/6

84

Stephen Wardman

3 clamps for portico

75

making 3 chairs

25

13. P Callender Co  
16 Brads at 1<sup>st</sup> 16

John T Jackson  
30 copper nails 60

Olney Dyer & Co  
6 lb Chicks at 2/6 2 50

14 Hercules Whitney  
Repairing 135 teeth of Dyer wood }  
Machine at 6 } 13  
9 wedges for do

E. Willington 75

last paid Barney + 75

1 pair of shoes from field 2

Polly Fisher trip to Boston 2

Charles Dyer 1

Setting 1 hoop line

Benjamin Dyer Shewing horns 20

3 Chaff fitting crane 20

Calender Co 1 Spring for Horns 20

18 Polly Fisher  
order on lot Smiths Portsmouth 2 50

John Miller  
4 pinters

P Callender Co  
fitting looking iron 08

Beckham & Barker  
hoopring & Baling 12 Bran litters at 5/6 11 00

Olney Dyer & Co  
Baking 2 Bran litters at 3/ 1  
hoopring & Baling 1 Bran litter at 5/6 92  
do do do at 4/6 3 75

Portsmouth, July 25, 1835.



Providence Nov 19 - 1823

Potter & Adams

hoopring & Baling 3 Bran little, at $4/6$	2	25
Do Do 1 Do at $5/7$		84
Do Do 5 Do at $5/6$	4	38
Do Do 1 Do at $6/$	1	

John S Jackson  
hoopring & Baling 1 Bran little — 1

Peter Grinnell & Son  
Baling 4 22 pots at 15 — 60  
Do 4 tea little, at 20 — 80

Samuel Teft to cash — 3

Ebenezer Willington to cash — 1

Stephen Waterman 4 irons for fence — 40

Stephen C Smith mending cast iron plate — 40

21 Peter Grinnell & Son filing hook — 12 1/2

Calender C 18 Roads filing treadle irons — 37 1/2

22 Mr Potter pump spare sh. at 1/9 — 1 06

ironing pump Brake and Spout — 37 1/2  
1 pump ball — 12 1/2

J Callender to 2 Stuffs for door padding — 20

Colly Fisher trip to Swansey — 1

Benjamin Gyer pair  
ironwork & chained Sitch — 6 12

24 Peter Grinnell and Son  
Mending damper — 25

John Jenks 12 Spring Catches at 1/6 — 3 00

Mr Potter 1 hoop for pump — 25

25 James Lewis 1 pair of hinges 1/4 lb at 15 — 60

Providence Nov 25 - 1823

Clendenon log Sharpening Bar — 08

Mr Westcott  
2 stone rods fitting bands — 40

Mr Eddy 12 nap nails — 12

Slany Thornton — 50  
4 Springs for press —

26 Polly Fisher to seeing the nut arands — 25

Goods from the Clendenon — 3 22

34 Bushels of turnips at 30 — 1 05

John Jenks 23 nuts with seven, cut 75

6 cranks — 1 50

forging Reamer and Drill — 20

John T Jackson — 60

1 Inch forging 2 lapped Reamers —

Peter Grinnell & Son — 25

fitting door to stone — 25

cutting & fitting stone legs — 06

fitting Shovel —

Stephen Wenterman

science front of house —

first space beginning at the East End

3 08  $\frac{1}{4}$  — 46 24

2d space — 36  $\frac{3}{4}$  — 54 48

3d space — 6 19  $\frac{1}{2}$  — 92 89

12 90  $\frac{3}{4}$  —

Obney Dyer & Co — 6 08

To order from Charles Dyer — 2 50

Baking 5 Bake litters at 3 — 40

Do 2 35 bats at 20 — 30

Do 2 25 litters at 15 — 28

Do 2 22 Do at 14 — 56

4 19 litters — 14

Obney Dyer & Co — 50

2 stone legs — 13

John T Jackson mending tong —

Providence Nov 29 - 1823

// John T Jackson  
Cutting & setting hand irons ————— 25

// Eben. Willington Cash ————— 25

// Samuel Lewis 1/2 gallon of oil at 50 ————— 25

// Lucine Jengals 6 yds. of cloth at 14 ————— 84

// Stephen Winterman  
Filing down door handle ————— 12 1/2

Samuel Jeff.  
Sundry goods from Wm L. Fitch Nov 8 --- 10 72 1/2  
Sundry goods from Wm L. Fitch Nov 14 --- 2 29 1/2

// James Lewis  
Cash ten Dollars paid 8<sup>th</sup> 1823 ————— 10

Dec, Hunculus Whitney  
Sharpening chisel punching Bar of iron ————— 33  
8 Large nails ————— 14

⊗ Benjamin Dyer setting 1 shoe ————— 12 1/2  
2 Staples, Guid gear ————— 25

// John L. Winston, Clerk 2 staples ————— 25

// Olney Dyer & Co  
Repairing wedges ————— 14

// S. Catterer Co  
2 Stirrups for pance ————— 40

// John T Jackson  
Baking & hoopring 6 Cottes for Howard 5 92  
2 hooks for Sheet 3<sup>d</sup> pea ————— 25

// Mr Arnes  
Repairing Spring punch ————— 08

// Gordon Clark making Catch binding 12 1/2

Providence December 21 1823  
 Benjamin Dyer 1 Long bar 2 staples 25  
 Stephen Winterman 38 76  
 2 iron Gates 25 80 at 15  
 Hercules Whitney 33  
 fitting Bars of iron & large nails 25  
 1 ~~James~~ plates 1 ~~Bolt~~ with nut 37  
 James Lewis 1 crane 4th at 1 75  
 John T Jackson handle to layton wheel 50  
 2 Eyes for wheel barrow with nuts 33  
 Stephen Winterman 7 Joint Bolts 87 1/2  
 Peter Grinnell & Sons Drawing wire 08  
 Wm Batten Stapleing Sower box 25  
 1 pump spere 6 1/2 at 1 75  
 Ironing pump brake 25  
 Ring on snout 1 pump bolt 25  
 Eben Willington Cash twenty five cts 25  
 Goods from the Lattender 3 01  
 Polly Fisher 2 1/2 Gallons of oil at 3 1 25  
 B Lattender Co 10  
 60 teeth for warping machine  
 James Eames 1 Small Sower paid 06  
 Peter Grinnell & Sons 1 Crane 25  
 E Willington Cash 6 Dollars 6  
 Josiah Edger 2 pistons paid 50  
 1 tube iron 75  
 Stephen Winterman 1 50  
 12 Joint bolts  
 Peter Grinnell & Sons  
 Repairing Slay 1 new Runner & C 3 0  
~~Placing~~ ~~stone~~ ~~bottom~~  
 taking down & putting up stone } 7 25

December 10 = 1823

- /// Hercules Whitney  
2 bolts with nuts making 2 dyer wood knish 33
- 11/ Polly Fisher 1 scraper & nails 30  
2 baskets of loaves 1
- /// Charles Dyer Steaming thos 1
- /// Olney Dyer & Co  
Repairing sundry 2 33
- 12/ Calender Co no Revers 25
- 15/ John S Jackson  
1 steel ~~to~~ to Beam pump Chambers 25
- /// Potter & Adams fitting Chisel for Mr Potter 08
- /// Olney Dyer & Co 1 Sledge 1 75
- 18/ Calender Co 1 Spindle 17
- /// ~~Lucinda Ingals last~~ Lucinda Ingals last 2
- /// Polly Fisher order as J Eames 3 86
- X John S Jones 3 Stone Legs pair 33
- 14 James Eames 1 Large Spit 33
- /// Calender Co 1 Spring for looms 25
- 20/ Olney Dyer Co  
315 lbs of hinges and hooks at 9 39 37
- /// John S Jackson  
Making 314 lbs of copper hinges at 10 3 15
- /// Peter Grinnell & Son  
Ironing hames 1 Bolt 02
- 22/ Bolt & nut 20
- /// Calcl. Chase 2 gal oil 1

December 23<sup>th</sup> - 1823

Peter Grinnell & son.

To mending window har

50

John T Jackson

To mkeing 1 cell tounge

17

24 Stephen Martenman 1 Sineu

10

Colender lo fitting pump geene

25

Sharpening lot Chises

08

25 John T Jackson mending shawl

14

Olney Tyer & Co

at/g

173<sup>1/2</sup> lb of hook, & hinger & nails } 22 21

4 1/4 lb of hinger and hooks

John B Jones

1 Bolt with nut fitting soldering copper

19

David Pitts

30 4 weeks Board beginning August 19 00

15<sup>th</sup> 1823 at 3/6 per week

credit

By 7/ oranges at 3

2 13

27 Sineon Pratt, crane 6 1/4 lb at 1/4

1 04

David Pitts

Cash paid for carting up goods to shop

22

By cash 2 dollars 33 cents

2 33

By 100 lb of Sugar at 10 1/2

10 1/2

29 Col Smith Bonworth

12 1/4 lb of Brac & knees at 1/4

1 53

Colender lo

makeing & looking iron 1 hook

42

30 Beckham & Barker

Bakeing 1 Bake little

50

Do 1 Dash do 1 put

32

Do 1 tea little 1 jar B

32

Providence December 30 = 1823

James Earnes 1 tube iron — 50

Stephen Winterman  
2 knees for poles — 33

Louell Adams fitting stone pipe 08

Peter Grinnell & Son  
Labour and Repairs on looking  
stone at your house — 1 50

January 1 = 1824

Hercules Whitney Sharpening <sup>12</sup> picks — 33

~~Peter Grinnell and son~~ ~~fail~~  
1 Spring for George — 13

Stephen Winterman  
fitting and Repairing 3 ~~peaches~~ for Sides — 50

Peter Grinnell & Son Repairing 2 But traps 17

2 Joseph Rawson & sons  
25 springs at <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> <sup>etc</sup> 1 drill 19 — 1 12

Stephen C Smith  
Making 10 dozen of bucket rings at <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> — 1 67  
wine to make 22 — 16  
Ring of Mandrill — 12

3 Thomas Clark Lengthening hook — 10

E Osborn 1 old axe & handle — 25

6 Peter Grinnell & Son  
10 Clarks 20 Staples at <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> for 3 peaces — 1 25  
mending and putting in stone seg at your stone 30

Stephen Winterman making nut for bolt — 08

Olney Oyer and Co  
hoopring & 6 Brass letters at 6/ — 6

Jonathan Nichols forging 23 Springs at <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> — 46  
6 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of Sheet iron at <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> — 50

Providence January 6 = 1824  
John S Jackson stung to 70th bell 1 50

7 S Catterden Co  
putting strap on block making hook — 50  
Strapping 2 blocks, 1 strap, 1 hook, 1 plate 3 25

John S Jackson  
1 tung for 70th bell 50  
making 1 pair of copper hinges 45

Shurculus Whitney  
Sharpening & Repairing 54 teeth at 6 — 3 24

9 John S Jackson  
making 4 1/2 doz copper hinges at 10 — 45

Peter Grinnell & Son 1 square plate } — 10  
for fair mill — }

Caleb Chase 1 hollow auger — 75

10 Briggs Steple mending shovel — 08

Stephen Wartenmann  
Repairing 4 knob sockets — 75

Charles Patten Jr  
By 2 = 2 = 9 of English flat iron left  
of your bank vaults and doors after taking  
enough to pay for what iron I found  
for said vault at 4 = 50 per hundred

12 Shurculus Whitney  
1 pin for dye wood machine — 50

13 Charles Patten  
fitting & Repairing 14 knob sockets, 1 thumb latch 87 1/2

Peckham & Brunker  
Baking 22 baking litters at 3/ — 11  
do 4 tea litters at 3/ — 2  
do 6 do at 20 — 1 20  
do 4 grinders at 2/3 — 1 50  
do 6 goebs at 2/3 — 75  
do 1 fat at 1/6 — 25

Providence January 13 - 1824

Flurculus Whitney  
mending bolt for Cart carriage — 34

Plattender to fitting 2 heddles — 12

Plattender to 4 Buckel Rings — 12

Plattender to 6 Springs for shuttles — 25

Charles Potter  
3 Slide bolts of window shutters — 3

Plattender to 1 Band  $\frac{1}{4}$  W at 19 — 56

16 Charles Potter  
4 plates for windows  $3\frac{1}{4}$  W at 15 — 479

Peckham & Barker

Baling 2 - no 25 litters at 14 — 30

Do 2 - no 22 do at 14 = 2 - no 28 do at 17 — 62

Do 2 - 35 do at 20 — 40

Do 6 - no 14 pots at 12 = 80 6 - no 19 at 14 — 156

Do 6 - no 25 do at 15 = 90 6 - 28 do at 17 — 192

Do 2 - no 35 do at 20 = 80 1 - 56 do at 25 — 65

Do 2 - no 19 litters at 14 — 28

John T Jackson  
mending Stone — 12

Brigg Antelope mending Deck Bunder Eyes — 25  
1 new pintle & nails 10  $\frac{3}{4}$  W at 17 — 179

17 John T Jackson 1 Kelch — 28

Potter & Adams  
hoopring & Baling 23 Brass litters at  $\frac{1}{6}$  17.25

John T Jackson 7 pins — 19

Hoden Pierce to 4 guards for lach — 17

James Ames  
fitting lamp top stamp — 50

Sucinda Ingals last — 60

Cash three dollars — 3

Providence January 22: 1824

Callender Co

mending spring

16

24 Wm L Fiete

to Phillip Fietters note

23 45

O Dyer & Co

To baling 15 bake litters at 3/

7 50

Do 2 no 28 pots at 17

34

Do 2 no 25 pots at 15

30

Do 3 no 19 do at 14

42

Do 3 no 22 do at 15

45

Do 3 high fans at 15

45

Do 3 Joe bears at 12

36

Do 6 tea litters at 20

1 20

Do 3 griddles at 2/3

1 12

~~mending shovels~~

Mr Donnell  
making hoops for logs

84

26/ Samuel Lewis, menter

2

27 1/2 gallon of oil at 3/

25

Caleb Chase

1 shaft 2 cranks 2 nuts 15 1/4 at 9/

1 91

Polley Fisher 2 1/2 gallons of oil at 3/

1 25

27/ Hney Dyer & Co

baling, iron hooping & baling, Brass litters

71

Callender Co making steel screw driver

20

Peter Grinnell & son bring to mate

08

Caleb Chase, shovels blades

50

28/ Callender Co strengthening Dred  
1 screw driver

50

John gentes  
6 cranks 3 springs at 1/6

2 25

Providence Friday January 30 - 1824

Peter Grinnell & Son 50  
Baking, baking little 25  
fitting in Stone Legs

Tuesday Feb 3 17  
John P Jones 2 Stone Legs

Olney Dyer & Co  
244 lb of Scrap iron at  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a cent - 1 83

Wednesday - Peter Grinnell & Son  
4 baking gridde 1 fry pan 52

Seamon Martinell  
hoopping 1 wheel 2 at 10 2 70

credit  
By at time 13 lb at  $\frac{3}{4}$  45

Thursday Samuel Stone  
hoopping 4 wheels 92 lb at 10 99 10

Friday 4 ~~at 8 lb at 10~~  
6 1 Bar for Backs 15 lb at 9 1 87

Peter Grinnell & Sons 25  
3 Linspins for waggon

Calend cr 0  
Sharpening bar 08

Olney Dyer & Co  
Repairing & Sharpening 3 chairs 25

Monday Peter Grinnell & Son  
9 Baking 4 Baking little 2/6 1 67  
do 2 do do at 3/ 1  
do 2 Large tea litters at 3/ 1  
do 5 Small do at 20 37  
do 1 fry pan

Benjamin Field  
Shewing hors mending waggon 25

Providence February Mondy 9 21823

Potter & Sunell  
4 batts with nuts putting on lock  
1 large plate iron in staple for stone  
Door 1 50

Stephen C Smith 1 pair of hinges 25  
10 To 1 pair of hinges 42

Holden Pearce one eye for stone  
and a piece of lead 20

11 Peter Gummell  
Shewing hors all morn 1 25

John S Jackson  
1 bell hung for 70th bell 1 50

Benjamin Dyer  
Repairing wheelwork 14

Parson Clark footing handiron 25

Charles Dyer Shewing hors 70

16 John S Jackson 4 <sup>1 coll</sup> handiron horses  
11 pairs 83

Thomas Clark fitting hinges 3 12  
8 nails 2 Quills

Josiah Eddy fitting 3 Batts 16

Quine Pearce  
Ironing steel 2 hooks 56

19 Calender Co  
a spring to thro the looms in with 76

Caleb Chase  
repairing 5 chisels 67

Holden Pierce Making & Seamer  
Hobbs 0 67

Providence February 21 - 1824 Saturday

Peter Grinnell & Sons

Baking 3 Baker litters at 1/3	1	50
Do 3 Do do at 2/6	1	25
Do 3 Giddles at 2/3	1	12
Do 3 22 litters at 14		42
Do 3 14 Do at 14		42
Do 6 gobs at 12		72
Do 4 19 pans at 14		56
Do 3 high pans at 15		45
Do 3 fry pans at 21	1	
Do 3 fry pans at 25		63

Samuel Stone

2 Bands on Back		75
Loops for the Spring stay		25
Iron brace under Back		75
Joining <del>off</del> litters		42
2 plates and 4 Long nails 4d		75
4 Packs iron Leafs	8	
4 Loops in packs	1	33
Box braces and stays	4	
2 Exethrees with nuts and washers	4	50
4 hog yoke straps for Exethrees & nut & plates	1	33
Joining fitts	1	67
1 transition butt and plate		50
47 Butts with nuts	5	50
4 Bands for hubs		75
Altering Springs Lengthning Braces & C	1	50
mending coach Bitch		25
1 Step 4 Ruffs & Clinches		80
Joining fitts with out Suggens & iron whiffletrees	4	00

Charles Foster ornamenting Stone

one oven door your iron	1	42
8 window rods		83
fittng hoops around hearth	1	60
Labour filing & fittng Socks		75

John & Jackson hoisting kettle

2 Belt Staples for 70th belt		42
2 Do - for 40 Do - Do		60

Feb 25 - David Pitts for By Cash \$2

27 Charles Foster fittng Brass knob - 12

Providence, Feb 27. 1824

Chas Dyer & Co making 18 knees fitting Claps — 62

Samuel Stone 4 Butts with nuts, 44  
5 bed irons at 20 00

Charles Potter 1 Smoke Jack  
as per contract } — 50

Daniel Sehnem  
ironing wheel barrow, hopping wheel } 2 20  
2 Eyes 2 Gudgeons 2 Rings 4 Staples } 16  
2 Braces  
4 other Staples

28 John T Jackson  
5 nails 1 Linpin for wheel — 16

Charles Potter fitting Brass knob — 12 1/2

Peter Grinnell & Sons paid  
Baling for par — 25

Mar 2 Peter Grinnell & Sons  
1 Linpin paid — 10

James Carnes  
2 Spits for tin ovens — 67

3 Charles Potter  
taking off fitting & putting on gudgeon — 15

Thomas Clark fitting meet hooks — 06

4 Lowell Adams 2 Rings — 33

Mr Wilkinson Patent Reed maker  
1 plate with handle — 42

6 Charles Potter  
To 3 ring hooks 3 hasps & 6 staples — 67

repairing lock 26 inches for back  
1 staple for lock 16 — 42  
08

Providence March 6<sup>th</sup> 1824

// Samuel Stone

To mending coach rinch ————— 33

Joseph Robinson

// 12 bolts at  $\frac{1}{2}$  plates & 16 nuts at  $\frac{1}{4}$  2 83

// Thomas Clark fitting chair ————— 12

// Sawn 1 washer 1 kea ————— 14

// Charles Cotton Making 2 sand crs for stove 0 75

// Making 2 sand crs for kitchen fire place — 1 75

// John S Jackson 5 bell tungs at  $\frac{1}{4}$  — 7 50

1 bell tung at  $\frac{1}{4}$  — 2 00

8 Lowell Adams ————— 1 50

To ironing bucket ————— 33

2 pintles for wheel —————

// Holden Pearce ————— 33

putting tire on wheel barrow wheel —————

// Joseph Robinson makeing shaft and crank 2 40

9 Simeon Pratt To 1 scraper ————— 37

Joseph Benson & Sons

fitting 4 crills ————— 12

# Joseph Robinson

fitting bolts into plate for

cutting machine ————— 33

Robinson, bolts & nuts at  $\frac{1}{4}$  ————— 50

// Charles Cotton 2 screwdrivers — 20

fascings for <sup>pair of</sup> window shutters

// Josiah Wray 1 bolt & nut ————— 16

// Calver's Co 2 Locomotives 81 — 1

4 Bolts at  $\frac{1}{4}$  — 50

1 Scraper at  $\frac{1}{4}$  — 122

// Charles Cotton Sign books — 50

March 11 Charles Dyer Thwing hors 00 42  
Helden Pearce 5 window bars at 2 1 67

Polly Fisher 2 Gal of Cal. at 3 1  
12 Benjamin Dyer 12 hoops at 1 50  
delivered to Gideon heavily

~~Wm Anthony To Capt~~ X X 2

~~J J Jackson mending Sander bars~~ 10

Daniel Tenner mending chisel 8

Thomas Clark mending Beeth rings & ax 33

James Ames Toorn 6 Brads 6  
mending Sander bars 25  
mending stamping press 5 50

J J Jackson Making cupels Scraper 67

D Dyer 1 hoop at 20 2 Do at 9 45

John Senks Setting tier 50

17 James Ames  
extra work on stamping press 3 00

Calendar Co 1 Doorn more 2 Balts 75

Peter Grivel 8 Toon mending Sander  
for Draw Straps 17  
Thwing hors 12

18 Benjamin Dyer Thwing hors 33

James Ames To fitting 1 leg 50  
fitting <sup>two</sup> hammers 2/6 mending 2 rinches 3/4 32  
Do 1 Do Do 4 33

March 20 Onley Dyer & Co Turnip <sup>1 1/4</sup> ~~Spuds~~

Ironing Brake 58  
Shaping Box 24  
hooping Iron 15

Caleb Chase Hooping & Balancing  
Brass Cattle 67

22 Benjamin Dyer 4 pair of Cunnagees 80

Providence Iron Foundry 1/2 bushel Coal 19

Charles Potter mending Lock 25  
one Ring butt in Stone 50

25 Josiah Eldry 5 bolts & nuts at 11 84  
2 pistoons 1 each 1/2 for bellows 9<sup>cts</sup> at 14 1 26

Callender & Co  
altering 2 loom irons fitting 1 screw driver 16

26 Josiah Eldry 6 long nails 06

Callender & Co  
mending spring to thro the looms in with 25

27 William Anthony  
As Cash paid at different times 5 91

By 43 Days Labour at 2/6 per Day  
8 17 91

John S Jackson  
Repairing 7 Chisels at 1/4 87

Charles Potter Repairing Lock 37 1/2

Mr Potter repairing pump spers & Brake paid 37 1/2

30 John S Jackson fitting 6 chisels 37 1/2  
Shaping 1 Do 15

Caleb Chase 1/2 lb of brass at 20 30

Mar 150 John T Jackson Sharpening Chisel 8

John Jenks 2 Cranks 2 Springs 0 90

Calender Co Pump's Grease 10 1/4 lb 1 34

Ironing Brake 38 1/2 hoops 1 1/2 54  
2 Bolts 25 Sharpening Bolts 20  
Sharpening Bolts 8

34 James Sewer fitting Bolts & Spikes 22

James Earnes 4 soldering iron 1 67

Wm Anthony last one dollar 25 1 25

Harri's Field Iron work for 1 50  
to tool bell for 34

new sheeting iron bar 10

Apr 1 Joseph Potter 1 hook 1 staple 10

Charles Dyer Shewing hors 50

James Earnes 2 Soldering Copers 88

Onley Dyer & Co Balancing 1 tea cuke 42  
1 Do Dish Do Do 20

2 Benjamin Dyer Shewing hors 88

John T Jackson ironing Tailors 50  
Making 30 Coper Revit 25

Mr Connell 1 pump sheere and Brake 1 50  
1 pump bolt Ironing snout 50

Lot Babcock 8 Large Screws with 3 6 50  
Large nuts 39 Bat 4

Stephen Waterman 53 1/2 at 15 80 50

Science for steps 10

bitting holes in steps 1 98

fitting 66 drills & Chisels at 3 34 65  
Lead used about fence 23 1

Providence April 3. 1824

M<sup>rs</sup> Anthony Cash one Dollar twenty Cts -- 1 20

<sup>Credit</sup>  
By 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Days Labour at 2/6 per Day -- 2 29

Caleb Chase grooving wheel barrow -- 2 75

5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> James Lewis mending barn shovel -- 3 75

John S Jackson 21 lbs of old brass aff<sup>d</sup> -- 3 15

mending & fitting rim on half bushel 25

Jonah & Edy 4 bolts with nuts & washers 75

Olney Dyer & Co

1 Shovel for over 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at 1/ -- 1 75

John Chase - 1 Brass little 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at 5 10

hoofing and calving do 37

cleaning and hammering do 2/3 37

mending 1 pair of shoes for barn 50

Flurculus Whitney making bar 30

Stephen Martenman 2 83

2 cranes 17 10

Catharine<sup>M</sup> Chase

Cash paid on account of Silver Spoon } 57

over the amount of the old silver }

Calender Co 1 Boom iron -- 75

8 Zackariah Chaffee

mending lapster strap and bolt 42

Charles Potter to 1 pair of scrapers -- 3

mending fitting sock & kea 25

<sup>Credit</sup>

By over charge in account \$1

Providence April 8 - 1824

John Chase so 1 1/8 yds of Broad Cloth at \$4 7 50  
Buttons buckram & Lining for John Barnays coat 1  
~~Lining jacket to coat 1 1/2 yds~~ 50

9 Charles Potter repairing nob lock 17

Lowel Adams To 6 hooks 23  
Do Do 44

10 Mrs Anthony Cash one Dollar 1

Jonathan Lacey  
3 inside shutter bars with staples 1  
6 Staples 37

Benjamin Dyers Repairing  
king hooks 12

Mrs Anthony Cr By 3 1/2 days work at 2/6

John C Jenkes By Cash five Dollars \$5

Josiah & Eddy 4 Bolts at 1/ 67

13 Josiah & Eddy Cr 13  
By Cash three Dollars

Stephen Waterman 10 of Spikes 12

Calender Co 2 Springs for Boom 16

Josiah Eddy 1 Long Nail 44

14 Peter Grinel & sons  
mending exel tree 37 1/2

Stephen Waterman 10 1/2 lbs of hinges 44

3 Iron for Stone work 1 50

Drilling and putting in iron in stone 15

fitting drills 84

M J Orwell 6 lbs of pump Brade 42

fitting Speere and both stuffing upper box

Providence <sup>Stephen Marten</sup> April 15: 1823

Attering hook and plate — 08

Mr Dinnell 1 horn hook fitting stopper — 08

Calendar & putting handle  
to Scroper, 16

Peter Grinnell and Son  
422<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> of hinges at 9 — 5 34

16 Mr Wilkinsons paid  
2 Soldering irons — 67

Brigg Antelope  
1 pair of Large Can hooks — 2  
1 fish hoop 1 pair of cotton hooks } 2 25  
3 thimbles 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> at 9 — 30

Calendar to  
4 Long Rivets 14 Long nails — 37  
making hinge — 21

Peter Grinnell & Son  
122<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> of hinges hooks & nails at 9 — 15 25

John T Jackson handling sailors  
wheel — 50

Caleb Chase proring wheel barrow  
from Legs & Braces — 2 75

17 Wm Anthony Difference in Snapping  
aprons — 50

Levi L Webster 1 Leather apron — 42

Wm Anthony 2 days band at 13/6 per week  
lined it  
By 4 Day Labour at 2/6 per day  
\$1 = 67

Caleb Chase 2 bands on hubs 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> at 9 — 75  
making & setting 6 bands on hubs — 1 50

- Providence April 17 - 1824
- John Chase Making harness coat 4 50  
 Extrall for Thread list and trimmings 64
- James Earnes hooping Dye 25
- John C Jenks 1 Rank 33
- David Pitts credit  
 By Cash two Dollars - \$2
- Wm Anthony Cash one Dollar 1
- Cattender Co  
 1 bott & nut 12
- John Donnell  
 hook and staple to hold up door 14
- Jonathan Cary 2 small Snuffers 10
- Jonah J Edg 3 Seewers 25  
 Baking bake little 50
- Lowell Adams 2 Singer hooks 25
- Huberlas whetney to mending coach harness 17
- 20 Mney Dyer & Co  
 baking 6 teapittles at 20 # 1 20  
 do 2 large do at 42 84  
 do 1 do do at 3/ 50  
 do 3 baking litters at 3/ 1 50  
 6 7/2 Hat hinges and hook and nails at 9.8 44
- Schooner Jane  
 1 with 9 Hat 9 mending 18udder joint 1 37  
 one Buder joint nail 04
- 21 James Earnes mending serwo 124
- John T Jackson Ironing 6 tailors 3  
 or 4 kids 3
- 22 Cattender Co 25  
 1 Spring 1 bott & nut

Providence April 23 - 1824

James Lewis 29 1/2 Hat iron at 6 1 77  
making over mantle 10

Olney Dyer & Co 4 69  
37 1/2 Hat hinges at 19

Benjamin Dyer Shemings hors 87

Schooner Jane 4 69  
1 Rudder Brace 37 1/2 Hat 19 6  
1 bolt 1/2

Lewis 2 hammer 7 1/2 Hat 1/6 1 81

John C Jenks 2 bank 2 springs 80

Wm Anthony in  
By 5 days labour at 2/6 = 2:08

John Chase Shemings hors 50

1 Griddle hole 87

1 Small Brass little 4 Hat at 60 2 40

hoopring & Brakeing do 75

1 pair of hinges 25

Olney Dyer & Co

26 Brakeing one 70 little 34

do 1 - 56 do at 28

do 2 - 25 do at 15 28

do 2 - 22 do at 14 14

do 1 - 19 do 28

do 1 - 56 pot at 40

do 2 - 35 do at 20 34

do 2 - 28 do at 17 45

do 3 - 25 do at 15 28

do 2 - 19 do at 14 25

do 2 - 70c Br ut 19 37

do 1 Griddle 3 71

Schooner Jane cutting & skelling band 12

1 men band 2 25

1 thimble for Rudder joint 16

Job S Pratt 20 Hat iron for mantle at 6 1 20

3 Crane Eye 30

Providence April 27 - 1824

Caleb Chase

So ironing wheel barrow iron. Legs & braces 3

Schooner Jane fitting scraper 13

Olney Eye & Co

1 new Sharpening and Repairing 3 chisels 67

John L. Wintlow

34 lbs of iron at 4<sup>cts</sup>

making mantle bar 14  
25

Joseph Brown and Son

Brazeing Shuttle spindle 06

Job L. Pratt 3 brace Eyes 30

Jamie Brown

making ketch and spring for } 50

folding doors

Job L. Pratt 11 lbs of iron for mantle at 6<sup>cts</sup> 66

Benjamin Tyler

30 lbs of hinges at 13 3 90  
4 brace Eyes 40

24:30

28 Job L. Pratt 11 lbs of mantle bar 66

Stephen Waterman

Sharpening and making Eye for hooks 10

John T. Jackson

1 Set and one other hammer 1 25

new facing and Repairing 2 hammers 1 00

do do do 1 Sledge 62

1 Large Saddle 2 25

1 Smaller do 1 25

Heracles Whitney

fitting cog wheel on to shaft 25

Chinchas Patter Stapleing lower box paid 25

29 Job L. Pratt 21 1/2 lbs of mantle bar at 6<sup>cts</sup> 1 29

3 brace Eyes 30

Providence. April 29 - 1824

Sloop omega Starbuck  
2 cranks for grinder 8<sup>th</sup> 1

Latender Co - Sharpening bar 08

Shinchas Potter Shapting Lower box 25

1 pump Spere, 9 Wat 9 pair 1 12

Ironing Brake and bott 37

putting Spere to box ruffing Dr 25

Ironing Snout 2/3 37

John C Jenks  
1/2 cranks and Springs at 20 2 80

30 Jarner Lewis putting handle to trowel 25

Schooner Jarne 2 dogs 2 plates 25

James Brown altering iron lock  
for Shading door 08

Benjamin Dyre Shewing hors 30

May 1<sup>th</sup> James Brown  
repairing wheel locks 33

Josiah F. Eddy  
2 pistons 1 crank & 2 plates for bellows 10<sup>th</sup> 1 43 1/2

Benjamin Dyre shewing hors 25

Colonel Bosworth  
2 hooks and 36 nails for hinges 8<sup>th</sup> 1 29

John M. Mason mending iron bar 33

Mr Donwell 2 hooks & nails for hinges 23

John Chase 1 hanker chief for barrow 58

John C Jenks cutting screen and wire 20

Providence May 3: 1824

Caleb Chase

Ironing wheel barrow Sargentine -- 3

Joseph Robinson 18 nails & rivets. .... 33

Wm. Anthony to cash ----- 25

Charles Dyer Shewing hors ----- 1 17

James Brown 3 plates for door ----- 25

Journaice to be

Byo = 1 = 14 of band iron at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  -

John H. G. & Co house  
Selling Door hooks 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  @ at 9  
2 staples for brick work 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  @

Mary Fisher 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of oil at 3/ ----- 1 25

Mary Dyer & Co

10 in Stone on side walk ----- 50

paid? ~~Sh. has~~ potter: fitting purp. gene paid 50

Peckham & Barker Baling  
Bake Ciller 00 50

7 John T Jackson 1 Spring straining tool 1  
repairing 1 do ----- 25

Mary Dyer & Co

88 of hinges at 1/9 ----- 11

Making & Baling 1 Lightning Rod ----- 5

8 Peter ~~well~~ & Son

hoopling and baling 4 Brasseittles at 6/ 4

do do 4 do at 4/9 3 17

John T Jackson  
hoopling baling 1 Brasseittles ----- 81

Jonathan Nichols  
By 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  of iron at 5/ 11 15

Providence Saturday May 8 - 1824

Jonathan Nichols 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  Wafers at 6 23

Elijah Osborn 1 square staple 08

M<sup>rs</sup> Anthony last 25

Olney Dyer & Co 1 16  
1 Spring Shadwing tool

X Benjamin Lowel pair 15h  
repairing rake and lock 16

10 Lowel Adams 4 plates

B & J Peck setting 2 shoes 25

Olney Dyer & Co 75  
3 new Chisel Refining one

James Eames 2 Lanthon irons 42

Squire Pearce 12  
1 plates 3 holes

11 Elijah Osborn hanging bell 17

Ehben Simons 15 lb of spikes at 10 1 50

12 John H. Green 18 lb of hicks 4 pair

Calender Co 2 Springs for Loom 33

Daniel C Becket 67  
By 2 1/2 lb of iron at 2 1/2

Daniel C Becket 1 can 6 3/4 at 14 95

paid Joshua Earl 3 lb of nails at 4 12  
Credit

By 1 man of greens 8

By 2 quarts of seed beans 12

Providence May 12 - 1824

✓ Eben Simons 15  $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of Spikes at 10 59

✓ Hercules Whitney

Sharpening and fitting 91 teeth at 5 4 45

✓ Eben Simons 123  $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs of Spikes

3  $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs of Do. 1 78  
1  $\frac{1}{2}$  Do Do Do

✓ Joseph Bosson & Sons

Making 5 screw drivers 62

✓ Peter Grinnell & Sons mending whiffle tree 17

15 ✓ Olney Oyer & Co

mending lock 20

✓ Stephen C. Smith

1 pair of hinges and nails 50

✓ Job L. Pratt 2 pair of hinges 50

bar and other partings for window 95

2 hooks & staples 20

✓ Wm. & Wilkinson & Spring Paid 42

paid George S. Rathbone paid

making iron hook case repairing

Do and mending lock all complete 10 50

John S. Jackson's bill for Do 1 50

✓ Samuel Leavie  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of oil at 5 25

✓ John Chase 1 vest at 3 10

1 pair of pantaloons at 7 for labor 10

✓ Wm. Anthony for 2 weeks Board

up to May 9 at 13 4 50

17 ✓ Sekham & Barker

6 no 28 pots at 17 1 02

2 no 35 Do at 20 40

2 no 56 Do at 25 50

Providence Monday May 17 - 1825

// B & J R Peck shewing hors all new 1 17

M<sup>rs</sup> Anthony L

// By 5 Day, Labour at 2/6 2:8

// Dr  
so 1 Day, board at 2:25 32

// Peckham & Barker  
bakeing 2 bakeing attles at 3/ 1

// Hercules Whitney  
1 Large Screw 2 nuts 1 25

// Squire Pearce  
4 irons for conductor 20

// John C Jenks 1 bed screws 30

18 Daniel C. Peck 2 hooks 25  
// Sharpening drill 06

// Josiah J Eddy  
irons for organ bellows 1 47

// Callender L  
Sharpening 2 bars 14

// Benjamin Dyer setting 2 shoes 25

// B & C Dyer 1 pair of latten hooks 2

// Peckham & Barker  
bakeing 10 Bakes attles at 3/ 50

// Charles Potter  
punching holes in sheet of copper 14

// James Brown wedding bar 08

// Job L Pratt 1 pair of hinges fitting one 30

Providence, Thursday May 20 - 1824

Josiah J Eddy 4 Small Batts

38

The Town

2 Staples 6 nails for pumps in Broad Street

20

~~Smith & Barlow~~

Lengthening hook 10 Large nails 2 Nails

34

Josiah J Eddy 2 knees

25

Smith Barlow 1 Large hinge hook

25

Peckham & Barker

Baling 12 Bake litters at 3/

6

Baling 6 Buckets at 9/

75

Baling 5 Jars at 9/

75

Baling 6 Bake Litters at 3/

3 00

21 Amara Mason

9 ft of new Rail for fence

2 25

7 ft of Lead for do

1 00

Drilling holes and putting up fence on steps

4 75

paid Mr Stove

paid

6 Staples in harness

12

22 Stephen Marten

making 6 pair of Looking glasses

1 50

Josiah J Eddy

15 Small Batts at 2

30

Charles Oyer Repairing & putting up fence on steps

3 00

James Eames 1 bed piece for press

1 33

John Chase 1 chest for Barna

2

1 pot at 6/ = 1 Spider at 2/

1 33

1 bake little at 6/ = 1 tea cille at 3/

1 50

1 little at 90<sup>th</sup> = 1 do at 50<sup>th</sup>

1 40

Baling 1 Bake little

0 30

do 2 dish litters 1 pot = 1 tea cille

70

Josiah J Eddy fitting machine for bellows

18

Providence Monday May 24 - 1824

Smith Bosworth 1 Large Spike ——— 08  
John H Green 1 Staples 10 ——— 09

B & J R Peck  
3 new Letting 2 old Shoes on horses — 1 12  
Smith Bosworth Lightning hooks — 10  
1 Latch 7 nails ——— 25

Wm Anthony Jr.  
By 5 1/2 Day Labor at 2/6 — 29

25 Levi Lewis 1 jointer ——— 25  
Smith Bosworth 3 Spikes 1 flat Staple — 19

Wm Anthony Cash ——— 12

Charles Potter fastning for 4 }  
Letter Doors put in Stone ——— 1 67

Peckham & Barker  
hoopring & Baling 4 Brass Cttle at 5/6 — 3 67  
do do 6 do at 5/6 — 5

John T Jackson  
hoopring & Baling 1 brass cttle — 1 50

26 Smith Bosworth 2 scrapers ——— 67  
1 hinge 1 hook and 6 nails 30 ——— 37

Charles Potter 2 hooks and 4 staples — 20

B & J R Peck  
Shewing hors all new ——— 1 17

Latender 60 Lightning butt cutting saw — 12

lot Smith Bosworth 10 1/2 of Spikes — 1 05

27 James Lewis sharpening 2 chisels ——— 06

Caleb Chase 13 Small Broths ——— 30

Providence Thursday May 27. 1824.

John S Jackson Making 1 pot 25

28 Peter Grinnell & Son both in Stairs 12

Callender to 1 Loom iron 50

Smith Bonworth 1 pair of hinges 3/4 50  
1 hook and 2 staples 12

B & C Dyer & Co fitting cattle books 12

Daniel C Beette 2 pair of hinges & nails 8th at 1/ 1 33

1 Scraper 25

29 John H Green 2 Staples 1 lb at 5/ 09

Fluculus Whitney 4 Large bolts } 1 75

With nuts 7th

Label Chase cutting & setting and } 62

Setting 5 hoops on hubs 2 25

8 hoops on hubs 18th at 1/ 13 20

Making & setting 240 lbs of line at 5/ 1 90

19th of line my iron at 10

Wm Anthony Cash twenty lb

4 day Board at 13/6 per week

31 Doct Robinson Shewing horn 57

Doct B Dyer setting 2 horn shoes 29

Cutting and setting hoof line 12 in 1 56

Amasa Mason 2 1/2 lb of Braces & nails 66

Josiah J Eddy 2 Springs 60

B & J R Peck 2 new shoes on horn 58

Doct B Dyer making foot parts 10

Setting 1 wagon line 50

Eben Simmons 2 books for hinges 17

1 bar & 2 Staples 10

Amasa Mason 2 6th lb of baristers off 3 31

4 irons for window frames 33

Providence Tuesday June 1. 1845

Polly Fisher 1 gridiron	1 12
Charles Dyer 5 Braces for fence 25 Wat 19	3 12
John S Jackson hoopring Braces little at 4/6	75
B & J R Peck 1 bricking Stud	17
James Brown 3 window buttons	16
2 Lowel Adams 2 sign irons	17
Latender Co 2 hooks, 2 thimbles	50
Doct B Dyer 11 1/4 lb of hinges aff	1 41
Latender Co 2 can hooks 6 1/2	1
Jonah J Eddy 1 bott	12
Latender Co fitting Loom irons	12
Job L Pratt 4 straps for windows	80
1 handle for to take out butter	12
Schooner Roseinloom Capt Church	33
Repairing Chair one bott	08
Garnet Church fitting hinges	
Hercules Whitney Makeing <del>Best</del> 6 Large nails	58
Jonah J Eddy 4 hooks	20
B & J R Peck mending Chair joint	75
2 new Sticks on horse	58
Joseph Robinson new laying 2 Chair	29
Charles Dyer 50 1/4 lb of banisters	6 28
Amara Mason 4 window bars with lock	1 33

Providence June 5 - 1824 Saturday

John C Jenks 24 Cranks and Springs 4 80

Charles Potter 1 Spring fitted on 50

John Chase 1 pair of shoes for barn 1 50  
lasting lathings things to parroticket 1 06

Lepi Lewis By Cash \$2:06

Charles Dyer 1 fence banister 13 W. at 1 62

Jonathan Cogdon & Son  
27 3/4 W of at spikes at 6 1 67

Charles Dyer 1 pair of hinges 83 W. at 1 09

B & J R Peck setting 1 shoe 12

Doct Benjamin Dyer  
fence for house in Broad Street 58 40

292 H. at 20 0 82

Sharpening drills 41 at 3 2 50

Drilling holes for fence on steps

John H Green 7 3/4 H of hump and } 1 00

Staples for meeting house 2 88

working 72 lb of your iron at 2 2 72

30 lb of iron for door frame at 1 33

Drawing door frame fitting chairs 10

John H Green 2 Staples 10

Doct B Dyer

37 3/4 W of hooks for wine stone at 10 3 77

John Denuell fitting pump bath 06

paid X Mr. Smith fitting potrough paid 37

Zachariah Chaspe

Makeing and putting up fence of steps  
at the butter house 166 W at 20 33 20

21 W of Lead at 10 2 10

fitting drills and drilling holes for fence 2 50

James Brown  
2 Stair Rail Bolts 25

Providence Thursday June 10 - 1824

Peter Grinnell & Son

Baking 16 cakes little, at 2/6	6 67
Do 2 Do at 3/	1
Do 4 Gridles at 2/3	1 50
Do 2 tea-cittles at 3/ - 2 do at 2/6 -	1 84
Do 2 = 25 pots at 15 <sup>th</sup>	30
Do 2 = 22 = do at 15 <sup>th</sup> - do = 3 = 19 do at 14 -	72
Do 2 high pans at 15 <sup>th</sup>	30
B & S R Peck Shearing hors	58

11 John H Green  
2 Shafts and 2 cranks, 7 7/8 H at 9<sup>th</sup> 6 93

Jonah S Eddy hooping bucket 17

Doct Dyre thumb 1 piece per batch 06

12 6 1/2 H of hold parts 78

Levi Webster 4 yds of Stripe at 17 68

8 do of Check at 20 1 60

John H Green  
fitting and bolting cast-iron wheel 1

turning and fitting shafts and cast-iron wheel 3 50

1 ball for kog wheel with ball & nut 5

Strapping 2 table blocks 5

Job I Pratt  
hooks and staples for window for window

Shutters 1 Large Staples in plate 1

John Chase  
8 yds of Stripe for barn at 17 and thread 1 48

David Pitts Jr Dry Cash \$2

14 John H Green 1 plate 4 Large Rivets 3 3

3 Clarks 5 Staples 1 Large ball & nut 1 25

Providence June 1, 1824		
Jonathan Ledy 4 hoops, 1 Ring		30
Col S Bosworth 4 Large nails		17
15 Stephen C Smith repairing 2 bolts		10
Col S Bosworth altering senipers		12
John T Jackson fitting hoops on beetle		20
16 Charles Oyer setting 1 shoe		12
paid 1st Light Infantry Company paid		
1 set of tent iron		1
Col Smith Bosworth		
1 Satch 1 good fitting Lock		25
17 John H Green 2 hooks for door & 1/2 lb		74
Obney Oyer & Co		
Repairing 4 old chairs		35
Det Robinson 1 shoe on horse		25
Latender Co 1 Spring		17
John C Jenkes 12 nuts		25
B & C Oyer 8 window hooks 20 at 10:2		
18 Hercules Whitney fitting shaft and cog wheel		75
John H Green 4 hooks for windows 9 1/2 lb		85
at 7		
B & J R Peck setting 2 shoes		25
Anasa Mason 12 Large hooks		37
B & T C Hoppin 4 lb of hooks at 7		36
Hercules Whitney 2 Churns		1
12 nails sharpening 5 picks		17
Job L Pratt 1 pair of hinges hooks and		
nails 33 1/4 at 14		53
Credit		10
By 1 cane eye returned		10
John H Green widening clasp		33
Shrapping 1 Satch block		2 50

Providence - Friday June 18 - 1824

Joseph R Satter

Cutting Shetting & Setting hoop line on shaver 1 50  
1 Bolt mending Dash 25

Wm Anthony Cash one Dollar - 1

Peter Grinnell & Son

Setting hoop line Repairing waggon 1 25

John H Green 10 at 9 90  
4 window hooks 10 at 9 31  
2 Staples for Locks 3 1/2 at 9 31

19 Charles Dyer fitting door handle 06

Doct Dyer 50 <sup>nails</sup> = 16 Rivets 33  
2 pair of Small hooks & hinges 50

Peter Grinnell & Son  
putting tung to 2 window Spring 08

John H Green  
16 hooks for windows 38 1/2 at 9 3 51

Doct Dyer 1 pair of hinges 14 nails 31  
2 new Repairing & Setting 83  
2 old shoes on hors

Monday

21 Providence Ironfoundry  
1 bale for to Swing moulder to 1 00

Amasa maion 5 pins fitting chisel 17

Samuel Church 1 bolt 12

Peter Grinnell & Son fitting door handle 08

Reuben Lewis 1 pair of shoes iron heels 37

Sol L Pratt 1 pair of hinges 3 1/2 at 9 10 nails

Providence, June 22 - 1824

John T Jackson mending 2 vices — 42

Gambel's Church 2 box hooks — 1 00

B & S C Hoppin 2 hooks 9 Duff — 81

23 B. Oyer 1 Strap 5 Spikes 5 1/2 Duff — 55

Shewing hors 2 new shoes — } 75  
set 2 old ones

on bill Deacon Stone shewing hors, contract — 58

Peter Grinnell & Son  
putting tang to 16 window Springs at 4 — 64

B. Oyer J R Peck 2 new shoes on hors — 58

Peckham & Barker 11 Duff of Spout  
irons — 31 37

Amasa Mason  
2 pair of Door lifting hinges, 1 catch } 1 62  
& fitting chisel

P J Froendry fitting burning irons — 20

Jonathan Nichols Jr \$1 11

By Slaying broad ax — 42

By fitting 2 Locks — 08

Dr 1 piece of good iron — 08

Charles Potter mending 2 Locks — 42

B Oyer 6 Straps 4 Spikes 6 1/2 — 65

23 Jonathan Nichols 15 Duff iron at 6 — 90

Orlery Dyer & Co hooping & Balancing  
Brass Cattle 75

John H Green Pump Speed 10 1/2 th 1 31  
Shapening pump Box 25

O D B & C Co 1 harness Rod 25  
1 knee with screw and nut 33

Wm Smith 10 Duff of Mantle bar at 18 — 60

Providence Saturday June 26: 1824

Providence Iron Foundry  
ironing off boiler mouth ————— 1 25

B & J C Hoppin  
2 door jambs 2 sencers 265 W at 23 85

Wm Anthony setting shoe on horse 12

B Dyer 3 1/2 W of straps at 10 38  
4 wedges 20

Olney Dyer & Co

~~hooking & bracing 1 brass little~~

Riming and baking 5 brass litters at 23 — 1 87

John Chase  
2 yds of cloth for barns clothes at 17 34

Garner Brown 4 straps with nails — 40

28 Mrs Field 7 1/2 W of iron at 6 45

B & J C Hoppin  
2 door jambs 2 sencers 258 W at 9 23 22

B & J C Hoppin  
15 3/4 W of hooks at 9 1 47

B Dyer 33 W of hinges & nails at 9 4 13

John C Jenks shewing horse — 20

Olney Dyer & Co  
fitting bucket hooks for 2 ladders — 25

29 B & J C Hoppin  
2 door jambs 2 sencers 218 W at 19 67

G Church fitting martingale }  
1 large shote 1 kea } 42

Providence Tuesday June 29 1824

Wm Suet 9<sup>th</sup> of small irons at 6<sup>th</sup> 59

B & T C Hoppin 114<sup>th</sup> of hooks at 9 10 31

Doct B Dyer

8 Staples for window fastenings 30

Setting 4 hors shoes 50

James Eames 2 small screws 17

John H Green 34

2 Staples 3<sup>rd</sup> of at 9

Stephen C Smith 2 Rings 25

30 Robert Bourough

2 door jambs 2 pendents 17<sup>th</sup> of at 4 15 75

B Dyer 8 hooks 50

fitting hook 3 units 06

James Eames fitting beeloring 12

Beagah C Wampler baking pot 20

Heculus Whitney } 10

By cash ten dollars }

Wm Suet 14<sup>th</sup> of irons at 6<sup>th</sup> 89

Charles Dyer mending brace 06

Bry. Antelope 1 Bolt & foot Sunk <sup>the</sup> Champ 15  
Preparing Bolt 31

John S Jackson  
hoopring & Baking 5 Barsett at 9 5

Wm Dyer & Co  
hoopring & Baking 4 Barsett at 3/6 3

Providence - July 2 - 1824

Harculus Whitney  
mending Shaft, fitting on cogwheel 75

Brigg Antelope

2 Chasing plates & Large nails 50

Mending foot new do 50

2 forelock

38 S. R. Pick rails new Shes 1 17

Paid Richard Arnold Paid  
Making and putting up fence } 107 60  
on Steps 538 D at 20 - }

Job L Pratt  
13 plates, 1 Slide bolt, 1 Scuteon 1 12

Brigg Antelope

upsetting & Lengthening Chain bolt 42

4 Links 3 Rings

Olney Tye & Co

hopping & Baking 2 Brass cills at 46 1 50

Do

Do

Do at 2/3 37

3/ Polley Fisher, beer keg and faucet 1 12

B & F Slapping

34 Hay hooks at 9 3 06

James "Brown" 1 Lock Staple, 1 good 10

1 Long hook 2 Staples

fitting Locks & hooks 8

13

Polley Fisher 2 1/2 gallon of oil at 2/ 1 25

Charles Dyer Shewingshons 25

Providence July 3 1824

BS J. R. Peck for ironing shoes on horse 12

Jarvis Brown 1 ketch 4

6 S. Callender Co 1 Spring 17

Job L. Pratt 2 cranes 13 1/4 W at 14 - 1 85

Jarvis & Beebe 2 augers 25

B. W. 1 crane 7th at 14 98

7 Richard Eddy baking 1 griddle 37

Brigg Antelope Repairing 2 bolts 2 keas 12

Wm. D. & Co baking 1 cake little 50

Peter Grinnell & Son

hopping & Baking 6 Brass } 4 50  
littles at 4/6 ---

do 2 do at 4/6 2 16  
58

1 whiffletree

8 John H. Green 18 W of under 1 67

Stephen & Smith 1 hook for door 06

George Gilmore 2 1/2 W of outside 50

Shadrach Seckel ironing harness paid 0 75

1 bott 12

Joseph Robinson Sizing Chisel 17

John H. Green 1 hook 17

S. Callender Co Lengthening bolts 34

John H. Green 2 1/4 W of Dogs 2 22

July 5, John C. Jenks, Shewing horn, 1 25

Charles Dyer Setting 2 new Shoes, 62

Smith Rosworth Repairing window hole, 25  
12 1/4 lb of put irons 1 53

John H. Green 5 3/4 lb of Dogs 4 82

Col S Bonworth 6 spout irons at 1/4 37  
15 nails 08

Doct B Dyre making and fitting  
on bucket ear 12 1/2

Levi L Webster cash fifteen Dollars 15

~~10~~ Barna D Chare cash one dollar 1

Hurculus Whitney  
Indigo Grinder 2 plates 2 1/2 lb at 1/4 4 04  
fitting & turning shaft 1

John H Green 2 1/4 lb of wedges at 9<sup>th</sup> 1 91

Stephens Martenman 2 1/2 lb of Spout  
iron at 1/4 } 4 54

John H Green 3 1/4 lb of wedges at 9<sup>th</sup> 33

James Lames 1 screw bolt for machine 3 1/2

Wm Anthony Dr  
By 10 3/4 days Labour at 2/3 4 83

Dr  
cash twenty five cents 25

12 John H Green 14 1/2 lb of Strops at 9<sup>th</sup> 1 30  
2 boxes sent Returned 25

~~paid~~ # Shinchas potter Stopping box paid 25

Brigg Antelope 12 Large nails 25  
Lengthening & Repairing Chain plate } 75  
4 lb new

John T Jackson, Clasp 10

Providence, July 12 - 1824

Peckham & Parker

Making Lightning Rod Gilding Spire - 2 6th

Stephen Warterman

5 Drills & 2 to Sport iron

Drilling holes & putting up Sport iron - 3 84

Sharpening 4 Drills

John H Green 11 1/4 lb of Shaps 1 01

Joseph Ashley mending Shize step - 37

Jonathans Congdon & Son

hoopring & Baling 1 Brass little at 9/ 1 50

do do 2 do at 8/ 2 67

do do 2 do at 7/ 2 33

do do 2 do at 6/6 1 08

do do 1 do at 6/ 2 00

do do 2 do at 5/6 92

do do 1 do at 4/6 3 00

do do 4 do at 2/6 1 67

do truckage do 4 - 13

13 John H Green 15 lb of Shaps at 9/ 1 35

Polley Fisher 1 peck of beans 25

Brigg Antelope 1 Eye bottle 25

Joseph Mauran 2 Spring iron gagg - 2 50

John H Green 28 lb of Shaps at 9/ 2 52

Peter Grinnell & Sons  
mending pitchfork - 12

Stephen C Smith  
Making 3 braces 18 nails - 37

Stephen Warterman  
10 irons for Conductor Drilling holes for do 1 12

14 Olney Dyer & Co  
baling 2 bale litters at 3/ - 1

Amasa Mason 2 Long hook, 4 staple - 37

Providence July 14 - 1824 Paid  
paid Mr Crocker mending chain — 25

Stephen C Smith

1 small Excetree 2 bolts with nuts — 58  
2 pair of hinges 6¢ at 14 — 84

John H Green 28¢ of hooks at 9¢ 2 52

O J & Co For B & J C H

4 3/4 ¢ of hooks at — 43

15 John H Green 1 ¢ of wedges at 9¢ 1 53

paid Phineas Potter 1 Board paid — 0

O Lattin 1 Sineu — 12

Polly Lintner 1 bit of flour — 6

Truckage — 13

16 Anney Dyer & Co.

baling 6 like pans at 3/4 — 3

do 6 tea citter at 20 — 1 20

Levi S Webster

last twenty Dollars — 20

Wm Anthony last two Dollars — 2

John Chase

2 days lost time of barn

Anney Dyer & Co

Repairing 3 chairs — 25

B & J R Peck

Repairing irons of coach — 1 75

Providence July 16 - 1824

Thomas Leke Thering & Cores — 25

B Dyer one over Sir — 75

paid Richard Burk both with nat. pan — 33

17 Charles Potter 8 hooks and 16 staples — 80

John H Green 2 1/2 lb of wedges at 9<sup>ts</sup> — 1 94

Charles Potter 4 hors 8 staples — 40

B Dyer both, staple, thumbtack — 33

paid Sheneas Potter 24 nails & rivets } 20  
staple paid X

19 J & C for B & S C Shaffin — 9 72

2 pair of shears 108<sup>th</sup> at 9 — 4 50

50<sup>th</sup> of Iron Hooks — 2 54

28<sup>th</sup> of Potter iron — 1 44

John H Green 16<sup>th</sup> of wedges at 9<sup>ts</sup> — 1 44

James Brown 14 wms for fence — 33

20 Olney Dyer & Co — 2 25

baking 6 griddles at 2/3 — 50

do 1 large tea kettle at 3/ — 84

do 2 do at 2/6 — 25

do 1 large pot at 1/6 — 33

do 2 do at 1/ —

paid Wm Rich 1 basket of loaves Paid 15

John Chase 1 bake pan lower — 50

Olney Dyer little mending skinner — 33

Cash paid Sarah — 2 17

Credit

By 4<sup>th</sup> of butter at 1/ — 64

By Sarahs Labour — 1 00

James Brown — 40

40 nails 100 units

Providence July 21 - 1824

Abney Dyer & Co

Baling 6 Joe B S at 1/9	75
Do 4 fry pans at 1/9	50
Do 2 high pans at 15	30
Do 2 fats at 1/9	25
Do 6 fats at 15	84
Do 3 do at 20	60
Do 3 do at 25	75
Do 3 Dish litters at 15	42
Do 3 do at 20	60
Do 3 do at 1/6	75
	124

22 James Earnes fitting & rodering caper

23 Paddy Tinker 1 peck of beans 16

John S Jackson

hooping & Baling 4 Brass dills at 6/- 4

Do 2 do at 5/- 1 67

John Chase In

By 1 Cheese 1 3/4 lb at 6/- 46

James Brown

mending hook 06

James Lewis 1 well bucket all complete 1 92

B Dyer mending lock 20

24 Abney Dyer & Co mending lock 30

Phineas Potter slapping sawer box 25

By Dyer 1 pair of tongs 2 shovels 5 00  
and 1 gridiron

Mr Singler sharpening & Repairing  
Stone Chisels 1 00

Providence July 24 - 1824

Mrs. Anthony good from the Lutterer 1 60  
credit work 24

By 3 1/2 days labour at 2/3 2 07

Charles Dyer shewing hors 17

26 Robert Bourough 1 pair of fenders 5 1/2 lb 4 86  
4 hooks 16 lb of hook for door 2 strong at 7 1/2 44

O & Co for B & T C Hoppin 1 98  
22 lb of hooks for doors at 7

Dr. B. Dyer setting 4 Pies on hors 50

paid # Mara Manton fitting iron threshold paid 38

John T Jackson 1 bell tung 1 50

Jonathan Nichols 4 lb of iron 31

Ellet Chase proring upper bar iron 3 00

B Dyer 2 rings to raise door  
& delivered Mr Manton 16

28 O & Co for B & T C Hoppin 7 65  
2 pair of door fenders 85 lb at 9 7 46

7 1/4 lb of window hooks 12

Thomas Sekell sharpening 4 cold chisels 25

E Osborn 1 cold chisel

Robert Bourough 1 pair of better iron 15 1/2 lb 1 37

O & Co for B & T C Hoppin 2 61  
29 lb of better iron at 7

Thomas Sekell 8 1/2 lb of hooks at 7 77

B Dyer 1 open door  
for your house 8 1/2 lb at 11 1 42

Wm Dyer & Co mending lock 17

29 Peckham & Barker  
Baking 12 baking ovens at 3/ 6

Providence July 29 - 1824

Yansadict Church 6 D of Bolt & Spikes — 75  
Thomas Sekel Sharpening 2 Stone axes — 12  
Sharpening 1 Chisel — 03  
Sharpening 1 Chisel — 03  
30 — Sharpening 5 Chisels — 15

John L Winslow  
5 D of Spout irons — 62

Thomas Sekel Sharpening Chisel — 03  
Do Do — 2 Do — 06  
2 new shoes on hors — 58

Apollos Sekel  
Facing & Repairing hammer — 42

31 Thomas Sekel 16 D of hooks at 9<sup>th</sup> — 144  
Sharpening 7 ends of Chisels — 21  
1 pair of Car fendens 14 D of 9<sup>th</sup> — 16  
Sharpening 2 ends of Chisels — 06

John H Green 18 D of wedges — 64  
164

Thomas Sekel sharpening 5 Chisels — 12

John H Green 7 1/2 D of window hooks at 9<sup>th</sup> — 67

Lengthening 2 Large bolts 2 washers — 33

4 2 1/2 D of Bars Bolt & Sharpen — 38 02  
to hold up floor at 9

O Callender to  
Making Scraper Sharpening bar — 37

B Dyer 4 irons 2 staples to fasten  
up Looking Glass for Mr Manton — 42

Wm Anthony Jr  
By 5 days Labour at 2/3 = 1:84

Providence Monday August 2 - 1824

Thomas Sekel 1 pair of fenders 76<sup>th</sup> - 6 84

John H Green  
Lengthening 7 Butts 2 inches - 1 00

Thomas Sekel 2 pair of fenders } 6 64  
73<sup>rd</sup> at 7<sup>th</sup> - }

Charles Dyer  
2 new shoes on horse - 58

B Dyer 2 cranes 12<sup>th</sup> for } 1 50  
house wane of line at 7<sup>th</sup> - }

Thomas Sekel sharpening 1 cold chisel - 03  
Sharpening 8 cend - 24

B Dyer 1 oven door 60<sup>th</sup> at 1<sup>st</sup> - 1 00

3 Thomas Sekel 12 door hook 60<sup>th</sup> - 5 40

Franklin Bosley mending waggon - 33  
mending 2 Ruffling irons - 25

Thomas Sekel 40<sup>th</sup> of window hook  
at 7<sup>th</sup> - 3 64

4 O O & Co for B & J C Hopkins  
55<sup>th</sup> of Boker irons 4 pair - 4 95

Robert Bourough  
14 pair of window hooks 71<sup>st</sup> at 7<sup>th</sup> - 6 39

B Dyer 2 scrapers at 1<sup>st</sup> - 100 at 1<sup>st</sup> 6 - 58

Joseph H Patten  
Graving off 2 boiler mouths - 2 50  
1 pair of crane eyes - 20  
1 bar of iron 12<sup>th</sup> at 6<sup>th</sup> - 72

Peckham & Barker 1 shovel slice - 50

Providence August 5 - 1824

Josiah J Eddy

2 calf skins to Leather bellows — 3 50

1 pair of H hinges and nails — 10

3 table bolts 18 Large Screws — 39

1 M of nails — 08

2 doz of wood screws — 14

1 bolt 1 pair of pistons 10 1/2 D — 1 31

Richard Eddy's bill of lading — 50

pipe from Carnes — 1 25

P Callender Co

Cutting & Shelling 2 Large bands — 33

James Carnes Co

By 2 1/2 Wagon at 2 = 4 82

6 Thomas Sekell 1 door staple 5 1/2 D — 47

Returned Gamaliel Church

1 Shedge 1 drift Bolt Returned — 25

John T Jackson 5 Rials — 08

Mary Dyer & Co

Repairing 2 chairs — 17

P Callender Co

Cutting & Shelling 2 hoops — 34

Schooner James

putting straps on dead eyes fitting chains 2 — 16

2 Large Staples

P Callender Co

fitting churn dasher for yarn beam — 33

J & P Clark

1 Sweper for paint mill — 34

Providence August 7-1824  
O O & Co for B & J C. Plaffin  
4 lb of hook 36

Wm Field 2 hooks 4 revits and repairing hinges 31

Robert Burrer 1 pair of fenders 38<sup>th</sup> 3 42

Gabriel Church Jr  
Sul 7 Wed 9 & Drift Bolt 12<sup>th</sup>

Ad S Jingley  
Sharpening 159 chisels including <sup>all</sup> not before charges up to this date at 2<sup>th</sup> 3 18

Wm Anthony Jr  
By Six Day Labour at 2/3<sup>th</sup> \$2-25

50 last tinsyfine cents 25

Thomas Sekel 40 lb of Better iron 3 60  
Sharpening 2 chisels 6

Peter Grinnell & Son  
Baking 1 no 35 fat 20

Stephen Mardwell wedding Hokes 12  
tiring wheel 2 & that 10 <sup>to</sup> ~~wedding~~ 2 80  
Paid  
By 12<sup>th</sup> of old time at 3<sup>th</sup> 42 Paid

Amara Mason mending <sup>forward</sup> } 1 00  
seat to Shairze Repairing 4 bolts

10 J & P Clark fitting wheel bonnet tire 34

James Brown putting iron shaft } 3 50  
to Shairze shafts

James Earner hooping beetle ring 25

John H Green 8 pair of window hooks 40<sup>th</sup> at 3<sup>th</sup> 3 60

Thomas Sekel fitting 2 hods 50

Alexander Black Set of nails 10  
fitting 2 small Bolts 3 Rings 14

Providence August 11 - 1824 Schooner Jane

Repairing hook to iron shaped block — 34

Thomas Sekel 37 lb of door hooks 3 33

James Earnes shewing horns all new 1 25

P. Lender to 1 nut — 08

Shinehas Potter shaffling 2 Lower boxes — 50

John T Jackson  
hoopling & Praling 4 Brass cutters }  
at 6/9 } 4 50  
do do 3 do at 4/6 — 2 25

John H Green  
36 lb of Bolts with nuts at 7¢ 3 29  
12 — 2 lb of wedges 1 98

Mr Milkinson  
1 piece of iron shaped like a Duffel 25

Thomas Sekel 19 lb of hooks — 1 76

Olney Loyer & Co 1 chisel — 37

paid James Earnes 33 lb of off Horat # 3 39  
paid

J & P Clark  
7 sets of window blind fastenings 3 50

Shinehas Potter  
1 pump stone 8 lb 1 03  
ironing Brake hoopling snout 37  
1 pump bolt — 12

Thomas Sekel 1 hook 6 1/2 lb — 56

Apples seekel 1 hammer — 70

Thomas Sekel making chisel — 10

Providence August 13 = 1824

John S Jackson  
hoofing & Pralcing 1 Brass ettle 75

Alexander Black  
1 Stern travelor  $3\frac{3}{4}$  lb at 1/ 62  
froming Budden contract 1 75

14 Thomas Sekel  $32\frac{1}{4}$  of hooks 2 90  
Sharpening 1 end 3

James Lamer 2 soldering taffer 50

John H Green  $49\frac{1}{4}$  lb of wedges at 9<sup>cts</sup> 4 48  
1 basket

~~O D & Co for B & J C Hoffman~~

Robert Bourough  
7 pair of window hook,  $31\frac{1}{4}$  lb 2 81

Daniel Tuck Jr  
2 new shoes on hors 58

John H Green  $2\frac{1}{4}$  lb of shap 23

B Dyer 24 knees at 10<sup>cts</sup> 2 40

Thomas Sekel sharpening 3 end 09

O D & Co for B & J C Hoffman  
80 lb of shap & nails 7 20

S & S Jingley sharpening 99 chisels at 1<sup>ct</sup> 1 98

Mrs Anthony By Day Labor  
at 2/3 = 2 25

P Catterden 2 needle irons 1

Reuben Lewis  
lash seventy cents 70

John C Jenks  
shewing hors 29

Providence Aug 16 - 1824

Franklin Cooley		
Repairing 2 Brose Chisel		17
Joseph Ashley 2 new shoes on hors		58
Alexander Black		
2 chains for boat fitting irons		42
Thomas Seikel 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb of Rotten iron	3	58
		17
Alexander Black 1 strap		
Returned Franklin Cooley 1 bellows Returned		
Charles Dyer repairing two Shoes		16
Joseph Ashley 1 shoe on hors		25
Thomas Seikel 39 lb of Straps	3	51
Brigg Decator 1 Starting hammer 5 lb		50
Franklin Cooley Shewings iron		31
Jonah J Eddy		
2 pistons 1 Hatch 2 plates 12 lb at 14		1 68
Thomas Seikel Altering irons		16
B Dyer 3 pair of door blind hinges at 3/	3	1 50
Arnold Robinson 1 shaft 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb at 1/4		2 66
Returned Brigg Decator 1 Starting hammer 5 lb		50
18 Thomas Seikel		
3 pair of fenders 180 lb at 7	16	20
26 lb of door hook	2	34
Sharpening 3 ends		9
John Luther 1 hammer 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb at 1/6		81
new facing & Repairing old hammer		42
Brigg Decator 1 steel drift bolt		31
steel drift bolt sharpening chisel		47

Providence August 18. 1884.

John H Green  
Lengthening 4 irons for straps 34  
5 3/4 lb of fastenings 52

Thomas Sekel sharpening 3 ends 9

Brigg Decator sharpening 3 chisel 9  
Do Do 500 19

John H Green 11 1/4 lb of straps at 9 1 01

Amasa Maron  
Repairing grinding & handling ax 75

Brigg Decator Repairing chisel 12

S Callender 1 Spring 17

John H Green 30 3/4 lb of straps 2 77  
4 1/2 lb of fastenings 40

John H Green  
4 pair of window hooks 19 1 13

Franklin Cook  
Repairing & sharpening 6 chisel 37

John H Green 45 3/4 lb of wedges at 9 4 12

Simeon Sichel 1 kea for ox yoke 06  
1 staple and kea for yoke 80

Phineas Potter stuffing box of 25  
1 pump stem 8 1/2 lb at 9 1 09

Brigg Decator sharpening 3 chisel 09

John H Green 1 lb of small straps

Thomas Sekel  
31 lb of window hooks 2 79  
sharpening 2 ends 8

Phineas Potter  
ironing pump brake 1 bolt paid 37

Providence August 21 - 1824

Franklin Cooley

Sharpening & Repairing 12 Chisels 42

Force pump

2 Straps of iron 10 Rivets 3 50

Wm Anthony Credit

By 6 Days Labour at 2/3 - 2 25

Benjamin Dyer

10 Pair of hinges at 1/6 4 50

Wm Anthony Lash twenty cents 20

Levi L Webster

3 1/2 Day lost time at 18 1/2 Dollars per month

3 1/2 Days board at 2 Dollars per week

S & S Gingley sharpening 44 Chisels at 2 88

Franklin Cooley 4 T irons 67

Caleb Chase

By 1 - 1 - 16 of iron at 4 3/4 - 6 62

So hooping Truck wheels } 16 10  
1 - 61 - at 10

Lowell Adams 1 fall for well 13

Stephen C Smith

fitting irons for ballast road 31

putting handle to brand 08

B & J B Peck

1 Shoe fastening others on hors 33

Peter Grinnell

hooping & Baking 1 Brass little 1 08

Baking 1 Lake little 50

Brigg Decator Shetting again in the } 10

Lengthening & fitting bolt 10

Providence August 25 - 1824

B Dyer shewing hors 1  
6 Large window bars at 2/ 2

John H Green 15 D of strips 1 35

Brigg Secutor lengthening starting hammer 06

E J & P Jonston 1 Long Spit 30  
fitting iron work for weather vane 42

John S. Green 2 1/2 D of puttings at 3/ 20

J & P Clark  
Altering ketthes for window spring 17

26 Thomas Sekel 31 D of window looks 2 79

B & J R Peck 1 bracing stud 12

Daniel Smith Jr  
8 new repairing 3 ad links in } 75  
chain do 1 hook

Lowell Thomas  
11 D of hinges and nails 1 54  
2 hooks 41 Staples 20

Phineas Patter Credit  
By cash one dollar 7/100 = 1 71

Phineas Patter  
Stapling Lower box 25  
ironing brake 1 butt 37  
1 Spene 8 1/2 D at 1/ 1 06

Charles Patter  
1 kea fitting one to Lock fitting do 75

Franklin Cooley  
Repairing 1 Chisel 08

Providence August 26. 1824

John Donnell fitting pump Geere 36

Thomas Seikel putting handle to do 72

27 Franklin Cooley 17  
Repairing 2 Doves

James Eames 4 50  
1 Large Stake to turn over

B & L Jonston punching holes in pit 12

Griffin Child 1 oven lid 7 1/2 at 1/1 - 1 1/1

Benjamin Dyer  
fitting hoops to beell ~~sharping~~ 7  
Repairing 3 wedges 20

28 Brigg Decator 10 of spokes 10

Thomas Seikel Sharpening 10

Wm Anthony Lark 10 31

By 3 1/2 Days Labour at 2/3 = 1 31

B Dyer 4 pair of small hinges - 1 00

S & S Tingley  
Sharpening 56 Chisels at 2 1 12

Arnold Wilkinson fitting Large Screws 25

B & J R Peck  
fitting braces to packers mending one - 1 50

Benjamin Dyer  
bore 5 3/4 W 1 lane Eye 12 84  
in the house

Providence August 30 - 1824

John L. Green  $\frac{1}{2}$  # of painting 44  
 $\frac{2}{4}$  # of painting 20

Jarvis Barnes  
Repairing iron work for fence - 1 25

Benjamin Dyer  
1 pair of snappers Mr Child house - 34

Phineas Potter  
2 # with nuts & bolts - 58

B. & J. R. Peck  
Fitting Braces to 2 gables Repairing do - 1 50  
2 new bolts Repairing old ones - 50

Arnold Wilkinson 1 Shaft 150 # of iron - 1 72

B. & J. R. Peck 2 bolts with nuts - 20

John L. Green  $\frac{1}{2}$  # of coloring - 40

Chapman Clapp Contract } 3  
Doing ironwork for force pump as per

Thomas Sekel 25 # of door bolts - 2 32

Mr Clap 1 band 1 punch bolt - 50

1 Staple - 12

2 Large flat staples

Sept Benjamin Dyer shewing horns - 0 92

Thomas Sekel 14 # of roller irons - 1 30

Lengthening 4 roller irons - 1 00

19 # of hooks - 1 85

2

Arnold Wilkinson

Cutting & Drilling cast iron - 75

E. Johnston 1 Long Spit Lengthening do - 67

Sept 3 Mr Clap on

Buy amount of his bill carried to B & C  
Depos account



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18 W of plates for pump checks

12 Brims

2 clips on Lower End of force pump  
Sheaves

Barna D Chase 1 day for

Levi S Webster 1/2 days for

nces of Gener



